MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINEANT.)

[illegible]ursday, 21st Nov.—Death has been busy in [illegible] [illegible]ablishment. A hard-working, upright, con[illegible]us and capable officer, Mr. Ardeshir Framjee [illegible] the very soul of honour, has been gathered to [illegible]hers. After having, for long years, guarded our [illegible]ipal accounts, he has at last gone to his own long [illegible]—an account of a noble life nobly spent, an [illegible] of purity of thought, word and deed, an [illegible]t of duty to self, family, friends and country, [illegible]ned unflinchingly and without fear. Though [illegible] his latter days he led a retired life, [illegible]ying [illegible] mainly with the duties of his office, he had, in [illegible]lier years, been a prominent figure in native [illegible] and as a teacher of the "young idea how to [illegible] as one of the pioneers of Parsi Female Educa[illegible]d of other necessary reforms in that commu[illegible] a scientist, as a preacher of religious and moral [illegible] as an author, especially of a monumental work [illegible]glish-Gujarati Dictionary) which he has left it [illegible]collaborateur to finish, he has made an impres[illegible]d a mark which will not be easily effaced. As [illegible] guide and friend as one could wish to find—[illegible] others as to himself,—of quiet and unostentatious habits, living in the enduring comforts of a stedfast faith, he pursued

"The noiseless, even tenor of his way,

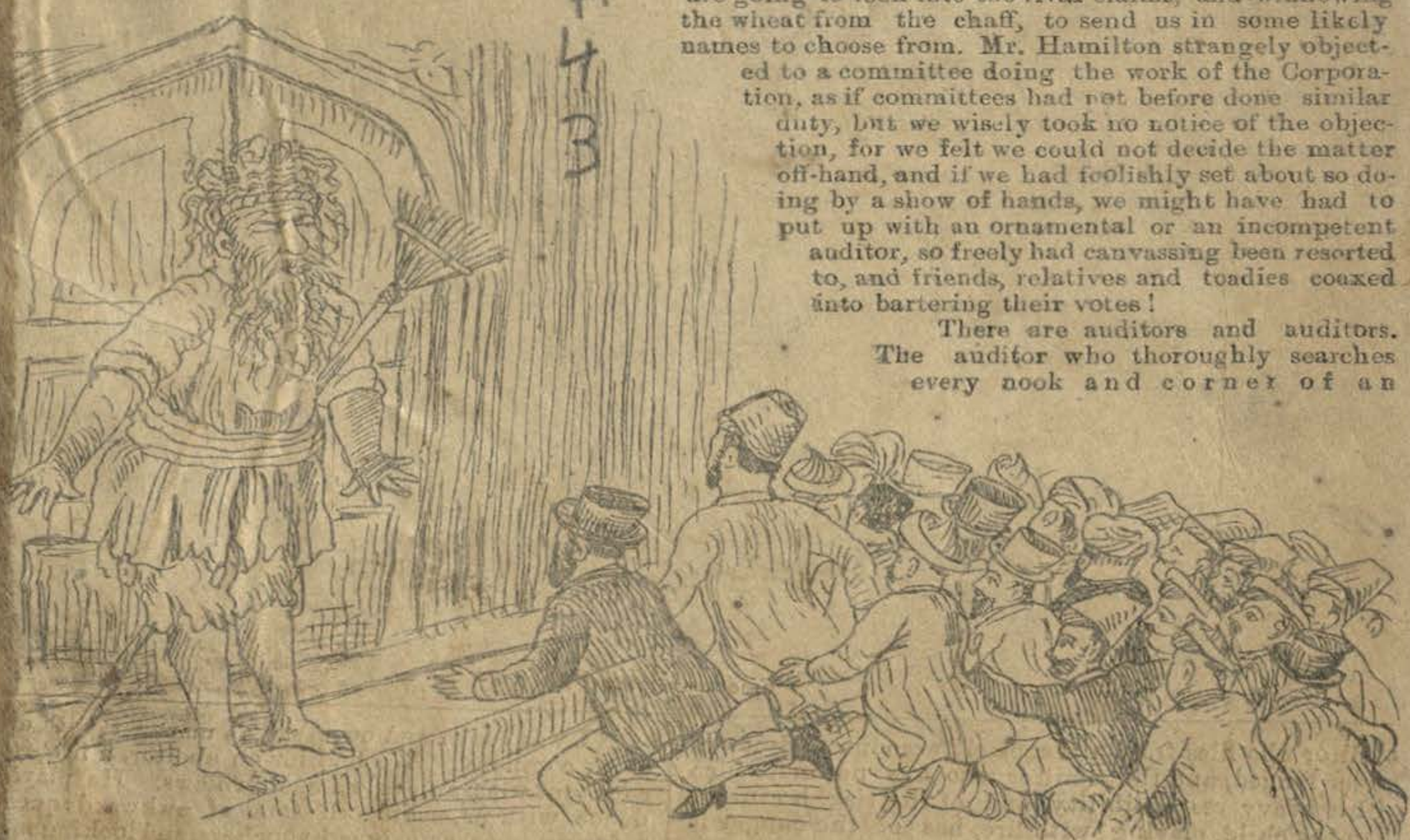
and when the dread summons came at last, passed, without a murmur, insensible alike to censure and to praise, from the "bosom of his family into the bosom of his God."

"Before we go on with the business of the day," began our chief, and I prepared myself for a deserved eulogy of our departed auditor. But the preamble was only something connected with procedure, and as neither the president nor any of the Corporators considered himself called upon to do the last kind office, I have thought it right to record my sense of the loss that we have sustained, and to say what I know, from an intimacy of years, of the good man whom we all respected while he lived, and whom we shall miss now that he is dead and gone.

Nature abhors a vacuum, and some sixteen individuals have rushed towards the empty place in hot, impetuous haste, the salary being too tempting a bait to be resisted. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," for of the candidates who have presented themselves, some there are whose only qualification appears to be their astounding impudence. But we barred the way. "Stop, and show us your credentials, or rather, to our expert committee," and forthwith we appointed a committee, consisting of Mr. Dew and others, who are going to look into the rival claims, and winnowing the wheat from the chaff, to send us in some likely names to choose from. Mr. Hamilton strangely objected to a committee doing the work of the Corporation, as if committees had not before done similar duty, but we wisely took no notice of the objection, for we felt we could not decide the matter off-hand, and if we had foolishly set about so doing by a show of hands, we might have had to put up with an ornamental or an incompetent auditor, so freely had canvassing been resorted to, and friends, relatives and toadies coaxed into bartering their votes!

There are auditors and auditors. The auditor who thoroughly searches every nook and corner of an

H 43



Barring the way.

account, whom no flaw or defect or manipulation can escape, and the auditor who can hardly cast up figures, knowing nothing of his business except pocketing the fee! The auditor who wears a wary eye, whom nothing can turn from the strict performance of his duty, and the auditor who connives and winks, doing almost anything that he is asked to do, like the slave obedient to his master's will, to keep the job in hand! The

I have done a bit of auditing in my time, and a most thankless task it is. Except in a few cases, where conscientious audit is courted, the chances are that the less a man knows of auditing, or the less he uses any knowledge in that direction that he may possess, the better for him and the longer he sticks to his place! A knowing man is often shunned and sent about his business!



Free canvassing ! ! !

auditor who flies from a "cooked" account as from an adder fanged, and the auditor who has no more idea of his heavy responsibility and of the risk he incurs than the child, playing with fire, has of the danger it runs!

I was connected once, say as manager, with a joint stock company. We had for an auditor, a first-rate accountant with an eagle's eye for flaws. He played the deuce with us, asking all sorts of awkward questions, refusing to pass unsigned vouchers, and looking minute-



A present day auditor——

ly into the why and wherefore of every entry. Said one of our Directors to his Co., "this will never do," and the Co. replied, "wait till the time comes and we'll dish him." The time came, and the inconvenient auditor was dished!

In another concern, with which I was also connected, we had two willing and easy auditors, the very antipodes of the one who was dished! It was our first year, and my chief, anxious to get through the annual meeting, told me to advertise an early day. I pointed out that it could not be, as the accounts had not been audited, but "leave that to me," said the chief, and we fixed a near day. The chief was like "old King Cole a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he; he called for his pipe, he called for his fife, he called for his fiddlers three!" Fiddlers and auditors are interchangeable terms, as the sequel will show. Our fiddlers came, two in number; they salaamed, they saw, and they—*signed*! Hardly time, you would say, to see if the books were English, or native, bound! To do them justice, however, they did not sign on the first day. Then it was only *salaamed* and *saw*. Appearances must be kept up, for even easy auditors have a certain repu



Stuffed!

tation to lose. The following day, the prepared accounts were signed, with the convenient reservation, "To the best of our belief &c." My chief came smiling, and holding up the signed account, said mocking, like Mephistophiles, "Didn't I tell you that auditing in Bombay was a farce? Look here!" I looked, and was dumb, tongue-tied through very shame! But the "whirligig of time brings about its revenges." The meeting-day came round, the audited account had been printed and published, when, as ill-luck would have it, we discovered an ugly blunder that, like everything else except their fees, had escaped our precious auditors! It was my turn to mock now. "Look here, sir, this comes of a three-hours' audit! Do in haste and repent at leisure!" The chief replied, he hadn't my sense of shame, "Never you mind, the shareholders won't know, if we don't tell. We'll make

"I PROMESSI SPOSI."

PRINCESS MAUD AND THE DANISH PRINCE CHARLEY.

(*With Apologies to the Memory of the great Author of "Maud."*)

["Her Royal Highness Princess MAUD of Wales, youngest daughter of the Prince and Princess of WALES, is engaged to be married to His Royal Highness Prince CHARLES, second son of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of DENMARK. The QUEEN has received the news of the betrothal, of her dear grand daughter with much pleasure, and given her ready consent."—*From "Court Circular."*]

I.

WORDS that brighten the season,
As winter's gloom is falling.
"MAUD, MAUD, MAUD, MAUD!"
Loyal Britons are calling.

II.

Well loved MAUD, of a well-loved brood!
And brave Prince CHARLES is with her.
'Tis good, indeed, to see once more,
Briton and Dane together!

III.

Sea-king's son from over the sea,
Successfully you have sought her!
England cries "Welcome!" this day to you,
As once to the "Sea-king's daughter."



Toyh salaamed— They saw— and They signed!

t right next year." The shareholders did not know, they took everything on trust and as read, the President, like hope, "told a flattering tale," and the pliant auditors, who were of course "eligible for re-election," were rewarded with re-election and their fee!

Gentlemen of the Special Committee, and gentlemen of the Corporation, if you have a regard for the proper management of the municipal accounts, be not swayed by undue influence. Let sterling worth, and that alone, be your guide, and from all inefficient and good-for nothing auditors, like the fiddlers of my story, pray keep us free!

IV.

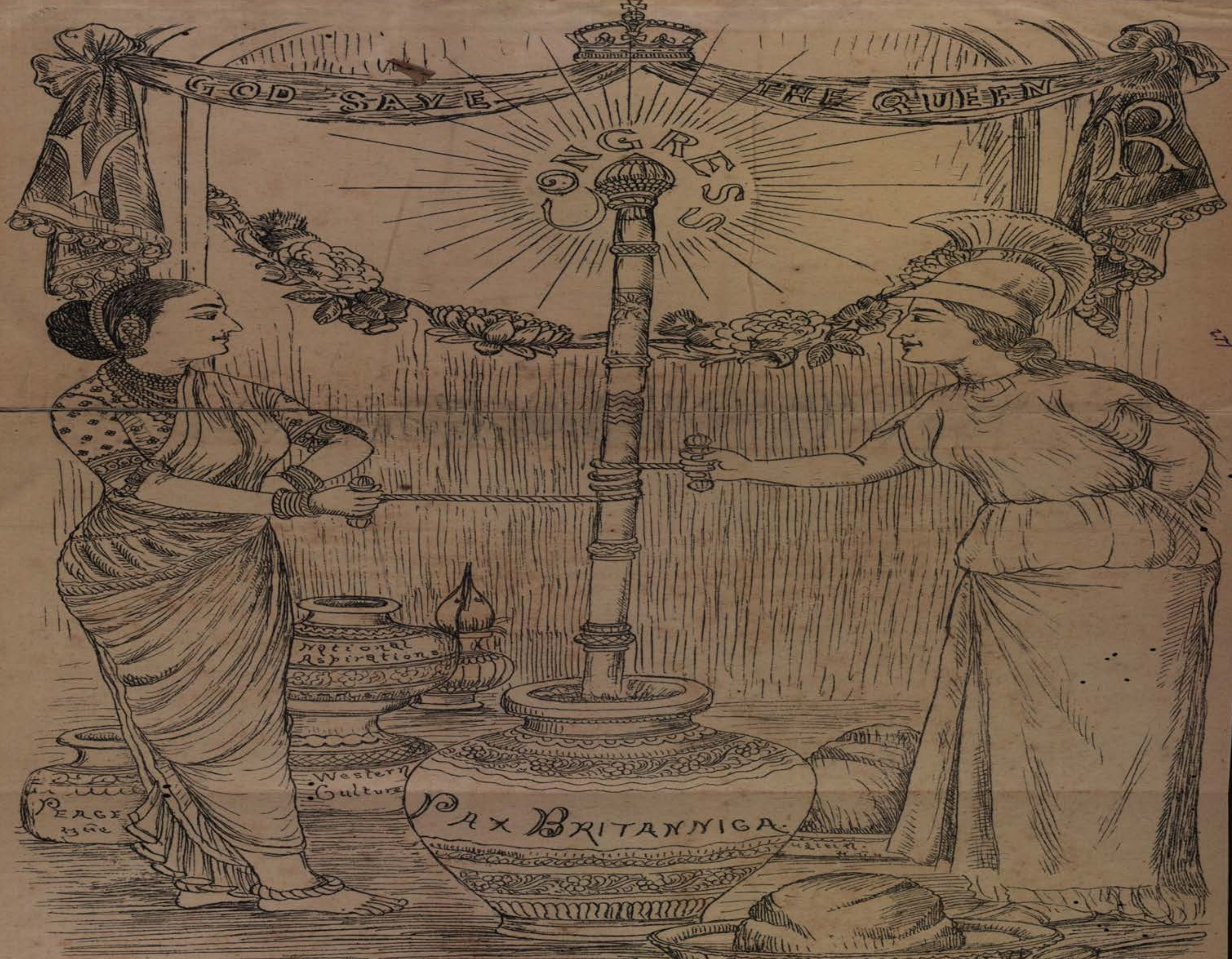
Our QUEEN is well content.
"*I Promessi Sposi.*"
May the future stint its shadows,
And leave their pathway rosy.

V.

Heard she the well-loved voices,
Crying and calling to her:—
Where is MAUD, MAUD, MAUD?
A Prince has come to woo her.

VI.

Hark! a sound at the door!
"Little *King Charley* snarling"?—
Nay. A Danish Prince from a distant shore;
And—this CHARLEY is her darling! *Punch.*



CHURNING!

INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS, ELEVENTH SESSION : POONA, 27th, 28th AND 30th DECEMBER, 1895.

મન્થન !—માખણ બનાવવા માટે દુધને વલોવવાની ક્રીયા.

અગ્યારમી નેશનલ કૉનગ્રેસ : પુના, તા૦ ૨૭ મી, ૨૮ મી અને ૩૦ મી ડીસેમ્બર ૧૮૯૫.



"SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD!"

INDIAN SOCIAL CONFERENCE, TENTH SESSION : POONA, 27th, 28th, AND 29th DECEMBER, 1895.

જે બાલરાજનું પારણું ઝુલાવે તેજ દુન્યાપર રાજ કરે!

દશમી સંસાર સુધારાની કનફરન્સ: પુણા, તા૦ ૨૭ મી, ૨૮ મી અને ૨૯ મી ડીસેમ્બર ૧૮૯૫.



DONE BROWN!

Brother.—You say she would make a good match. Well, I shouldn't object, only——

Sister.—Only what?

Bro.—She isn't quite as fair as she might be. A shade too brown, you know, and I can't afford a cook.

Sis.—But what has that to do with her colour?

Bro.—Don't you see? Why, if I can't keep a cook, she will have to cook for both, and the kitchen fire will make her more black than brown!

સામરી બઈરી નહી પરણવાનાં કારણ.

[illegible]



THE DISAPPOINTED CATS!

Pussy Cat! Pussy Cat! What will you have? The fat mouse, weighing 5,000 rupees, in the house of the Civic Father? Yes? Well, go and snatch it from the watch-dogs who are mounting guard over it? And the puss must get up very early in the morning to get it!

[There has been a deal of grumbling, heart-burning and disappointment among the several candidates who briskly canvassed votes for the place of auditor of municipal accounts, owing to the Corporation having referred the matter to a small committee.]

[illegible]સીપાસ થયલા બીલાડા!

[illegible]



THE CLEVER SNAKE CHARMER.

Donna Portugal charms the snake, and lo ; there isn't the least harm in him! Clever girl!

[The arrival of soldiers from Portugal to put down the revolt of the Goa soldiers has had the most salutary effect. The rebels have thrown down their arms and fled.]

સાંપને મંત્રી કહાડનારી બાહોશ છોકરી !

ડોના પોર્ટુગાલે સાંપને મંત્રી કહાડયો છે, અને જોઈ લેજો તમાસો ! તે તદન વશ થઈ ગયો છે અને જરાંબી હેરાનગતી આપવાની શકતી તેનામાં હવે રહી નથી ! કેવી હુશીઆર છોકરી !

[ગોઆના સરકારે ઉઠાવેલા બળવો બેસાડી દેવાને પોર્ટુગલથી મોકલવામાં આવેલાં લશ્કરથી સારી અસર એ થઈ છે કે, બળવાખોરો હથીઆર નાખી દઈ નાહાસી ગયા છે.]



PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.— No. 39.

DR. BHALCHANDRA KRISHNA BHATWADÊKAR,

the Bee that hovers over the hive.

મીં૦ પંચના ફેનસી પોરટ્રેટ—નાં૦ ૩૯.

ડાકટર ભાલચંદ્ર કીષ્ણા ભાટવડેકર,

મધપુડાપર ભમતી માખ.



Our artist—(A r former) And so o thedoxy has triump ed after all, and th will be no Social C ference in the gress pandal t year ! Boo-hoo

Wife-Yes, has given Boo-hoo-oo !

આમચા

ર—(એક સુધ ટીજુન્યા મત વીજય પ્રાલ આણી ય દા મંડપાંત સો નફરંસ હોણ બુ—હુ !

બાયકો ખરેચ, રાન ગેટ



STUCK!

Stuck fast! Nor cries nor prayers will now avail him! Hercules himself cannot take the cart out of the mire!

[Dr. Rustomjee Nasserwanjee Khory, the President of the Parsee Girls' Marriage Benefit Fund, and a few of his colleagues wish to continue the Fund, notwithstanding its present deplorable condition, although the general opinion seems to be against their doing so.]

મજબુત ખુંટી બેઠેલું ગાડું.

કેવું મજબુત તે ખુંટી બેઠું છે! ગાડાંવાળો ગમે તેટલો રડે કે ગમે તેટલી તે પ્રારથના કરે, પણ હવે તેનું કાંઈ વળે એમ દીસતું નથી! હરકયુલીસ જેવા બળવાન દેવતાભી એકબારગી ઉતરી આવે તોભી તે ગાડાંને કાદવમાંથી બાહેર કહાડી શકશે નહીં!

[પારસી છોકરીઓનાં લગનના લાભના ફંડની સ્થીતી એવી તો માઠી થઈ પડી છે કે હવે તેને બંધ કરવામાં સઘળી શરમ આબરૂ છે, એવું મોટા ભાગનું મત છે; પણ તે ફંડના મુખ્ય ડાકટર રૂસ્તમજી નસરવાનજી ખોરી અને બીજા કેટલાક ડાકટર નાનાભાઈ નસરવાનજી કારકે તથા તેમના થોડાક ગોઠીયાઓ હજી તેને ચાલુ જ રાખવા માગે છે.]



THE COMIC SIDE OF ROAD-WATERING IN BOMBAY!

(*With apologies.*)

Scene I.—Dādo-bā—I say, which is the office Pandurang goes to?

Scene II.-Cooly.—There you are, sir, and that's Pandurang Sheth himself standing on the verandah!

મુંબઈનાં રસ્તાઓ પર પાણી સીંપતાં થતાં કૌતક.

દેખાવ પહેલો.

દાદોબા—કાંય હો, પાંડુરંગ જ્યા આફીસાત જાતો ની આફીસ કોણ ચી?

દેખાવ બીજો.

પાણી સીંપનારો—હીયા સાહેબ, આફીસ ઈથ આણી ઓટલા વર જે ઉભે રાહીલેલે આહેત તે પાંડુરંગ શેઠ!



CALM REFLECTIONS: PANDITA RAMABAI'S *SHARDA SADAN* ONCE MORE!

Seeta.—Tall talk and no work! A ton of idle yarn and not a single, honest effort to ameliorate the condition of the poor Hindu widow What wonder, then, if she should bestir herself in her own behalf, and embracing a Ramabai as a sister and friend, embrace Christianity too, thus ending all the unspeakable tortures and miseries of enforced widowhood!

[The Mahratta papers have fallen foul of Pandita Ramabai and her Home for Hindu Widows, on account of her having converted a dozen young widows to Christianity last week.]

સીતાના શાંત વીચાર–પંડીતા રમાબાઈનાં શારદા સદન ઉપર એકવાર ફરી ધુજાંરો.

[વધુ માટે જુ પાનું ૨૯૩ મું.]

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 2nd Dec.—"Your credentials, sir," was the terrible war-cry by means of which our special committee thinned the ranks (very glittering in the case of some, who between you, me and the post—of auditor—had very little else to recommend them) of the hungry host that had been besieging our doors for the past two weeks! And the thinning was prompt and brisk! An army of thirty-two destroyed in a moment, and only three left to carry the dreadful tale! And this tail too was found to be two-thirds too much! "Here is one," said Dr. Bhalchandra, "who will answer your purpose admirably, and a better or more capable man than Mr. Adam Smith it will be hard to find, one who has served the Government as accountant for 39 years!" "So long as that," cried Mr. Hamilton, "39 years in service! Why, then, the man must be as old as Adam, seventy years if he is a day, and are we going to make our expanding Municipality the asylum for the lame, the maimed and the blind?" But don't you want experience, Mr. Ham., and who ever saw experienced heads grow on young shoulders? "Well, we had a deal of trouble in sorting and sifting," pursued Dr Bhal., "and Mr. Adam Smith stood the test remarkably well. There was another, a very Methusaleh in years, one Mr. Kharegat"—(*one* Mr. Kharegat; truly prophets are never honoured in their own couutry!)—"whom we thought it right to ignore, for he would not state his age or produce his certificates! He was too well-known, he said, to do that!" Too well-known! To whom? Mr. George Cotton, the prince of merchants, had not heard, Mr. Cuffe had not heard, Major Mein had not heard of him! Who, then, had heard, or could have heard of this Mr. Kharegat, who claimed to be so well-known? Mr. Bomaster, not being a poet, did not say,

"Not to know Kharegat, is to argue one's self unknown,"

but said the nearest prose to it, when he reminded the European portion of the house that, although unknown to them, Mr. Kharegat was the proud possessor of a name that was a household word among the natives. It was enough, however, that Messrs. Cotton & Co. did not know him, whatever the natives did, and Mr. Kharegat was told to *gat* away! Not his loss certainly! Returning to Mr. Adam Smith, many knew him, and those who did not know, seemed to like, him. The Paymaster of Calcutta, hearing that Major Mein was on the committee, had actually written to him in glowing terms of Mr. Adam Smith's



Only three left!



"Too well known! To whom?"

qualifications! Against this, there was Dr. Cow-Horn's story of how a certain Surgeon-Major (it wasn't a Chief Justice, this time,) had actually stopped him to enquire why we did not put the *obscure* Mr. Kharegat into the vacant place? The end of it all was that Mr. Adam Smith was appointed. Adam Smith, a lucky name! After this, don't ask, what's in a name? Even though you had the highest authority for it, that of Shakespeare himself! There's often a whole history in a single name! Would you know what there is in this fortunate name? The growing wealth of a nation must always be jealously guarded, and handled and manipulated on sound, economic principles. What sounder principles can we, the custodians of a people's wealth, follow than those of Mr. Adam Smith, the happy namesake of the well-known author of the *Wealth of Nations*?

This special business over, we did a portion of our ordinary work. We recorded several things, among others the fact of our having gained an appeal at law! True, it has cost us some Rs. 17,000, but then the claim against us has been reduced by half! A clear gain of Rs. 9,000! "Not quite clear," remarked Mr. Mehta, "for the gain has been on the wrong side. Fancy spending 17,000 to gain 9,000! And I am sure I don't know how the cost has been made up. Let us ask for details." A lawyer, and not know how costs run up! Can it be that he was only poking fun at us?



"Not quite clear."

Mr. Bomaster next inquired if a certain chowkey at Mahaluxmi had ever been used for imprisoning persons who made long speeches. No, replied Mr. Mehta, but it was certainly meant for those who perpetrated jokes at the Corporation. After this, it is such a relief to me to learn that the chowkey has been disposed of, for I am such a joker myself!



LEO ON A "SAFETY" BIKE.

[The *Figaro* holds up as an example for Frenchmen to follow the unanimity with which Liberals and Conservatives alike support Lord Salisbury in his foreign policy.]

"સેફ્ટી" બાઈસીકલ પર સીંહરાય સવાર.

[ઈંગ્લંડની પ્રદેશ ખાતાંની રાજનીતીમાં લોરડ સાલ્સબરીને ઈંગ્લંડના લીબરલો અને કનસરવેટીવો એકસરખાં એકમતથી હમણા જે ટેકો આપે છે, તે તેમના દાખલાની નકલ કરવાને પેરીસનું "ફીગારો" પત્ર ફ્રેંચમેનોને આગ્રહ કરે છે.]



STRANGLED!

The tact, skill, valour and wisdom of the modern Amazon in overpowering the Monster is certainly beyond all praise !

[It is highly creditable to the wisdom, tact and skill of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Mahadeva Govind Ranade, the Secretary of the Social Conference, to have removed all cause of dissension from the Congress camp by declaring that the Social Conference will not be held in the Congress Pandal.]

હુરરેએએ ! કંગાળ રાક્ષસનો ટોટો કેવો ભચડી નાખ્યો !

રાક્ષસનો ટોટો ભચડી નાખવામાં જે કળા, કુનેહ, કઉવત અને ડાહપણથી આ જમાનાની બહાદુર લડવઈયણે કામ લીધું છે, તે ખરે જ બેહદ સ્તુતીને પાત્ર છે !

[સોશીયલ કનફરન્સની સભા આ વરસે કાનગરેસના મંડપમાં ભરવામાં આવશે નહી એવું જાહેર કરીને, કાનગરેસના મંડળમાંથી સઘળા કજીયા કંકાસનાં મુળને દુર કરી નાખવામાં કનફરન્સના સેક્રેટરી આનરેબલ મી૰ જસ્ટીસ મહાદેવ ગોવીંદ રાનાડેએ જે ડાહપણ, કુનેહ અને ચાલાકી બતાવી છે, તે માટે તેમને ખરેજ માન ઘટે છે.]



IN HONOUR OF THE JUBILEE OF THE SIR JAMSETJEE JEEJEEBHOY HOSPITAL AND THE GRANT MEDICAL COLLEGE.

(*MAY AND NOVEMBER, 1895.*)

Doctor Punch—The real men who ought to toast today have gone to sleep, my dear Hygeia, so let us drink to the growth and prosperity of the noble institutions they have reared in our midst!

સર જમશેદજી જીજીભાઈ આસ્પીટલ અને ગ્રાંટ મેડીકલ કૉલેજની જુબીલીના માનમાં.

(મે અને નવેમબર ૧૮૯૫.)

ડાકટર પંચ—જે માણસોએ ખરેખર આજે સલામતી ચહાવી જોઇયે તેઓ તો ઊંઘમાં પડયા છે, મારી વાહાલી હાઇજીયા. ચાલ, ત્યારે, જે નામીચાં ઉમદાં ખાતાંઓ આપણી વચ્ચે તેઓએ ઊછેરીને મોટાં કીધાં છે, તે ખાતાંઓની આબાદી અને વૃદ્ધી માટે આપણે ગલાસ ઊઠાં૦





A PARACHUTE DESCENT!

COMING DOWN WITH A HEAVY CRASH!

[Dr. Rustomjee Nusserwanjee Khory, the president of the Parsee Girls' Marriage Benefit Fund, has taken the last jump and resigned his office, thus proving that he is unable to deal with the present deplorable state of the fund brought about by gross mismanagement.]

બલુનનો તમાસો–પેરેશુટની મદદથી મારેલો કુદકો.

ભારી કડાકા સાથે બીચારા હેઠે પટકાઈ પડે છે!

[પારસી છોકરીઓના લગનના લાભના ફંડના પ્રમુખ ડાકટર રૂસ્તમજી નસરવાનજી ખોરીએ અંતે છેલ્લો કુદકો મારી દીધો છે અને પોતાના ઓધાનું રાજીનામું આપયું છે. તેમ કરીને તેઓએ બતાવયું છે કે, જબરા ગેરવહીવટથી ફંડની હાલ જે માઠી હાલત થઈ પડી છે તેના સંબંધમાં કાંઈ પણ કરવાને તેઓ અશકત છે.]



NEW SURGERY.

(With apologies.)

[Great scandal has been created by Dr. Rustomjee Nusserwanjee Khory' President of the Parsee Girls Marriage Benefit Fund, having deleted from the report of the Special Committee several paragraphs highly condemnatory of the management of the Fund.]

નવી વહાડકાપ.

[પારસી છોકરીઓનાં લગનના લાભના ફંડને તેની માઠી હાલતમાંથી બહાર કહાડવા માટેના ઉપાય સુચવવા જે ખાસ કમીટી નેમવામાં આવી હતી, તેણે કરેલા રીપોરટમાં કેટલાક ફકરાઓ ફંડના કારોબાર સામે બહુ સખત ટીકાથી ભરપુર હોવાથી, ફંડના પ્રમુખ ડાકટર રૂસ્તમજી નસરવાનજી ખોરીએ તે છેકી નાખ્યા હતા. આ નાલેસી વીશે ભારે ચરચા ચાલી રહી છે.]



OH! PITY THE CONDITION OF THE POOR HINDU REFORMER!

The beast bites in the front and kicks from behind!

આ ગરીબ બીચારા હીંદુ સુધારકની હાલત પર દયા કરો!

આગળથી તેને કરડે છે, અને પાછળથી તેને લાત મારે છે!

THE OLD DUCK!

(With apologies.)

" Quack! Quack! and he opened his mouth wide and gobbled down the frog at one big mouthful!



[Mr. Adam Smith, a Government accountant for 39 years, has been appointed auditor of Municipal Accounts.]

બુડ્ઢું બટક.

કુવાક! કુવાક! કરતું તે આવયું અને મોહડું પોહોળું કરીને દેડકાંને લાગલો એકજ બુકમાં ગળી ગયું!

[૩૯ વરસ સુધી સરકારી એકાઉનટંટ તરીકે કામ કરનાર મીં. એડમ સ્મીથને મુંબઈની મયુનીસીપાલીટીના એક હીસાબ તપાસનાર તરીકે રૂ ૫૦૦૦ ના વરસાને તે નેમવામાં આવયો છે.]



THEIR FIRST TIFF AFTER MARRIAGE.

She wanted to go and see Prof. Van Tassel's ballooning. He didn't see how. A victoria for four rupees, another six for admission, exactly a fifth of his month's wages! It would make a big hole in his baloon, and he hadn't the Professor's art to glide gently down —the rest of the month! But women will be women!

પરણ્યા પછીની પેહેલવેહેલી મારામારી.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૨૯૩ મું.]



EARLY LESSONS.

Shereen— Spell the word "pig."

Sorab—P–i–g pig.

Shereen—And what does it mean ?

Sorab—An animal like *Sapal*, sis Jai's future husband.

Jai—Nonsense! Don't speak like that!

Sorab—Ask Shereen. She called Sapal a pig-headed fellow only the other day!

ભઈ માટે નાનપણના પાઠ.

શીરીન—બેસ, "પીગ" નો સ્પેલ કર.

સોરાબ—પી-આઈ-જી "પીગ."

શીરીન—"પીગ" એટલે શું ?

સોરાબ—આપરી બેહેન જાઇના વર સપલના જેવું જાનવર.

જાઈ—છટ, ખબરદાર! મુંગો રેહે! તારૂં કીધું તેં જાણ્યું, જો ફરીથી એમ બોલશેાશ તો!

સોરાબ—હેં એ, પણ તે સીરીનને ગમે તો પુછી જોની! તે દાહાડેજ શીરીન બોલીતી કે તારો વર તો ડુકર છે, અને વગર સમજે બસ હુડજ કરયા કરેચ!



DOONGRI *VS.* THAKORDWAR

Mr. Punch—(To the Municip al Executive Engineer.) Well, my friend, I had some hard things for you, alittle while ago, when with singular lack of common sense, you knocked off work at the Dongree catastrophe. Let me congratulate you today for the promptitude and zeal sh own at Thakordwar.

[Khanbahadoor Muncherjee Cowasji Murzban, Executive Engineer, deserves thanks for the way in which prompt assistance was rendered by his department at the Thakordwar catastrophe on Saturday, the 30th ult.]

ડુંગરી વીરૂધ ઠાકોરદવાર.

મી० પંચ—(મ્યુનીસીપાલીટીના એકઝીકયુટીવ ઇજનેરને) મારા દોસ્ત, થોડાજ વખતપર તમો મારો મને કેટલીક સખત ચીજ કેહેવી પડી હતી, કેમકે ડુંગરીપર થયલી હોનારત વેળા કાંઈ અજબ જેવી રીતે સાદી સમજની કોતાઈ દેખાડીને પડી ગયલાં ઘરોના કાટ નીચે દબાઈ મુએલાંઓને બાહાર કહાડવાનાં કામમાં તમે વીચીત્ર ઢાલ કીધી હતી. પણ જે ઝડફ અને જે ઉલટ તમે ઠાકોરદવાર આગળ દેખાડી છે, તે માટે આજે તમને મુબારકબાદી આપતાં મને બેહદ ખુશાલી લાગે છે.

[ઠાકોરદવાર તરફ ગઈ તા० ૩० મી નવેમબરે એક ઘર પડી ગયું હતું, તે વેળા મ્યુનીસીપાલીટીના ઇજનેર ખાતાએ જે ઝડપથી મદદ આપીને કામ બજાવ્યું હતું, તે માટે એકઝીકયુટાવ એનજીનીયર ખાન બહાદુર મંચેરજી કાવસજી મરઝાબાનને ખરેજ માન અને શાબાશ ઘટે છે.]



THE ANGLER'S RETURN.

Mr. Punch—A poor result, my friend, after angling for days and months together! It is so much toil and trouble wasted!

[The Bombay Provincial Service Rules, published by the Government, are generally condemned, as being opposed to the demands and aspirations of the intelligent public.]

મોટાં માછલાં પકડવા ગયા અને નાનું સરખું જીંગું મારી લાવ્યા!

મી૰ પંચ—મારા દોસ્ત, દીવસોના દીવસ અને મહીનાના મહીના સુધી ગલ નાખીને પાણી ડોહળ્યા પછી આએ કેવું પરીણામ! એ તો બધી મેહેનત કીધેલી ને રંજ ખેંચેલી બરબાદ ગઈ છે!

[પ્રાંતીક સનદી નોકરીને નામે જુદા પાડવામાં આવેલા ઓહધાઓ ઉપર નેમણુક કરવાને લગતા જે કાનુનો મુંબઈ સરકારે હમણા પ્રગટ કરયા છે, તે સામે સામાન્ય રીતે ના પસંદગી બતાવવામાં આવે છે, કેમકે સમજુ મજામતે કીધેલી માંગણી અને રાખેલી વકી કરતાં તે ઉલટા છે.]

સીતાના શાંત વીચાર–પંડીતા રમાબાઈના શારદા સદન ઉપર એકવાર ફરી ધુજારો.

[જુવો ચીત્ર પાનું ૨૮૨ મું.]

મારા સુધારાવાળા ને કુધારાવાળા બધાઓએ એજ ધંધો માંડયો છે કે ઘરમાં બેઠા બેઠા લાંબી લાંબી વાત કરયા કરવી, પણ કામ એક અરધીનુંબી બજાવવું નહી; ટોપલા ભરી ભરીને સીરે પોહોરની ટોપ ચલાવવી અને ગજનાં ગજ ફાડયાં જવાં, પણ ગરીબ બીચારી હીંદુ વીધવાની હાલત સુધારવા માટે એક તસુબી ફાડવાની હીંમત કરવી નહી; સભાઓમાં અને છાપાઓમાં તડાકા પર તડાકા એવા મારવા કે જાણે આય આખો હીમાલ્રયજ ઉડલાવી નાખતા હોય, પણ જ્યારે ખરેખરૂં કામ બજાવવાનો વખત આવે ત્યારે ખુણામાં ભરાઇ બેસવું, મોટું જેવું ગોદરૂં ઓઢીને સુઇ જવું, કે અહીંથી તહીંથી નહાસતા ફરીને મોહડાં છુપાવતા રહેવું. એવા જ્યારે સુધારાવાળા ને કુધારાવાળા બધા સરખાજ છે–જ્યારે એક આંધળા ને બીજા પાંગળા છે–ત્યારે ગરીબ બીચારી હીંદુ વીધવા પોતાની દુઃખી-હાલત પર પોતેજ જાગરૂત થાય અને તેમાંથી એકદમ છુટી જવા માટે ચાહોમ આંખ વીંચીને કુદકો મારવાની હીંમત દેખાડે, તો તેમાં તે બીચારીનો શું વાંક? અને તેણીની દુખી હાલત પર દયા દેખાડવા તથા તેણી તરફ માયા મોહબત અને દીલસોજી બતાવી તે હાલતમાં થોડોબી સુધારો કરવા અને થોડો વખતબી તેણીને સધયારો મળે એવું કામ બજાવવા રમાબાઈ જેવી કોઇ વટલેલબી બાહેર પડે, તો તે માટે બીચારી રમાબાઇને સુધારાવાળા અને કુધારાવાળાઓ ફાંસીને લાકડે લટકાવવા શાના નીકળા પડે છે? ગરીબ બીચારી વીધવાનાં દુખ ટાલવા માટે કોઈ દીવસે તેમની સુધ તો ઉઘડતીજ નથી. તે પર તો તેઓ કાન બેહેરા કરી અને આંખે પાટા બાંધીનેજ બેઠેલા છે. જો તે માટે તેમના કાન આગળ કોઇ ધડાકા કડાકા કરે છે, તો તેમાં તેઓ એવા મોટા દુચા ખોસી દેય છે કે એક ટોપનો ગોલોબી તેમની આગલ ફોડેલો વીયરથ જાય. એવી હાલતમાં પંડીતા રમાબાઈ પાસ દીલાસો અને સધયારો મેળવવા ગરીબ બીચારી વીધવા જાય અને તે તેણીને ખુશીથી આપે, તો તેમાં તેણી ઝુરાબંધ ગાળના નહીં પણ માનના સરપાવને લાયક ગણાવી જોઇયે. અલબતાં ધરમાધપણાની આંખે જોનારા મારા સુધારાવાળા ને કુધારાવાળા તો તેમ સમજવાને બંધાયલા નથી. તેઓ કહે છે કે, હીંદુ વીધવાને રમાબાઈના ખોળામાં માથું મુકવા દેવું નહી, રમાબાઇએ તે માથાંને પસવારવું નહી, અને તેના કાનમાં ખ્રીસ્તી દીલાસા અને ખ્રીસ્તી સધયારાના બોલ કેહેવા નહી, કેમ કે તેની અસર તેણીના દીલમાં વીજળીના જેવી થઇ જાય છે, અને તેણી માબાપ, નાત જાત અને ધરમ તજી દેવાને ઉસ્કેરાય છે. બીજા હાથ પર દુખી વીધવા કહે છે કે, રમાબાઈ મારી બેહેન સમાન છે, તેણી મારી માનીતી ને વીશ્વાસુ સહી છે, અને તેથી હું તેણીને હરખથી અને ખરા માન અને પયારથી કોટી કરૂ છું, અને તેણી ફરમાવે તો ખ્રીસ્તી ધરમને પણ સાથે સાથે કોટી કરવા હું તઈયારજ છેઉં! વીધવાપણુના ભારે સંકટો અને કંગાલીયતના ડુંગર તળે દબાઇ ગયલી બીચારી નીરદોષ અબલા તેમાંથી બાહેર નીકળવાનાં એવી રીતે ફાંફાં મારે, અને બીજાં વધારે ઉંચાં કે વધારે સારાં સાધનની ગેરહાજરીમાં એવું રૂડું કુડું સાધન પણ પકડી લેવાને વીહીલી ફાંફલી પડે, એમાં કેટલો ઉંડો અરથ સમાયલો છે, તે મારા સુધારાવાળા અને કુધારાવાળાઓ પોતાની આંખો ઉઘાડીને જોવાની તસ્દી લેશે? ખચીત, હજીબી જો ધરમાંધપણાને બાજુએ મુકી ડાહપણ અને સારી સમજને તેઓ પોતાની સાથે રાખશે, તો પંડીતાનો આશરો શોધવાને ગરીબ બીચારી વીધવાને જે ફરજ પડે છે તેમાંથી તેને તેઓ દુર રાખી શકશે, અને તેણીને બળવાખોર થતી, પોતાના માબાપો અને સગાવાહાલાંઓને તજી દેવાની છેક છેલ્લી અની પર આવી લાગતી, અને નાત જાત અને ધરમની બેડી તોડી નાખી એકદમ છુટી થઇ જવાનાં છેલ્લે પાટલે બેસી જતી અટકાવી શકશે. પણ તેમ કરવાની મારા હીંદુઓમાં હીમત છે કે? અરે–અરે–તેનો તે હું શું જવાબ દેઉં!

પરણયા પછીની પેહેલવેહેલી મારામારી.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૨૯૦ મું.]

ધણયાંણીને પ્રોફેસર વાન ટેસલનો બલુનનો તમાસો જોવા જવા ગમયું, પણ તે કેમ જોવા જવું તે ધનંતર ધણીને સુઝયું નહી. કોટમાંથી પરેલ જવા અને પાછું આવવા માટે વીકટોરયાવાળો કમમાં કમ ચાર રૂપયાથી તો ઓછું કદી લેયજ નહી. તે ચારની અંદર તમાસો જોવાની ટીકીટના બીજા છ ઉમેરવા જોઇયે, કારણ કે આવાં ફાંકડા ધણીયાંણીને એસકા પણીથી કાંઈ ચાર આનાની ટીકીટમાં ધકામુક્કી ખાતાં બેસાડી શકાય જ નહી: તેવણને તો રીઝરવ સીટપરજ બેસાડવાં જોઇયે. અને તેમ કરતાં છ રૂપયાની ચોટલી ઉડે તે ગાડી ભાડાં સાથે ગણતાં ખાસા દસની ભરતીમાં ભરાઈ જાય. અને બીચારા ધનેતર ધણી તેનો ખાડો કાંહથી પુરે? તેવણનો પગાર જોઇયે તો મહીને દાહડે પચાસનો, ત્યારે પછી એકદમ મહીનાના પગારનો પાંચમો ભાગ બલુનના તમાસામાં ઉડારી નાખતાં તેવણનાં બલુનમાં ગાબડું પડે તે તેઓ કેમ સાંધે? પ્રોફેસર વાન ટેસલ તો બલુનમાં ગાબડું પડલા છતાં ધીમે ધીમે હેઠે ઉતરી શકે છે, પણ બીચારા ધનેતર ધણી કાંઇ તેવો હુનર શીખયા નથી કે જેથી તેવણ પોતાના બલુનમાં ગાબડું પડયાથી બાકીનો મહીનો ધીમે ધીમે હેઠે ઉતરીને પસાર કરે! પણ બઇરાંઓ તે વાત શું સમજે! આખર કરે પણ બઇરાં તે બઈરાંજ!

"વાહરે બચા શેખચલ્લી! વાહરે તારી અટકળ ને વાહરે તારી અક્કલ!"

આ જમાનાની પારસી છોકરી.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૨૯૭ મું.]

માય–(એક કલાક સુધી પોતાની દીકરીને સમજાવતાં પટાવતાં નાસીપાસ થયાથી, એકદમ રડવા માંડીને) તારે માણક, બસ તું તો રાણુ જંગલી હુકરના જેવી હઠજ કરીને બેસવા માંગેચ કે? ને બસ નહીજ સમજતી કે? બસ પોતાની માયનું લોહીજ બારવા તું તો બેઠીચની! અરે ખદાય, કાંહ મારે પેટેબી એવાં કફોરાં દીકરા દીકરી પેદા પરયાં! રાણુ માય બાપને ખુસ કરવાને બદલે જે દીકરા દીકરી તેઓના સેર સેર લોહી બારે ને રડમસ કરે તે માય બાપનું તો જીવતરજ બરયું!–પણ–પણ–હું તુને એમ પુછું કે મારી બેહેનના દીકરાને સું રોગ ભરાયોચ જે તું તેને વાસ્તે ના કહેચ ને એકની બે થતીજ નહીં? તેને થયુંચ સું? આવા પઇસા ટકાવારાના દીકરાને ના પારેચ તો પછી કેવાએકને તું લેવાની છે જે? એમ રોગમાં ને રોગમાં મરી રહેસે તો કોઇ કારો કુતરોબી પછી દરકાર કરસે નહી, સમજી?–વારૂં–પણ–પણ મને કેહેની, તુંને

અ સુના મોહોર જેવા મારા માસી મરે ભાણેજને વાસ્તે સું વાંધો છે તે !

માણુક–તમે વાંધો વાંધો સું પુછયા કરોચ જો, માયજી? અને વાસ્તે એક નહી પણ એક હજાર ને એક મને વાંધા છે. કોઈબી છોકરીને જો પોતાને વાસ્તે જરાકબી વીચાર હોય તે તો એવા મુવા હેન ને એકજને ઝાંખીને જોયબી નહી, ને તેને પોતાની સપાટ નુછવાબી ઉભો નહી રાખે !

માય–હેં એં ? રાણુ ચાહે સું પી મરતી હોસે ! ખબર દાર રાણુ જો કંઇ ફાટું ફાટું બોલીચ તો ! જીભ ધરીને આય ખેંચી કહારસ ! મુંગી મુંગી સીધી સીધી વાત કર !

માણુક–હા લેઓની, હું સીધી સીધીજ તમુને વાત કેહુંચ કે, એવો મુવો સફેદ પાઘરી પેહેરનારો, હોરાજી જેવો ભાચો ભુચો, ને પોહોરા પાએજાના લેંઘા ને ચાંચનાં જોરા પેહેરીને ફરનારો મુવો મને નહી જોઇયે ! ! વરી મુવાના ભેજામાં જોઈયે તો બધો વેહેર ભરેલો ! ! !

માય–પણ ભાચો ભુચો છે ને થોરૂં સીખેલો છે તેનું સું થયું. એના બાપ ને ત્રણુડે કાકાઓ પઈસાવારા છે કેની ?

માણુક–હા, પણ એના બાપ કે કાકાઓ મારી સાથ પણવાના છે ? પછી તારે એવી ગાંડી ગાંડી શું વાત કરોચ, માયજી.

માય–અરે રાણુ હીન, જરા ભેજું ઠેકાણે રાખ ને બરાબર સમજ. જાણેચ કેની કે એના બાપ કાકાઓ વચે જીભરાયો ને અ ખઈ રહયો એ એકપુરોજ છે તે ! એના બાપ કાકાઓની દોલતનો આઅંદેહ ધણીધોરી કોણ થવાનું છે ? એજ એખલો. તારે પછી રાણુ લખસાપતીની બઈરી થસો તેનો તો કંઈ સુધલો ઠેકાણે રાખીને વીચાર કર !

માણુક–ભેજામાં વેહેર ભરેલો એવો લક્ષાપતી મને કોઇ જોઇતો નથી, માયજી. આગ લગારો એના પઇસાને ! જેને પઇસા જોઇતા હોય તેને કેહો એની સાથે બેલાસક પરણી જાય માંને તો કોઈ ભીખારી પણ મજેહનો સીખેલો પહરેલો ને .સાર ભેજાંનો વર અપાવો, હું તેની સાથે દાર ને નીમખ રોટી ખાઇને સુખી થાંઉ ! એવા વગર પઇસાવારા પણ કેળવાયલા ને સાંનસલુકના ભીખારી સાથે પણવાને હું એક પગે તઇયાર છેઉં ! તેવા કોઇને શોધી કહારજો ને હોય તો મને કેહેજો, પણ હવે ફરીથી તમારી બેહેનના દીકરાનું નામ તો મારી આગરથી નીવારીજ મુકજો !

માય–અરે માય ! જોયાં આએ જમાનાના ઢંગ ! રાણુ આજકાલની ચીચકલીઓ તો માયની માય થઇ નીકરેચ ને ! તાની જનેતર માયને બાજુએ બેસારેચ ! અરે ખદાય પે કલજુગનાંબી એ સું કોટક !

અજ્ઞાનપણાની કાંઇ હદ છે ?

[જુવો ચીત્ર પાનું ૩૧૭ મું.]

ભકંભટ—(નવો આવેલો કોકણુસ્થ) કાય હો વીષણુપંત તમારા મુંબઈના લોક કેટલા બેદરકાર ને અજ્ઞાન છે ?

વીષણુપંત—અહો, એટલો બધો તારો પીત્તો બા શાથી ઉછળી આયો ?

ભકંભટ—તો જોની, પેલા ગાડાંવાળાને હું બુમે બુમ પાડીને કેહુંચ કે તારી પાણીની ટાંકી ગળે છે, પણ નખોડનો ગીયો તો કંઇજ તે સાંભળવાની દરકાર કરતો નથી, ને પાણીને રસ્તા પર ધુમ ઘોળતો ઘોળતો ગુપચુપ ગાડું હાંકયોજ જાય છે !

भकंभट :—(एक मुंबईत आलेला नवखा कोंकणस्थ) अगदीं संतापून :—"काहो विष्णुपंत अ हें शिंचें मुंबईचे लोक केवढे तरी उद्धट हे."

विष्णुपंत :—"आहो येवढें पित्त खवळायास झालें तरी काय"!

भकंभट :—काय की हो, तो गाडीवाला पाणी भरून नेत आहे व ते सर्व पाणी पाठिमागून गळताहे–मी ओर ओरडून त्यास सांगितलें परंतु त्यानें तेथें ढिमच दिलें नाहीं. तो पहा ती तो कशी हाकीत चालला आहे.

[भकंभटाच्या मेंदूंत प्रकाश पाडण्यास विष्णुपंतास बराच वेळ लागला.

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

MAGISTRATE : " The officer says you were drunk last night, and fell down in the street. Can you explain that little matter ? " Prisoner (with dignity) : " The cause of my fall, your honour, was not attributable to liquor, but to circumstances over which I had no control." Magistrate (in surprise) : " What circumstances do you allude to ? " Prisoner (sadly) : " My legs, your Honour."

OVERHEARD IN THE BALL ROOM.—Heavy Swell : " Fraulein, I have an idea." She : " Nothing is impossible nowadays."

AN OLD REMEDY.—Husband : " You have overworked yourself, my dear. You want rest." Wife : " I am all right. Just look at my tongue." Husband (after inspecting it) : " I tell you, my dear, you want rest."

" WHAT KIND of man is the new cashier ? He does not look very trustworthy." " He is a very near relative of the banker." " Very near ? Well, I should not be surprised if in a short time he was a very distant relative."

THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE IN THE TEA SHOP.—Myreta : " The lieutenant over there keeps staring at me." Fond Mother : " Hold up a paper before your face." Myreta : " But then I can't see whether he continues staring !"

THOUGHTFULNESS.—Magistrate : " If you broke into the house with honourable intentions, as you say you did, why did you take off your boots in the hall ?" Burglar : " I was told by my mate that the master was lying ill in bed " (Six months.)

" CAN YOU recommend me a good laundress ?" " The one I send my washing to is a good one. During the last few weeks she has sent me home several collars which do not belong to me, all of which fit my husband. He is wearing one now !"

SHARPE : " Buncom is a self-made man, isn't he ? Flatte : " Yes ; what made you think so ?" Sharpe : " He seems to be so well satisfied with the job."

MAB : " And so you're engaged to one of the Mandon twins. How do you distinguish between them ?" Fred : " I don't try !"



HEARTLESS DESERTION!

[There has been a general stampede among the members of the committee of the Parsee Girls' Marriage Benefit Fund, Dr. Rustomjee Nusserwanjee Khory, Dastoor Jamaspjee Minocherjee and several other members having resigned owing to one cause or another, leaving the Fund in a lurch.]

રખડતું મુકીને ચાલતી પકડી ગયા!

"કેવા નીરદય! કેવા—!"

[જરથોશ્તી બાનુઓના લગનના લાભના ફંડના કેટલાક કારોબારીઓએ ચાલતી પકડવા માંડી છે: ડાકટર રુસ્તમજી નશરવાનજી ખોરી, દસ્તુર જામાસ્પજી મીનોચેહેરજી અને બીજા કેટલાક સભાસદોએ ફંડને જોખમભરી હાલતમાં રહેવા દઈ એક યા બીજા સબબથી પોતાનાં રાજીનામાં આપ્યાં છે.]



WELCOME!

Hindi Punch—(*To Commissioner Booth-Tucker*) Very glad to see you again, my friend! Wish you all success in your Darkest India Scheme,—a Scheme which has my general and hearty support, and deserves to be welcomed by the whole Punch Praja!

[Commissioner Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army arrived in Bombay by the last mail. He is collecting information for establishing Peasant Settlements on waste lands in India for the relief of the starving population.]

ભલે પધારયા!

હીંદી પંચ—(કમીશનર બુથ-ટકરને) તુને પાછો જોઈને હું બેહદ ખુશી છું, મારા દોસ્ત! તારી "સીહા હીંદને લગતી યોજના" માં હું તુને ફતેહ ઈછું છું. એ યોજના તરફ મારી સંપુરણ દીલસોજી છે અને હું તેને દીલોજાનથી ટેકો આપું છું. ખચીતજ આખી પંચ પ્રજા તરફના ઘટતા આવકારને તે લાયકની છે!

(મુકતી ફોજવાલો કમીશનર બુથ-ટકર ઈંગલંડના છેલા મેલ સાથ મુંબઈ આવ્યો છે, અને હીંદુસ્તાનમાં ભુખે મરતા ગરીબ લોકો માટે આ દેશમાંની ઉજડ જગાઓપર ખેડુતોનાં સંસ્થાન વસાવવાને લગતી બાબત વીશે ખબર અંતર ભેગી કરવામાં તે રોકાયો છે.)



DON CARLOS IN HIGH JINKS!

ખુશાલીમાં ગરક પોરટુગલના રાજા !

[ગોઆમાં ઉઠેલા બલવાની સમાધાની પછી.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 40.

HIS HIGHNESS THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

(How happy, if the surrounding dirt and filth be but swept away!

મી० પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ—નાં० ૪૦.

હેદરાબાદના નામદાર નીઝામ.

આહા, પોતાની આસપાસ ફરી વળેલા કચરા અને દુરગંધીને જો એ સાફ કરી નાખે તો કેવો સુખી સુખ્યારો થઈ જાય !

APPROPRIATE DECLARATION FOR A "BIKER'S" BUTTON-HOLE.—The Cyclamen.



THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Ma—(After an hour's fruitless persuasion, crying)—And you will continue to be obstinate, you heartless thing, and vex your mother instead of being a joy to her! Why won't you say yes to my sister's son? What's your objection to him?

Manek—Every possible objection! No girl that has any self-respect will ever give the beast a thought. A white turban, ridiculously broad garments and wretched country shoes with long beaks!!

Ma—But his father and three uncles all claim him as their heir, and he will be a very Crœsus!

Manek—A very brainless Crœsus then! Let those that love his gold have him. Give me rather the beggar with a cultivated mind!

આજમાનાની છોકરી.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૨૯૭મું.]



THE DOGS AND THE LOAF.—A TALE WITHOUT WORDS.

[Mr. Ghellabhai Haridas of the Bombay Bank has been appointed Sheriff of Bombay for the ensuing year.]

કુત્રા અને પાંઉ—શબ્દો વગરની એક વારતા.

[આવતા વરસ માટે મુંબઈના શેરીફ તરીકે મુંબઈ બેંકવાળા મી૦ ઘેલાભાઈ હરીદાસને નેમવામાં આવયા છે.]



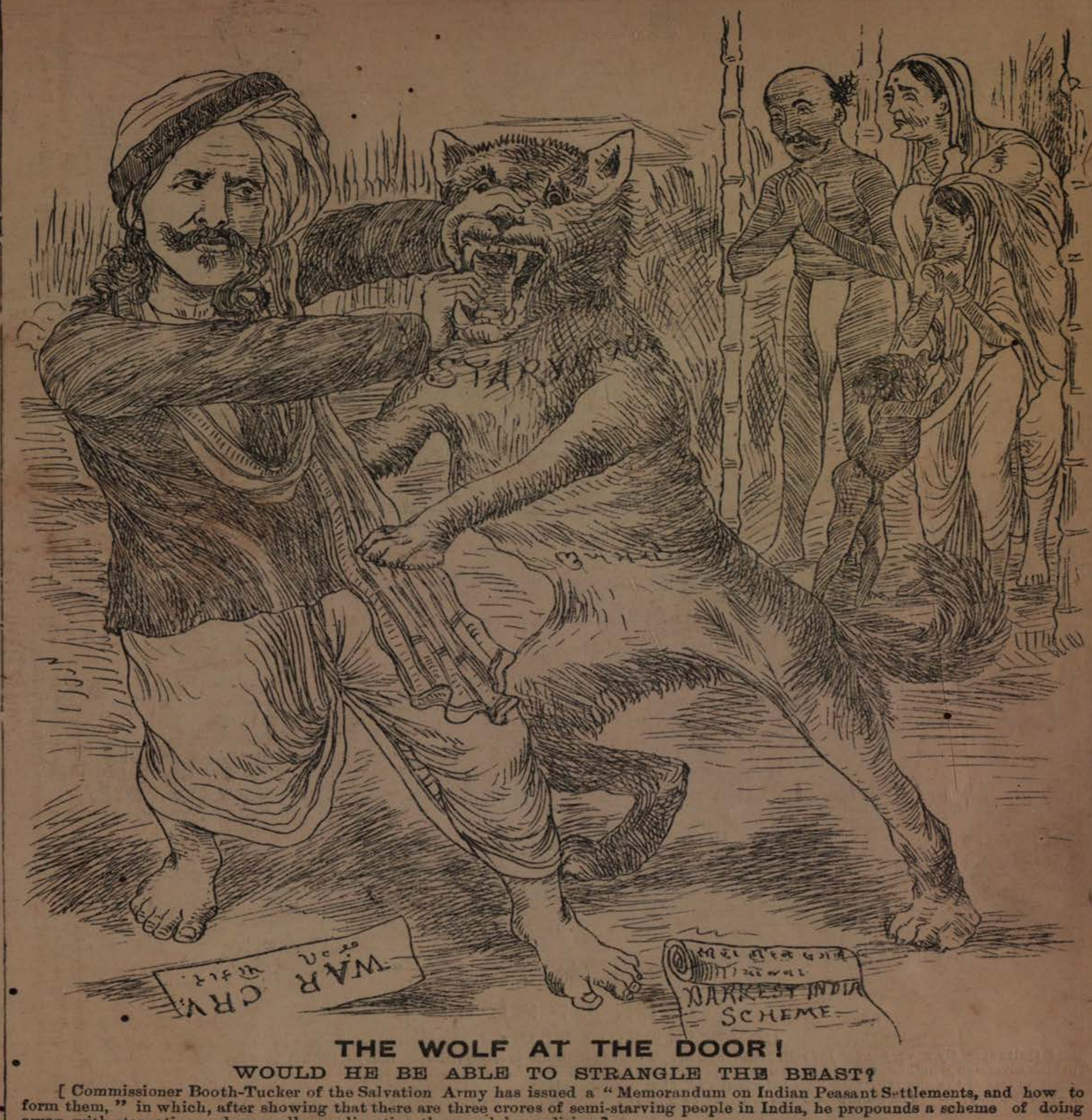
TOO HOT!

(With apologies to W. H. Trood.)

[The Joint Schools Committee having stated that it would not be advisable to supply the Corporation with a copy of their minutes, the latter body carried a resolution demanding that the minutes should be supplied from time to time. The Hon'ble Mr. Nowrojee Nusserwanjee Wadia, the President, and Dr. Blaney and Mr. George Cotton, the members of the Committee, strongly protested and refused to submit to dictation by the Corporation.]

બહુજ ગરમા ગરમ!

[જાઈંટ સ્કુલસ કમીટીએ કારપોરેશનને તેના પુછાવ્યાથી એમ કેહેવાડયું હતું કે, તેને તેના કામકાજની નોંધ પુરી પાડવાનું કામ તે ડાહપણ ભરેલું ગણતી નથી. પણ કારપોરેશને તે બાબત એવો ઠરાવ કરયો છે કે કમીટીએ તેને વખતે વખત પોતાની નોંધ પુરી પાડવા જોઈએ. કમીટીના પરમુખ આનરેબલ મી૦ નવરોજજી નસરવાનજી વાડીયાએ તથા તેના બે સભાસદો ડાકટર બ્લેની અને મી૦ કાટને તે ઠરાવ સામે મજબુત પરોટેસ્ત કરયો હતો, અને કારપોરેશન ફરમાવે તેમ ચાલવા ને તેઓએ ના [illegible] હતી.]



THE WOLF AT THE DOOR!

WOULD HE BE ABLE TO STRANGLE THE BEAST?

[Commissioner Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army has issued a "Memorandum on Indian Peasant Settlements, and how to form them," in which, after showing that there are three crores of semi-starving people in India, he propounds a scheme of doing away with starvation and generally ameliorating the people's condition.]

દરવાજા આગલ ઉભેલું વરૂ!

આ ફાડી ખાનારાં વરૂનો ટોટો ભચડી નાખવાને તે શકતીવાન થશે?

[હીંદુસ્તાનમાં ખેડુતોનાં સંસ્થાન કેમ વસાવવાં તે વીષે મુકતી ફોજવાળા કમીશનર બુઠ-ટકરે એક યાદી પ્રગટ કરી છે. તેમાં તે દેખાડે છે કે હીંદુસ્તાનમાં ત્રણ કરોડ લોક લગભગ ભુખમરો વેઠે છે, પણ અમુક રીતે કામ લીધાથી ભુખમરો દુર કરી શકાય તથા પ્રજાની સામાન્ય સ્થીતીમાં સુધારો કરવાને બની શકે.]



TRAPPED!

CONSTANTINOPLE : DECEMBER, 1895.

[Quite recently a very great lady bad the honour of dining with his Majesty (the Sultan of Turkey), who, by the way, is the first Turkish sovereign who has ever admitted a Christian woman to his table. After dinner the lady noticed a mousetrap which had been forgotten on one of the chairs. "Oh," said the Sultan," that is an excellent trap. It was sent to me from England, and I have caught ten mice in it today."—" *The Sultan and His Harem*" by *Richard Davey in the* " *Fortnightly Review*" *for November*.]

છટકાંમાં ફસી ગયલી ટરકી !

કાનસ્ટાનટીનોપલ : ડીસેમબર, ૧૮૯૫.

[થોડાજ વખતની વાતપર મોટા દરજ્જાની એક ખ્રીસ્તી બાઈને તરકીના નામદાર સુલતાને પોતાની સાથે એક સુફરા ઉપર જમવા નોતરી હતી. તે આગમચ તરકીના કોઈ પણ સુલતાને કોઈ પણ ખ્રીસ્તી બાનુને એ પ્રકારનું માન આપ્યું નહીં હતું. ખાણું પુરૂં થયા પછી એક ખુરશી પર ભુલથી રહી ગયલું ઉંદરનું એક છટકું પડેલું તે બાઈના જોવામાં આવ્યું. તેણીએ તે ઉપર ધ્યાન ખેંચતાં સુલતાન બોલ્યા : "અરે, એ એક ઘણુંજ સારૂં છટકું છે. ઈંગ્લંડથી મારા પર તે મોકલવામાં આવ્યું છે, અને આજે તે વડે દશ ઉંદર મેં પકડયા છે."—"સુલતાન અને તેનું ઝનાનખાનું" એ વીષયપર ફોર્ટનાઈટલી રીવ્યુના નવેમબરના અંકમાં રીચરડ ડેવીએ કરેલું લખાણ.]

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 5th Dec.—It was all gas to-day, the gas that lights our streets and de gas that shines in our Council Hall, Dr. V. Gas of Goa who, burning with honest love for that, the land of his birth, and with equally honest love for this, the land of his adoption, moved one proposition after another, calculated to show, what has been abundantly shown elsewhere that we are just now suffering from a plethora of riches and that a little wholesome blood-letting, in the shape of enhanced expenditure, would not be amiss. Are we not rich enough to spend a few thousands here, and a few thousands there, and must we, while we have money to spare and call our own, let it idly sit, like an incubus, on our miserly, grasping bosoms? To do the doctor justice, however, he was not altogether a spendthrift, it wasn't all expenditure but a little bit of saving too, a wee bit certainly, but enough to show that abundance has not spoiled us and sent the "economic conscience" to sleep. Our bullocks appear to have been running up, their prices rather, and the honest doctor pulled at them to bring them down. He moved, and moved, and moved, but the brutes wouldn't budge an inch! The moving proved too herculean even for his powers, so he called in a committee and they are now at it with their united strength. I wonder if the bullocks will be ass-tonished at all this rough handling, and how their tails will turn in the end, and if any of them will be left to tell the tale of their sad and untimely end! And how will the contractor look, the contractor who looks to our live stock and who, though from his name he might be expected, like cold, to contract—his prices, appears, like heat, to have gone on expanding them year after year! Will the contractor grin from ear to ear, or wear a contracted brow?

After this touch of the "economic conscience," it was all expendi-



Ready for a little wholesome blood-letting.

ture. Only the other day, I feared that the New Wadi people having set a bad example, and Malook Wadi having taken it up eagerly, all other Wadis, new and old, would follow suit. They have not yet followed, nor need they follow now, for they have found an able spokesman in Dr. Gas (very naturally too, for who should people, in search of light, go to, except to gas), who insisted upon our lighting all private streets, wadis, lanes, gullys, alleys, or by whatever other names they may be called, without exception! His keen sense of justice revolted at the idea of any distinction being made between public and private streets. Public or private, both contribute to the Municipal taxes and both should therefore be equally dealt with. Some fifty thousand for installation, some thirty thousand for maintenance, and there you are! It will help to make our finances light, at the same time that it will make the private lanes light! But, cried half-a-dozen voices one after another, do you know that there are miles and miles of them which your thousands will barely cover? And are you aware that we are there only on sufferance and may be turned out without notice? And must we, because Mr. Dew says we are "phenomenally" rich, spend our surplus in doing the work of private individuals, when there are so many other things, more properly falling (like houses, for instance) within our province, to attend to? And as some of the lanes only contain a few houses that may be counted on the first two fingers of the hand, where would be the use of carrying light there, to be only more "ornamental than useful"? But it must not be supposed that all this volley shot at him extinguished Dr. Gas, or that there were not wanting others to fan him into flame. Mr. Bomaster, for one, or for several, for he covers a very large area, proved the usefulness of light anywhere and everywhere, whether in a thoroughfare or a narrow lane where you could hardly turn without inconvenience, by saying that it saved you from being set upon by pariah dogs, and so prevented hydrophobia! And said Mr. Dew, it was only a question of finance



Pulling at them to bring them down.

in the one scale and of right in the other. He guaranteed the finance, and it was for us to find the right, which, in the present instance, rhymes nicely with light! Yes, echoed Dr. Katruck, light might be



Fanning into a flame.

supplied, but only to those who proved their fitness for receiving it! Nice for an oculist! I wonder if Dr. K. is one himself! And so considerate for the people, for an unwonted glare is certainly injurious to some eyes! So, with a number of ayes in his favour, Dr. Gas gained his point, as amended by Mr. Dew. And since the law is on our side, as soon as the Commissioner has sent in his estimates, our private gullys will be as light as day, and hydrophobia and disease and lurking crime will vanish!

Emboldened by this success—although a half one—Dr. Gas went in for a reduction of the house tax! Since we are able to equibalance income with expenditure, (Oh! Mr. Commissioner! Oh! Mr. Dew! you might have kept this matter quiet, for over-zealous Corporators have a knack of overdoing things! Like the child that plays with a new toy, and plays till it breaks it!) why not levy the tax according to annual requirements, instead of on a fixed scale which brings in more than we want. More than we want! Have we then done everything that is needed to improve and beautify Bombay, that we must go and curtail our income, and, in so doing, make a gift to the rich! No, no, no—was the sense of the house. Mr. Bomaster, who, in the lighting business, had done the good doctor a service, changed sides here, and chaffed him with gauging Bombay affairs by those of Goa. Our surplus, Mr. Bomaster explained, looks naturally 100



"I am proud of Goa."



Finance in the one scale and right in the other.

times bigger to Dr. Goa than to us, for in Goa our rupee goes (*goes*, what else it should do in *Go—a*) a very long way. "You may be as inconstant and fitful and comical as you like, Mr. Bom.," roared Dr. Goa, "but mock me not in the name of my country. I am proud of Goa, more than you can ever be of Bhugwadandi, or Billimora or Naosari, or wherever else you hail from, you hale and hearty—heart*less*, I should say—joker! With Sir Walter Scott, I ask,

> 'Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land !' "

Here the honest doctor almost choked himself with emotion, and I honour him for it. It is but a sorry joke, Mr. Bomaster, to chaff a man on the land of his birth. Some City Fathers needn't be so stuck up, for what was Bombay itself but a poor fishing village in the times of our fathers ?



THE AERONAUT!

[His Excellency Lord Sandhurst, after a successful tour in Sindh, arrives in Bombay tomorrow.]

બલુનમાં ઉડવા નીકળેલો હવાઈ મુસાફર!

[નામદાર ગવરનર લાર્ડ સેંડહર્સ્ત સીંધમાંની પોતાની મુસાફરી ફત્તેહ સાથે પુરી કરીને આવતી કાલે સવારે અત્રે આવી પોંહોંચનાર છે.]

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 9th Dec.—There was unwonted excitement to-day, Mr. Dew interrupting and Dr. Blaney wildly impatient of the interruption. The President, being appealed to, desired Mr. Dew to desist. I will, said he, if Dr. Blaney will cease to talk nonsense! Talk nonsense! The Villier of the House talk nonsense! Is this all the respect you can pay to age, Mr. Dew, and you yourself in a fair way to shortly claim the homage due to declining years! Naturally, Dr. B.'s back was up. So he ups, and says, "Am I to be treated in this disrespectful manner, sir? I appeal to you, Mr. President. I appeal to the gentlemen on my right, I appeal to the gentlemen on my left, to the gentlemen above and the gentlemen below me. Is this undignified language to be tolerated a moment longer, sirs? Addressed, too, to me, who have served long and faithfully and to the best of my ability in my country's cause? If you will not be insulted yourselves, sirs, save me from this insult." Dr. B.'s position was certainly a pitiable one, and Mr. Dew's "nonsense" was perhaps a *trifle too strong, but I*



Purdah beebees—not willing to show themselves.

cannot say that he was far wrong. "Be kent unmannerly when Lear is mad." And our Lear did seem to be mad, and all his courtiers too, Messrs. Pendulum, Cotton, Cuffe, and the others who ranged themselves on their side. It was all on the question of the Joint Schools Committee minutes! We wanted them, for the Committee owes its existence to us, gets thousands from us for its expenses, and what more natural than for us to wish that everything should be above board! Come into the light of day and show yourselves boldly like men. No *purdah beebees* for us! But, ponderously pleads pendulum, sounding our minutes is like sounding our death-knell. The efficiency and discipline of our schools will be impaired, and the administration of the funds at our disposal will be interfered with. Come into our parlour, Mr. Dew and all, while we are going, and hear what there is to hear, but we will not give out our minutes! Not at your bidding, for, whatever airs the Corporation may take, we have yet to learn that we are at your beck and will! This was insubordination with a vengeance! And Mr. Pendulum was certainly going too fast! Mr. Bomaster meekly tried to bring it down by comparing the J. S. Committee with so many children of one common father, alas! too common, now-a-days, the City Father, and, like children, bound to honour and obey! Does not the Poet "the child is the father of the man?" Catch us say, honouring and obeying, said Messrs. Cotton and Cuffe. If we are children, we are the children of the period, who think themselves wiser than their parents and wish to lord it over them. Hereupon pendulum went faster and faster, swearing that if it must stop, it will only stop at Government House. All right, answered Mr. Dew, try the Government and hear what they have to say. If they don't tell you to come back to us on bended knees, my name is not Dew. So after all, we are going to get these precious minutes, about which we so wrangled once before, and again today, all. Mr. Pendulum's pomposity notwithstanding. I only hope that when we get them, they may prove to be worthy of all this trouble. Or, the minutes that we took to discuss, and I to write, and you to read, will be so many minutes thrown away!



" If Dr. Blaney ceases to talk nonsense!"



" Am I to be treated in this disrespertful manner?"

Whether the J. S. Committee will ever go to Government or not, we have often been there ourselves on all manner of questions, on adulteration for one, now of Ghee, now of Drugs. It was Drugs today. There is no getting them of the right sort, or as represented or believed to be, and we have no power to punish the party who attempts to palm off an imposition on us, a solution as weak as water, for instance, when we want some spirit to stir us up. Send him to me, says Mr. Hamilton, and I'll make it hot for him, I promise you. The law is strong enough, if one only knows how to use it. But this assurance was not enough for our purpose, for all are not Hamiltons and the law is such an ass!



Going too fast!

Monday, 12th Dec.—A cry from Doongri Street! Not the piteous wail of the dying, for their poor mouths have been stopped long since, but the



Mr Pendu'um's pomposity.

last dirge from the Executive Engineer, the inevitable report which follows all catastrophes and which, as in the present instance, all are anxious to simply record and put away, as something of which the least said the better, for be it said, to the lasting shame of frail human nature, it is only the glowing reports of bought dinners and of hollow after-dinner platitudes that the people love to keep within sight and linger on! Here was matter enough for serious thought, matter enough for earnest investigation, and yet we, who so often fritter away precious minutes and hours on "trifles light as air," did not stop to enquire why the work of removing the fallen *débris* was not continued while there was one human soul underneath gasping for the breath that we might have given but churlishly withheld, did not utter one word of censure or disapproval, did not ask if the building inspectors were living or dead and performed their duty or neglected it! Let the report be recorded, we said, and so laying the flattering unction to our souls that we had done our duty



The last dirge from the Executive Engineer.

we slept over the matter. Could those that now sleep the sleep of ages, done to death under this same *débris* that we allowed to lie over them for a whole night, but speak, what a tale they would unfold of neglected duty and reckless disregard of human lives! Where were the friends of the people, then, that all this scandal was allowed to be buried with those whose censuring tongues have been silenced for ever? One there was, to his honour be it said, who spoke for the dead, the same who spoke on the last occasion, Dr. Ismail Jan Mahomed, who spoke again as earnestly as before but was not heeded, who showed us that the building inspectors went about blind folded and missed noticing what the commonest coolie would see with half an eye, who asked why the rescuing work was stopped in the evening, with the knowledge that struggling souls were praying to be free! Did nobody take up the cry, did nobody back Dr. Ismail up, as he should have been backed? Yes, there was one who asked if the Doctor thought they could see, like moles, in the dark, another who said they might have used torch-light, a third, that electricity would have been more serviceable! It was the everlasting joker, who saw in Dr. Ismail's humane utterances an opportunity for thrusting himself forward, the grim joker who jokes in and out of season, and to whom the living and the dead are alike subjects for merriment. But let this not discourage Dr. Ismail. He has stirred people up to a sense of their duty, and only the other day, on the occasion of another catastrophe, a perceptible change for the better was noticeable. It is Dr. Ismail's triumph, however he may have fared in the Council Hall, and the triumph of public opinion.



Speaking for the dead.—"Bless your heart, my young man!"



SCIENTIA SMILING SWEET!

THE CONVERSAZIONE OF THE DNYAN PRASARAK MANDALI: SATURDAY, 21ST DECEMBER, 1895.

વીદયા-હુનર દેવીનાં સુભ દરશન.

જ્ઞાન પ્રસારક મંડળીનો વીદયા હુનરના સુંદર અખતરાઓનો તમાશો : શનીવાર, તા० ૨૧ મી ડીસેમ્બર ૧૮૯૫.

A 'XMAS DINNER!

[After a very heavy and brisk canvassing on the part of Dr. Macdonald and Dr. Peterson, the rival candidates for the Registrarship of the Bombay University, the Senate by a majority of votes has selected Dr. Macdonald for the office.]

એક ક્રીસમસનું ખાનું !

[મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટીના રેજીસ્ત્રારના ઓધા માટે બાહેર પડેલા બે હરીફો ડાકટર મેકડાનલ્ડ અને ડાકટર પીટરસને ફેલોઝનાં મતો મેળવવાની જબરી રસાકસી ચલાવયા પછી, સેનેટની સભાએ વધુ મતે એ ઓધા માટે ડાકટર મેકડાનલ્ડની પસંદગી કીધી છે.]





AFTER THE RESULT OF THE MATRIC.

Mamma—There now, don't give way like that! A mere nothing, you know. You will pass some day, if you only go up again and again! Live and hope!

Hilloo—Hope, while Peeloo has gone through! Even Pilloo, who was always thought to be so much my inferior! It's all due to your cursed haste to get me thro' the matrimonial business! It has simply spoiled me for the matric!

મેટ્રીકની પરીક્ષાનું પરીણામ જાહેર થયા પછી.

માય—હવે ચાલ, એમ મોહનું ઢાંકીને રસ્યા કર ના! એમાં તે સું મોટું! હમણાં નહી ને બીજી વખત તું પાસ થસે? તેમાં તે સું! એમ રસ્યા બસ્યા કરસે તેથી તે કંઈ સારૂં વળવાનું છે! જીવતી હોસે તો બધી ઘાણી બી પરકસા આપસે!

હીલ્લુ—હા. પીલુ જેવી પસાર થઈ ને હું રેહી ગેઈ, ને હજી તો કેહો છ કે એમાં સું મોટું! પીલુ તો મારા કરતાં ધોંડા છે ને એને મારા કરતાં વધારે આવરેછ સું જે! તમે મરે માય જીનાં થતાં, તે મને પરણાવવા કાહારી ને બધી મોહકાન વરી ગેઈ! તમે બધું ભેજું એરવી ચુકાવી મુકયું ને આખો વખત મને પરણાવવાનું હરખુ મોહનામાં ધરીને બેઠાં તેથી હું રેહી ગેઈ!

SOLDIER (reading an historical essay): "'Napoleon did not leave Helena until his death.' Good gracious, she must have been a good cook!"



IN A SAD GLOOM!

OR, PEACE AT THE FAG-END OF THE YEAR OF GRACE 1895.

[While the crisis in Eastern Europe is settling down a bit, and the situation shows a trifle peaceful, another crisis has overcast the political atmosphere of England and America on account of the Venezuelan qustion suddenly taking a warlike turn.]

ફીકર ચીંતામાં ગરક !

૧૮૯૫ના મરતે દહાડે દેખાતી સુલેહ દેવીની હાલત.

[જ્યારે ટરકીને લગતા લડાઈપર ચહડેલો મામલો લગાર થંડો પડવા માંડયો છે અને તે કાંઈક સુલેહનાં ચીનહો બતાવવા લાગયો છે, ત્યારે વેનઝુએલાની સરહદને લગતા સવાલે લડાયક રૂપ પકડયું છે અને તેથી ઈંગ્લંડ અને અમેરીકાના રાજદુઆરી આકાશપર વાદળાં ચહડી આવ્યાં છે.]



***NOT* ON A SAFETY BIKE!**

[The last meeting of the Parsee Girls' Marriage Benefit Fund has left the Fund in the worst possible state imaginable.]

"સેફ્ટી" (સલામત) બાઇસીકલ પર નહી બેઠા તો એમ ખડયા મુદી થયા !

TO THE SUCCESS OF THE SWEET DEAR PARSEE AND HINDU GIRLS WHO HAVE MATRICULATED THIS YEAR.

Miss Punch—God bless the brains of the darling dearies!

મેત્રીકની પરીક્ષામાં આ વરસ પસાર થયલી પારસી અને હીંદુ નાજુક ગુલબદનોની ફતેહની ખુશાલીમાં.

મીસ પંચ—મારી વાહાલી ગુલબદન બેહેનપણીઓનાં ભેજાંને ખોદા એવાં ખીલતાંજ રાખો !





IN A FIX.

Mr. Shendia—What to do, and where is one to go to when they have gone and fixed the Congress and Conference on the same day!

Mrs. S.—Stay at home, then! It will save your purse, for one thing, and that is no mean consideration.

[*Mr. S. does not dislike the idea.*

વીચારના વમળમાં.

મી૦ શેંડયા—હવે કરવું કેમ ને જવું કાંહ? પેલા એાએ કાનગ્રેસ ને૦ કનફરનસ ભરવાનું એકજ દીવસ પર ઠરાવ્યું છે,—પછી ત્યારે મારે શું કરવું?

મીસીસ શેંડયા—ત્યારે તેા તમે મુંગા મુંગા ઘર માંજ બેસેા! તેથી તમારાં ગજવામાં કાનું પડતું અટકશે, ને તે કાંઈ તમને જેવેા તેવેા લાભ નથી હું!

[મી૦ શેંડયાને મીસીસનેા વીચાર ઘણેાજ પસંદ પડી જાય છે!



NEVER TOO LATE!

Meheroo—The *Samachar* publishes a long list of the Parsee girl matriculates this year. Have you seen it?!

Ratoo—Haven't I! Nineteen at a stroke! What a nice thing to see one's self in print! Suppose, we tried to get through ourselves!

Meheroo—But there's such a lot to learn! The alphabet to begin with! And we're already getting on to be grandmas!

કંઈ મેાડું થયું નથી!

મેહેરૂ—આજના સમાચારમાં તેા આએ વરસ મેત્રીકયુલેટ થયલી પારસી છેાકરીએાની લાંબી ટીપ આપેલી છે. તેં તે જેાઈ કે?

રતુ—વરી તેજ હું નહી જેાઉં કે! કેહી ઓગણીસ જણીએા એકે તરાકે પાસ થઈ ગેઇઓય! આહા, પેપરમાં આપરૂંબી નામ છપાય તેા કીઆ મજાહ! સું ધારિચ વારૂં, મેહેરૂ, હું ને તુંબી મેત્રીક થવા જઈયે?

મેહેરૂ—પણ તે આગમજ એ, બી, સી થી તે મેત્રીકનું બધું સીખવું જેાઈયેની! ને તે સીખીને પુરૂં કરસું તેટલાં તેા તું ને હું મમઈ બપઈ થઈ રેહેસું!



A DELICIOUS SOOTHING BUTTER–BATH FOR THE KNIGHT BAHADOOR!

[On Saturday the 14th December last, at the Mazagon Castle, a dinner was given to Sir Jehangir Cowasji Jehangir for the honour of Knighthood conferred on him by Her Majesty the Queen-Empress. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Bart. presided and proposed the toast of the evening in a very fulsome after-dinner speech.]

નાઈટ બહાદુર માટે થંડું થંડું અને નરમ નરમ માખણ!

ચીકાસીયા ચોપરાસીયા મસકાનો રેલો કેવો ચાલે છે, હું એ ?

[નામદાર મહારાણીએ નાઈટહુડનો જે ખેતાબ સર જેહાંગીર કાવસજી જેહાંગીરને એનાયત કરયો છે, તેની ખુશાલીમાં ગઈ તા૦ ૧૪ મી ડીસેમબરે સર જમશેદજીના મઝગામ કાસલમાં તેમને એક ખાનું આપવામાં આવ્યું હતું. તે વેળા સર જમશેદજી પ્રમુખ તરીકે બીરાજ્યા હતા, જેઓએ એક ખાપરે ચહડાવનારું ભાષણ કરીને સર જેહાંગીરની સલામતી લેવાડી હતી.]



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS' &C.

Bhukumbhat—(A Konkanasth—newly arrived in Bombay.) Vishnupant, how boorish and indifferent these Bombay folks are? *Vishnupant*—Why, what has upset you? *Bkukumbhat*—I have been crying myself hoarse to tell that driver that the water tank on his cart is leaking, and there, you see the fellow is moving on, unmindful of the fearful wastage!

અજ્ઞાનપણાની કાંઇ હદ છે?

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૨૯૪ મું.]



A COMPLIMENT OF THE SEASON OF GOODWILL.

Miss Native Press—I place the garland of my approval and approbation round you, my dear Booth-Tucker,—the best compliment I can pay you during this 'Xmas Season of Goodwill.

[Commissioner Booth Tucker's Memorandum on Peasant Settlements in India is well received by the Native Press.]

ક્રીસમસની મુબારકબાદી.

દેશી છાપાબાઈ-મારી પસંદગી અને પ્રસંશાનો આ હાર તારી આસપાસ વીંટાળું છું, મારા પ્યારા બુઠ ટકર,-અને આ ક્રીસમસની મોસમમાં મોટામાં મોટી મુબારકબાદી હું તુંને એજ આપું છું.

[હીંદુસ્તાનના ભુખે મરતા ગરીબો માટે ખેડુતોનાં સંસ્થાનો વસાવવાની મુકતીફોજ વાળા કમીશનર બુઠ ટકરની યાદી તરફ દેશી છાપાએ પસંદગી દેખાડી છે.]

THE family tree would often be very fine if it were not all tree and no crop.



GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

The Foster-Mother—(To the child "Social Conference.") I will try and improve your feature and give you entirely a new complexion, my darling deary!

[The social reformers have tried this year to put the Social Conference entirely on a new basis, and have added zest and vigour by holding its meetings for three days continuously at Poona. This result is due to the agitation of the anti-reformers.]

માઠું થાય તે સારાંને કાજે.

ધરમ-માતા—("સોશીયલ કનફ્રન્સ" બાળકને) મારા વા હાલાં ગલગોટાં, હું તારો દેખાવ સુધારવાની કોશેશ કરીશ અને તુને તદનજ નવો રંગ અને નવોજ ઘાટ આપી દેવાને નહી ચુકીશ!

[સંસાર સુધારાને લગતી કનફ્રનસને આ વરસે તદનજ નવા પાયાપર મુકવાની તેના આગેવાનોએ કોશેશ કીધી છે. અને તેની સભા ત્રણ દીવસ સુધી ચાલુ ભરીને તેનાં કામમાં તેઓએ નવી ઉલટ અને નવું લોહી દાખલ કીધું છે. આ સઘળું સંસારી સુધારાની સામે થનાર સાહેબોના પરતાપથીજ થયું છે.]



A 'XMAS PUDDING FOR THE BOMBAY CIVIC FATHER !!

[The Municipal Commissioner has sent in a report to the Corporation, stating that the cost of house-connections, if done at Municipal expense, will come to a crore of rupees!]

મુંબઈના શેહેરીબાવા માટે ક્રીસમસનું પુડીંગ!!!

[ઘરો સાથ ગટરોનું જોડાણ જો મયુનીસીપલ ખરચે કરવામાં આવે તો તે ખરચ એક કરોડ રૂપયાનો થશે એવો રીપોર્ટ મયુનીસીપલ કમીશનરે કારપોરેશનને કીધો છે!]



THE NEW EGG!

MAY IT BRING JOY TO THE FACE OF MOTHER EARTH.

નવું ઈંડું!

પૃથ્વી માતાના ચેહેરા પર તે ખુશાલીનો રંગ લાવે તો ઠીક!





HIGHER EDUCATION AMONG PARSEE GIRLS.

Alexandra School Girl—I stand at the head of the Parsee Girls Schools in the Matric this year.

Empress School Girl—You have been first in the field and you deserve the honour. But I am at your heels and will snatch away your laurels one of these days, my dear, unless you look very sharp.

[The Alexandra Girls School and the Empress High School for Girls, two institutions worthy of Parsee name and Parsee enterprise, have this year made a good figure at the matric examination, the former passing five out of seven girls sent up, and the latter passing two out of four.]

પારસી છોકરીઓમાં ઉંચી કેળવણી.

અલેકઝાંડરા સ્કુલ છોકરી—આ વરસની મેત્રીકમાં બધી પારસી છોકરીઓની સ્કુલોમાં હું સરવેથી પેહેલી આવીચ!

એમપ્રેસ સ્કુલ છોકરી—તું સરવેથી પેહેલી મેદાન પડેલી છે, એટલે તુને એ માન મળે તેમાં કંઈ નવાઇ નહી. પણ ધ્યાન રાખજે, હું બી ખુબ તારી પુઠે પુઠેજ છેઉં. તુ હુશયાર રેહેશે તો તેમ, નહી તો એકુ દહાડે તારી કીસ્તી હું લુટી જવા વગર રેહેવસ નહી હું!

[પારસીનામ અને પારસી સહાસને જેબ આપનારી પારસી છોકરીઓ માટેની બે સ્કુલો અલેકઝાંડરા અને એમપરેસ હાઈ સ્કુલે મેત્રીકની પરીક્ષામાં અછો દેખાવ કીધો છે. પેહેલીએ સાતમાંથી પાંચ અને બીજીએ ચારમાંથી બે છોકરીઓને પસાર કીધી છે.]

A TIFF IN THE BEGINNING OF LEARNING ENGLISH.

Mr. Pottandass—Now now, don't be a duffer! Spell the word—ass!

Mrs. P.—D-a-double S!

Mr. P.—Ha, you stupid! You'll never come up to the mark of those Parsee girls! I won't break my head over a duffer like you!

Mrs. P.—You are so clever! You D—Asses are quite the equals of the Parsees, I daressay!

અંગ્રેજી શીખવાની શુરૂઆતમાંજ સાડાબાર !

MISS. COLUMBIA IN RAGE AND FURY!

"To draw or not to draw, that is the question."



[It is believed at Washington that the Venezuelan dispute will eventually end in a peaceful and honourable settlement.—*Telegram.*]

જોસ્ અને ઝનુનમાં આવી ગયલી મીસ કોલમબીયા !

" તલવાર ખેંચું કે નહીં ખેચું ? "

[વેનેઝવેલાને લગતા ઈંગલંડ અને અમેરીકા વચ્ચે ઊઠેલા વાંધાનો ફડચો સુલેહ અને માન ભરેલી રીતે કરવામાં આવશે, એવું વાશીંગટન ખાતે માનવામાં આવે છે.]

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 41.

THE HON'BLE MR. BAL GANGADHAR TILAK.

He has played on the tambourine hard and fast, till it has burst and no music left in it!



મી૦ પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ—નાં૦ ૪૧.

આનરેબલ મી૦ બાલ ગંગાધર તીલક.

પોતાની ડોળકડી પર થાપ પર થાપ મારીને તે એટલી બધી ધુમ ધુમ ધુમ ધુમ વગાડી કે તે ફાટીને ખોખરી થઈ ગઈ છે અને તેમાંથા સઘલો હમસહાસ નીકળી ગયો છે !



IT WAS his annual levée. In the broad light of day, too, as it should be. Bright and cheerful. Not the sickly evening function that Viceroys and Governors affect.

"Sa Majesté s'est levée," and the people have come to pay their respectful homage. One continuous unceasing stream of men, women and children, without distinction of colour, caste and creed. An immense throng but an orderly one, and here, if anywhere, the policeman's occupation would seem to be gone. The wolf and the lamb drink freely of the same fount. Peace in every heart and a smile on every lip, and "whatever brawls disturb the street," there is union in the audience-chamber of the genial jester.

King, Governor, or Governor-General never commanded such sincere and willing tribute. No attendance here on compulsion, lest we should "with-hold the guns and orders and honours" and the other baubles that some people prize so dearly! No forced presence as the stepping-stone to titles and places! No fawning on power and no "licking of absurd pomp!" No bowing and scraping and passing in review as at a prize show! But an interchange of friendly civilities, a loving union of hearts and hands and a sympathetic commingling of apparently opposed and rival interests, a fusion of the nations into one harmonious whole! From the highest to the lowest, the great chief was hand in gloves with everybody. Everybody loved and respected him, and he had a kind, loving word for everybody, not unmixed, when required, with wholesome advice, even censure. It was not a rose-colour function, not a Copperas-Thurston business, where everyone saw, or pretended to see, nothing but good in his neighbour! No self-complacent wheedling, no fulsome flattery, no adulatory worship of false gods, was here, but a free give-and-take affair, and PUNCH was quite as ready to have his faults, if any, pointed out to him, as he himself was to show up those of others! Awkward truths were as open as the day in this Hall of Freedom! And PUNCH's honest record lay wide open for all, who run, to read! To read, mark, and inwardly digest!

There is no unmixed good in this world, nor an unmixed crowd either. When Orpheus was "working on the crowd, swaying them with harmony mercy and loud," the innocent lover of music and the thief bent on mischief stood, side by side, listening to the entrancing strains!

"That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
If a thief were here, he could pilfer at ease,
He sees the musician, it is all that he sees!"

Intellectual giants and intellectual pigmies, reformers and lip-reformers, earnest workers and humbugs, the people's well-wishers and lick-spittles who sell themselves and their country for glittering gew-gaws, the honest man and the thief, had all gathered together at PUNCH's feet, the one open to inspection to the backbone, the other "thinly veneered with sanctimonious theory." But there was no deceiving the Sage's penetrating glance. He could tell the one from the other as easily as you would tell tinsel from true gold. Chaff does not catch him, any more than it does the wary bird. He knows how to look underneath the surface, and takes titles, however they may attract admiring friends, exactly for what they are worth—a million of

rupees on the one hand, or talents and services, on the other, which gold or honours cannot buy or adequately repay. So, with the nice discrimination which characterises and distinguishes him, he bestowed an approving smile here, and a stern glance, at times deepening into a frown, there. A hearty grip and shake of the hand to this man, and an imperious wave of it to the other. It is his way of receiving and welcoming, and every one takes it as kindly, or as unkindly, as it is meant.

"Pass on," says he to the sleek, scented fop, the canting hypocrite, the time-server, and the flatterer, "your credentials are not worth the paper they are written on. Strive to deserve better, another time." Then turning to the friends of the people, the veteran workers in their country's cause, he expatiates on their many sterling virtues of head and heart. "Ah! Friend Leo, you here today? I thought you were otherwise engaged, and would be *unavoidably absent*. No? You have contrived to be present at two glorious functions? Very kind of you, I'm sure. By the bye, what a splendid hour you had on the *stage*, the other day, proving, at a stroke, how deeply rooted you are in the affections of the people, and they in yours. Political apostacy, European insolence, the claims and aspirations of the educated classes, and the undeniable rights of the people were the burden of your song. And a charming song it was to our ears, however much carping critics might pretend to dislike it! Not quite so lost to *belles lettres*, too, as that rising young philosopher and local preacher, M. Narien de book-Varma, would have us believe!" "And you, kindred spirit, a giant in mind as in body, the friends of political and social progress in India owe you a deep and undying debt of gratitude for the tactful manner in which you lately disposed of a vexed question, to our own greater glorification and the discomfiture of our foes! Our foes, who strove to fan our suicidal fury into flame, and saw in it illusive fancies and visions of broken heads and sundered hearts!" "And you, my pretty Parsi birdie, why so disconsolate, like Tom Moore's Peri at the gates of paradise, at this festive season, of special rejoicing when so many Parsi girls have entered the gates of the University. I remember indeed one, the first fruit of the higher female education among the Parsis, as simple in body as rich in mind, the simple daughter of a kind and indulgent father, who, without being exactly a Dutt or a Ramabai, did useful work for herself and her sex, and having crowded the fragrance of a life-time into the too brief span allotted to her, has only lately passed from the bosom of her Alma Mater into the bosom of her God. Your grief does you honour, but remember that all,

'Who live, must die
Passing from life to eternity!'"

"And you simple fool, why are you in sulks? You are married and done for? Done for, poor thing, in earnest! You need not say it, your looks but too eloquently give expression to your grief, for President Sorry and his mates have left your bark in uncertain waters. Accept my condolences, sincere though ill-timed, and tell it to your pa and ma, with my compliments, and take the lesson to heart yourself, that it is the part of wisdom to always look before you leap, especially when the leaping is likely to place you at the tender mercy of shoemakers who won't stick to their last."

"Sound now the loud drum, and the jingling bells and the tinkling cymbals, without fear, for music has happily begun to assert its 'charms to sooth the savage breast' and ceased to sow discord in Indian soil. The Parsi, Hindu, and Moslem New Year has come and gone. It is now the New Year of our Rulers that is going to dawn upon us, the Cosmopolitan New Year, when Christians unite with non-Christians in wishing each other the compliments of the season and many returns of the day. May it bring to our rulers permanency, an increased share of administrative wisdom and strength, a truer idea of equal justice and fair play! To the country, enhanced prosperity and happiness! To the people, juster appreciation of their own wants, and freedom from the suicidal policy of placing, in the hands of their enemies, a dagger against themselves! And that you may not go empty handed, here is a present, the richest that I can give and you can take, the faithful record of a twelvemonth of honest work, in which I will not alter or amend or erase a single word, to fit in even with a Viceroy's wish or whim, my



Seventh Volume!

— WHAT IS —

DYSPEPSIA



WE HAVE FOUND A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA AT LAST.

(Or Indigestion as it is also termed) from which so many people suffer? The symptoms differ, and well they might when we come to consider that Dyspepsia is not a single ailment in itself, but many merged into one.

Acidity and distress after meals, pains in the stomach, bowels constipated, dull, listless, and heavy feeling, tongue parched and coated, mouth dry, dizziness, faintness, headache, heartburn, and belching of wind are some of the symptoms of chronic Dyspepsia, which are often accompanied with depression of spirits, extreme nervousness, and irritability.

To successfully treat a combination of maladies which comprise chronic Dyspepsia requires a medicine prepared from the formula of a skilful physician, which we have in

VOGELER'S

CURATIVE

COMPOUND

A rare combination of purely vegetable ingredients, prepared with great care from the formula of one of the leading medical men of London. It acts directly on the liver, kidneys, and stomach, strengthens and gives a healthy tone to the digestive organs, and removes from the system, through the natural channels, all impurities of the blood. It acts promptly, beneficial results are noted almost immediately, and a permanent cure follows, even in the most difficult cases. It is pleasant to the taste; will not harm the most delicate. Put up in large bottles. Dose, only **15** drops, in water.

CURES DYSPEPSIA!

Sold by medicine dealers everywhere at **1/1½** and **2/6**, or sent by Parcels Post by us on receipt of **14** or **30** penny stamps.—The Charles A. Vogeler Co., 45, Farringdon Road, London, Sole Proprietors.

A PEPPERY old gentleman went to his solicitor one day, greatly excited over an insult he had received from a political opponent. During a heated discussion his adversary had invited him to put his head under the pump, and he wanted to take legal revenge. The solicitor promised to consider the matter, and asked his client to call next day. The old gentleman came promptly, eager to know what could be done. "My dear Mr. A—," was the lawyer's greeting. "I have looked up the law in your case thoroughly, and, despite that fact that Mr. X— told you to soak your head, I find that there is no statute that can compel you to do so."

THE other morning Jones turned up at the office even later than usual. His employer, tired of waiting for him, had himself set about registering the day's transactions, usually Jones's first duty. The enraged merchant laid his pen aside very deliberately, and said to Jones very sternly indeed :—"Jones, this will not do" "No, sir," replied Jones gently, drawing off his overcoat as he glanced across his employer's shoulder, "it will not. You have entered up Brown's order in the wrong book altogether. Far better to have waited till I came, you know, sir."

"You say," murmured Genevieve, sweetly, "that you were led to love me when you first saw me in rational dress." "Yes," said Algernon, as he pressed her to his bosom ; "I knew that if you didn't look very much of a fright in knickerbockers you must be very beautiful."

HE : "But your father isn't literary and doesn't know a good thing when he sees it." She : "Just the same he can write forty cheques that will be accepted and you can't write one. The bank knows a good thing when it sees it even if he doesn't."

VISITOR : Well, Johnnie, what are you going to be when you grow up ?" Johnnie (thoughtfully) : "Sometimes I think I'll be a married man, and sometimes I think I'll just have a good time."

MRS. FIGG—"Laura, I had ocular proof that young Smithers kissed you when he left last night, and I do not want it to happen again." Laura—"It didn't happen, mamma. It was premeditated."

AT A CRICKET MATCH.—George—"By Jove, Mag, what a splendid hit ! Well done, Fred, old boy ! Right on the pavilion !" Maggie—"Yes, dear, splendid, indeed. But what's he running for ? I hope he hasn't broken a window." (Intense disgust of George.)

FOND MOTHER—"What does it cost to have my baby photographed ?" Photographer—"Six shillings, madam, but I make a reduction on a dozen." Fond Mother—"Don't be rude, sir ; this is my first." Photographer—"I mean, ma'am—" But she leaves the shop in a temper.

MRS. SWEET—"Do you find it economical to do your own cooking ?" Mrs. Burnem—"Oh, yes ; my husband doesn't eat half as much now as he did when we had a cook"

CLERK (to busy employer)—"There is a gentleman outside, sir, who says that he is a very old friend of your father's." Busy Employer—"Tell him I'm sorry, but my father is dead."

THE BALANCE RESTORED.—Mrs. Henry Peek : "Bah : I only married you because I pitied you, when nobody else thought anything about you !"—Mr. Henry Peek (wearily) : "Ah, well, my dear, everybody pities me now !"

THE LATTER-DAY TASTE.—Author :- "I've got here some short stories that I am anxious to publish."—Publisher : "Let me warn you. May I ask if they're written in any unintelligible Scotch dialect ?"—Author : "Certainly not."—Publisher : "Then I'm afraid they're not of the slightest use to us."

SHE : "Are you a bull or a bear on the Stock Exchange?" He (growling) : "A bull."—She (sweetly): "Then I wish you'd be a bear there, instead of at home."

HE WOULD KNOW HIM AGAIN !—Officer: "Why didn't you salute me, sir ?"—Sandy (a recruit): "I've jist jined, man, an' I didna' ken it was neecessary !"—Officer: "You must salute me when you see me. You'll know me again ?"—Sandy: "Oo aye, sir, I'd ken that muckle queer nose o' yours amang fifty !"

EDWIN—"I know I am not worthy of you, but—" Ethel—"Don't ever say that again, it's no use worrying over what you can't help."

AGITATOR—"What this country needs is compulsory arbitration." Preacher—"And compulsory religion." Old Maid—"Yes, and compulsory love."

WE may boast of our refined civilisation, but when a man doesn't turn to look at a dog-fight it is safe to bet that he is either blind or deaf.

SHOPMAN: "This is a thing that gents are wearing a good deal now."—Customer: "So I should imagine. Now shew me something that *gents* are *not* wearing !"

QUESTION (by an earnest inquirer into the "Denominational teaching controversy"): What is "Catechism"?—Anti-Denominationalist's reply : "*Cat*echism" is "*Dog*-matism." [Exeunt severally.]

WHEN we don't spend our money we are economical ; when other people don't spend their money they are stingy.

BELLE—"Mr. Jolyer is such a nice man. He said I had a voice like a bird." Nell—"Yes ; he told me you sang like an owl."

"TELL me—when you were in the army, were you cool in the hour of danger ?" she asked. "Cool ? I actually shivered," he replied.

LIFE is the stern judge that sentences men to hard labour for the best part of their days.

DOCTOR—"I must forbid all brain work." Poet—"But may I not write some verse ?" Doctor—Oh, certainly."

MOTTO for American Millionairesses.—"Marry, come up !"

THE cry of Commerce (some way after Goethe).—"Light, more light—railways !"

HE asked for work and was given his pick.



ARTISTIC PRIDE.—" I don't think this portrait of my wife you have just finished is very much like her." " Sir I am a painter, not a photographer."

CHOW-CHOW.

New Year's Greetings. MR. PUNCH heartily wishes his Christian readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year. May Love and Wisdom guide the Rulers and Loyalty and Contentment abide with the Ruled, and may the year **1896** bring Peace and Prosperity for All !

* * *

The Congress. ALL'S well that ends well, and so it has been with the Indian National Congress in the Peishwa's capital. All the forecasts as to approaching bad weather for the great cause have happily proved a failure, and if anything the alarm has had the effect of sobering down the spirit of faction. A fearful chasm was bridged over for the occasion by tact and compromise, and the Congress discharged its functions ably and well under the leadership of its popular President. But all the satisfaction derivable from the success of the eleventh sessions cannot dissipate the regret that the leading men of Poona have deliberately raised Lord Harris to the enviable position of a true prophet., The Deccan wanted common sense, he said, and was not ripe for representation in the Council Chamber. The divorce of the Social Conference from the Political Congress, effected by the wiseacres of reactionary Poona, emphatically proves how intuitively the late proconsul guaged the capacity of the leading lights of the Deccan. This stain it may take long to wipe off.

* * *

The Social Conference. THE Council of War against social tyranny met at Chatursinghi, deliberated long on the wrongs the community suffered from the tyrants Caste and Evil Social Usages, and have in unmeasured terms anathematised these great enemies of Progress. It has been decided as usual to prolong the parley and continue

[*Continued on page* 321]



OUR POTIANDAS AT MATHERAN.

Mr. P.—How lovely you look eh, Ali dear? Matheran has transformed you into the smartest chit I ever set eyes on.

Mrs. P.—And it has turned you into a regular Jānglā Sāheb! How lovely if one could only stop at Matheran all the year round!

Mr. P.—And live on Matheran air only, eh? Without any income, and without any tin jingling in the *angarkha* pocket eh?

Mrs. P.—Ha! I wish Matheran were a Bombay for money-making purpose!

માથેરનની મોહીની અમારા પોત્યાં દાષને.

મી૦ પોત્યાં—વાહરે મારી અલી લાડકડી, તું કેવી શોભી નીકળી છે, હેં ? માથેરાને તો તને એવા રંગરૂપમાં ફેરવી નાખી છે કે નકરી જાણે તું તો એક મઢમ !

મીસીસ પોત્યાં—અને તમે નકરા એક જેંગલા શાએબ જેવા જ લાગો છો ! આખું વરસ જ માથેરાન મહી રેહેવાનું હોય તો આપણને કેવી મજાહ પડે !

મી૦ પોત્યાં—અને પછી કમાણી વગર ખાય શું ? માથેરાનની હવા કે ? ને પઈસા વગર જીવે શા પર ? આ માથેરાનના પથર પર કે ?

મીસીસ પોત્યાં—હાઆ ! પઈશા કમાવા માટે જો માથેરાન મુંબઈ જેવું હોત તો કેવું સારૂ થાત !



THE NEW YEAR'S TOAST.

Punch—Success to the "Darkest India Scheme" and to the social good work of the Salvation Army!

નવાં વરસની સલામતી.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૩૨૨ મું]



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Miss Congress (*To the G. O. M.*) Many happy returns of the day!

[The Indian National Congress, through its president, sent a congratulatory telegram to Mr. Gladstone on the occasion of his 87th birthday.]

ખુશાખુશાલીની મોસમની મુબારકબાદી.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૩૨૨ મું]

To

CORPORATOR FAINEANT, ESQUIRE.

A Merry Christmas to you, sir, and a Happy New Year! Rather late in the day or week, I am afraid, but I did not care to disturb you at the family board groaning (very naturally, a vegetarian would say) under roast turkey, and plum pudding and the traditional boar's head. "Humph," mutters the malignant critic, "a good many bored heads he must have gathered by the end of the year." But that's neither here nor there. I hope, now that you have been allowed to enjoy your two-weeks' vacation in peace and quiet, that you will not be bored at what I am going to say. You will have to take your usual seat at the Council Board (there are boards and



Turning his back on the Committee!

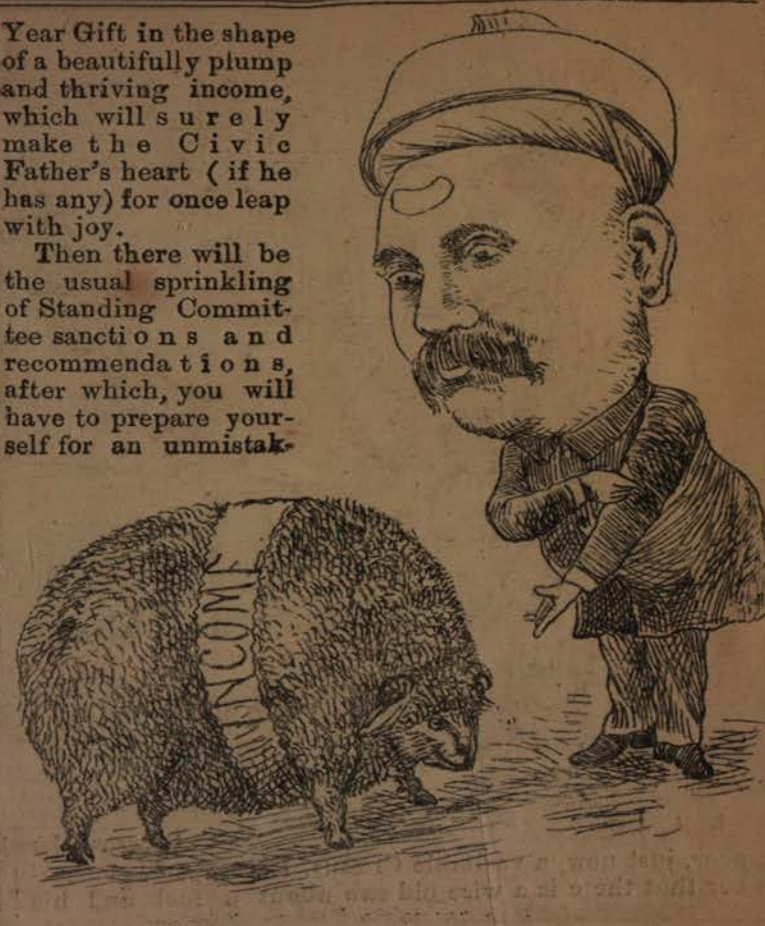
boards) from tomorrow the 6th instant, and attend to a lot of important business that has been accumulating during the holidays. Here is an earnest of it. To begin with, there is the retirement of the senior member of the Joint Schools Committee. I won't grudge him that relief, but I do hope Dr. Blaney will not yet turn his back on the Corporation. The vacancy on the Committee, you will have to fill up with either Mr. Dew or Dr. Bhalchandra, whoever you like best. They are both watery in name, and yet gems of the first water!

The next item will be the consideration of your Budget Estimates. The Chairman of the Standing Committee will bring you in a most acceptable New Year Gift in the shape of a beautifully plump and thriving income, which will surely make the Civic Father's heart (if he has any) for once leap with joy.

Then there will be the usual sprinkling of Standing Committee sanctions and recommendations, after which, you will have to prepare yourself for an unmistakable bout in connection with the House Connections, and regale us, in the words of Milton,

> "With 'notes' in many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

This above all, be wary and don't be caught by Dr. Blaney's chaff into saddling the cost of the House Connections on the back of the poor Civic Father. Not



DR. BHAL:—"Ah my beauty! how fat you have grown!"



"My heart must surely leap with joy!"



Between Hurrah and Hisses!

poor, just now, a veritable Crœsus, I know, but remember that there is a wise old saw about a fool and his money being soon parted. However, unless I am very much mistaken, Mr. Leo will watch the interests of



DR. BLANEY—"I hope to catch him!"

the Civic Father, and in that case one may feel sure that the lion's share of the costs will go to the proper party, that is, strangely enough, not Mr. Leo's side, but Dr. Blaney's protégés, the house-owners.

Yours ever,

Hindi Punch, 5-1-96. A. WHEEL-BARROW.

diplomatic negotiations with the enemies. In the meantime, Mr. *Punch* hopes, the necessity for proceeding to business will be considered and arms and ammunition provided for carrying on war in earnest and vanquishing the enemies. Active propaganda, ample funds and earnest workers are needed to storm the enemies' citadel.

* * *

The "Delhi-gates."

AS the crowded trains rattled in at the gate of Peishwa's capital last week, and unloaded their living freight, the Congress Volunteers greeted the people's representatives by the query: "Are you a delegate, sir?" A European wag on the platform was heard to reply: "Yes, they are all *delecates*: nurse them well!" Whereupon, a sturdy representative from the north, coolly stepping forward and placing his heavy hand on the shoulders of the wit, shouted in his ear: "No: we are *Delhi-gates*, sir, that have bravely stood much worse patterings, sir!" The wag, it is needless to add, collapsed instantly.

* * *

The two Baeels.

AT the Social Conference last Sunday a speaker, while supporting the Temperance resolution, compared such of his countrymen as were partial to the bottle to the brown bullock in the Indian proverb, which for many years was kept in the company of a white bullock for the purpose of acquiring the snow-white colour of his associate. The colour of the hide was never transferred but the vicious habit, in the superior animal, of kicking, was. The comparison seemed rather incomplete in that the exterior of dress and the diet of the foreigners had been fully absorbed by the Indian devotees of Bacchus: the white bullock's courage to kick alone was not transferred.

* * *

Is Brigham Young an Avatar?

"A STUDENT of Comparative Mythology," in the course of a long letter, asks "whether Brigham Young, the prophet of the Mormons, was a Western *avatar* of Krishna who sported with the shepherdesses of Bindraban and spirited away their *saris* and bodices from the riverside while the fair ones were bathing?" The enquiry, he says, is based on the following short passage in the writings of an American author who humourously describes the fearful sufferings of the Prince of Mormons at the hands of his eighty wives: "Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to "the banks of the Lake and steal all his close, thereby "compellin him to sneek home by a sircootius rowt, "drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv." Some of our readers may be able to answer our correspondent. We believe in history repeating itself. We also believe in Nemesis. Woman has and will have the upper hand in America where she is now solving a deep problem, and she will not spare her tormenter, though he may have been a god in a previous existence!

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

IT TAKES A BRIGHT WOMAN to rebuke another woman's rudeness—a general statement well borne out by a story from the *Atlanta Constitution*. A lady entered a railway train, and took a seat in front of a newly married couple. She was hardly seated before they began making remarks about her. Her last year's bonnet and cloak were fully criticised, with more or less giggling on the bride's part, and there is no telling what might have come next if the lady had not put a sudden stop to the conversation by a bit of strategy. She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the groom, and in the smoothest of tones said: "Madam, will you please have your son close the window behind you?" The "son" closed his mouth, and the bride no longer giggled.

THE storm was at its height. "Captain," said the mate of the good ship Tomato, "we have sprung a leak, the water-tight compartments are bang full, and we're sinking fast." Even in that awful moment the captain's presence of mind was not impaired. "Don't lose a minute," he said, as he struck a safety match, and rekindled his half-crown Cabana. "Prepare at once an address thanking me for my coolness and heroism in the face of a great crisis which would have paralysed any common intelligence. Let not a boat leave the ship till every man, woman and child has signed it. Any child too young to write can affix its mark." Producing an automatic pen, kept ready for such occasions, from his pocket, he handed it to the mate and once more gazed into the offing.

FRENCH-ENGLISH.—The difficulties of the English language are well illustrated in a story recently told of three French boys who were doing Shakespeare into English from their French versions. When they came to the line from *Hamlet*, "To be or not to be," the three translations came out as follows:—"To was or not to am;" "To were or is to not;" "To should or not to will."

AN EYE FOR PROPORTION.—She: "Oh, Mr. Jones—those two *lovely* poems of yours in this week's—a—a—"—He (a poetical star of the seventh magnitude): "You mean my two *sonnets* in the *Weekly Sundew*?"—She: "Yes. How *exquisite* they both are!"—He (much pleased): "And which did you like best?"—She: "Oh—the *longer* one!"

ECONOMY.—Young wife: "I've bought you a box of cigars for a birthday present, dear."—Young husband: "But darling, I never smoke."—Young Wife: "No, I know; but I thought that when you were tired of them I could give them to brother George on his next birthday—he smokes, you know!"

"BEHINDETH SCENES."—First judge: "Breach of promise still running?"—Second judge: "Going wonderfully. No standing room. What are *you* doing?"—First judge: "A building contract. Wretched business: not a soul in the place!"

BREAD AND SCRAPE—Boarding-house Keeper (sourly): "Isn't there enough butter on your bread, Mr. Wittle? You appear to be eying it very discontentedly." Boarder; "There may be, madam; but, if so, there's too much bread on the butter!"

THE LEVEL CROSSING.—"Are there no more trains this evening on the up line, porter?"—"No, mum."—"And no more trains on the down line?"—"No, mum."—"Is there no *special* train?"—"No, mum."—"Nor an *excursion* train?"—"No, mum. The gates are to for thetrest of the evening."—"You're quite sure?"—"Yes, mum."—"Then come, Amelia. We can cross the line."

THE SILVER LINING.—"Well, good-bye, and remember me to your brother; by the way, was he much hurt in that trap accident?" "Hurt! I should think not. Horse trod on his face, and it's improved his looks wonderfully!"

MATRON: "Now, is this novel a fit one for my daughter to read?" Bookseller: "H'm. Well, candidly, madam, I think it a bock of doubtful morality." Matron: "Well, I'll take it. Most of those I've read lately have been of undoubted immorality."

HOW TO DEAL WITH "UNCUT BOOKS"—"Cut" them!

HORRID THING!—Mabel (all agitation): "Marie, what do you think! Your brother actually proposed to me during the sermon at church this morning." Marie (nonchalantly): "Oh, you mustn't mind that. He often talks in his sleep."

"A LIE THAT IS HALF A TRUTH," &c., &c.—Wife: "I mentioned to dear Kittie, in my letter, about the dear Duchess calling upon us, and how sweet she was."—Husband: "I suppose you did not say that her Grace called for a charity subscription?"—Wife: "Well, no. I did nor think that sounded interesting."

LATEST FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.—The favourite air at the European concert: "Songs without Deeds."

ANOTHER SUGGESTION FOR A FRESCO IN ROYAL EXCHANGE.—Tom Tiddler's Land in South Africa, 1895.

AUNTIE: "Well, Effie, did you enjoy your party last night?"—Effie: "Very much thank you, auntie,"—Auntie "And I suppose mamma was there to look after you?"—Effie: "O! no! Mamma and I *don't belong* to the same set!".

CONSULTING physician (to out-patient): "Been here before, my man?"—Out-patient: "No, sir."—Consulting physician: "But I know your face perfectly."—O. P.: "Yessir; I'm a waiter at the Empire." [Unholy delight of medical students.]

IN case of war, we should be bound to win, for both political parties would combine, and does not Whig joined to Tory spell Whigtory?

WHAT STRUCK HIM.—Mabel: "Does the Count love you for your money or your beauty?"—Violet: "Neither; he was struck by the way I played baccarat."

PEOPLE are always making nasty remarks about women have got one advantage, anyway—they can be kissed and talk at the same time.

SAFETY IN NUMBERS.—First matron: "Your husband is a man of very steady habits, is he not?"—Second ditto: "Oh, yes; he uses two walking-sticks on his way home from the club!"

MARRIAGE agencies—Chaperones.

THEY want a loan at Constantinople, but, possibly, what would suit them as well would be if the Powers would leave them a-lone.

"I'M the sanitary inspector: I want to examine the drains."—"Haw; if you'll step this way I'll have'em sent up to the drawing-room, haw."

THERE is a great difference betweeu tape prices and the prieces of tape.

OVERSTRAINED HIMSELF.—Sauftley: "No, I'm not very well, you know; I've thought once or twice lately."—Topsy: "Good gracious! And then you wonder why you're ill. You shouldn't do such reckless things."

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—Mr. Simps: "Well, Tommy, what did you get in your stocking this morning?" Tommy: "My foot."

FROM GIPSY HILL.—"What bondage is that which is not only consistent with, but actually implies, a vast amount of freedom?" Answer: "Vaga-bondage."

WIFE: "What does this paper mean when it says 'The reasons which induced the company to take this step are obvious'?" Husband: "It means that the reporter couldn't find out."

MRS. HICKS: "I thought you seemed to agree pretty well with Dr. Thirdly's sermon this morning." Mr. Hicks: "How so?" Mrs. Hicks: "You nodded to about everything he said.

"NO WILLIE, DEAR," said mamma, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full sto'mach?" "Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back.'

નવાં વરસની સલામતી.

[જુઓ ચીત્ર, પાનું ૩૧૮ મું.]

પંચ-"સીહા હી દને લગતી યેાજનાની ફતેહ થાઓ અનેગ રીઓની હાલત સુધારવાનાં મુકતી ફોજ તરફથી કરવામાં આવતાં રૂડાં કામને જય મળેા !"

ખુશખુશાલીની મેાસમની મુબારકબાદી.

[જુઓ ચીત્ર, પાનું ૩૧૮ મું.]

મીસ કાનગ્રેસ-(મી૦ ગલાડસ્ટનને તેની ૮૫ મી વરસ ગાંઠને દીવસે) "એવા રૂડા વરસ તમેાને બીજાં ઘણાં ઉગેા !"

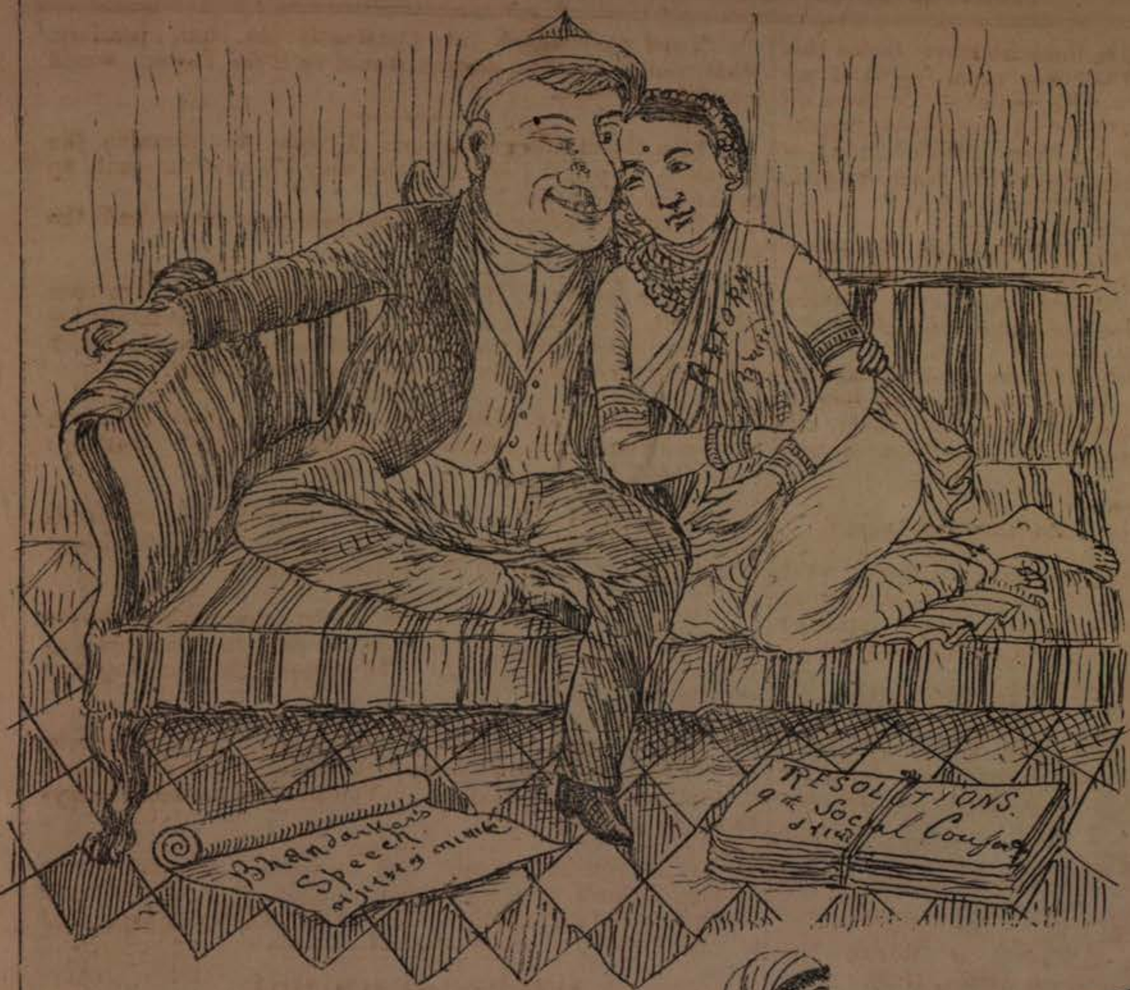
[મી૦ ગલાડસ્ટનની ૮૫ મી સાલગ્રેહને દીવસે નેશનલ કાનગ્રેસ તરફથી તેના પ્રમુખે તેની ઉપર એક મુબારકબાદીનેા તારનેા સંદેશેા મેાકલી આપયેા હતેા.]

બાબુ સુરેંદ્રનાથે કાનગ્રેસમાં કીધેલું ભાષાણનેા એક અભ્યાસ.

[જુઓ ચીત્ર પાનું ૩૨૬ મું.]

બ્રાઉન-સાંભળેચ કે, જોનસ,-આએ નીગરે તેા જબરી હેરતજ કરી નાખીચ !

જોન્સ-હા,-અને વળી સઘળું આપણાજ જાણીતા લેાકેાની રૂઢીપર કીધુંચ ! એ નપેાડના ગીયા પર ઉતરી પડવાનું, કે એને ફીતુરી ને દગાખેાર કેહીને ગાળ દેવાનું આપરે વાસ્તે કંઈજ રહયું નથી ! અરે કેવું કમનસીબ !



A SWEET CONFERENCE.

(*After the sittings of the Social Conference.*)

Punchoba—How do you feel, my love?

Miss Sudharak—I feel quite happy, quite comfortable, quite at ease when I am by the side of my guide, philosopher and friend.

Punchoba—I am so happy to hear that. You have been all and all to me, my dear, and I am much pleased with your progress. I wish you luck and hope to see you proceed with steady firm steps!

[The Indian National Social Conference, held at Poona last week, was a great success, the progress shown in the work of social reform being very satisfactory.]

એક મીઠી મધુર વાતચીત.

[સોશયલ કનફરનસની બેઠકો પુરી થયા પછી.]

પંચોબા-તું કેમ છે, મારી સુંદરી?

સુંદરી સુધારક-મારા રાહબર, રક્ષક અને મીત્રની બાજુમાં હું જ્યારે પણ બેઠલી હોઉં ત્યારે મને સંપુરણ સુખ, સંતોષ અને આનંદ મળેછે.

પંચોબા-તારા આ વચનો સાંભળી હું પોતે ઘણો ખુશી છું. વાહાલી સુંદરી, તું મને બધામાં ઘણીજ વાહાલી છે, અને તારો સુધારો વધારો જોઈ મને બહુજ આનંદ થયો છે. હું તુને ફતેહ ઈછુ છું અને મજબુત ધીર એમ પગલે તુને આગળ વધતી જોવાની આશા રાખું છું.

[સોશયલ કનફરનસનું કામ ગયે અઠવાડયે પુણામાં ફતેહ સાથ પાર પડ્યું છે. સંસારી સુધારાના કામમાં જે વધારો તે વેળા દેખાડવામાં આવ્યા હતો તે સંતોષકારક હતો.]



RETURNING HOME AFTER HE 'XMAS HOLIDAYS.

Dolly—Now help me, Dinai. You take up one bundle.

Dinai—Don't make yourself ridiculous! You carry all or fetch a coolie to do the work. Don't take me for the *Ali* of one of those Potiandasses who quietly walk to the station fat and plump and drag their *Alis* behind them, loaded with bundles and bags!

Dolee—How I wish I was a Potiandass!

ક્રીસમસની મોજ મારીને પાછા ઘર આવતાં.

દોલી—હવે દીનઈ, જરા તું મદદ કર. એક બંડલ તું ઉંચક!

દીનઈ—અરે હરવાયાંરે તમારાં સોહોજ! તમારો સકાર ઘેરે મારી પાસે બંડલ ઉંચકાવા આયાચ કે? તો તમેજ કાંય નહી ઉંચકતા, નહી તો એકુ હેલકરીને તેરી લાવો ને તેની પાસે ઉંચકાવો! મનેબી કંઈ પેલા પોત્યાં પેહેરૂ વાણીયાઓની એકુ અલી બલી સમજોચ કે? તે મુવાઓ તો પોતે પારા જેવું આંગ ઘાલીને પેટ પસવારતા ધીમે ધીમે ઈસ્ટેશન પર જાયચને અલી બીચારી માથાપર ને હાથમાં બોચકાં ને પોતરડાંના ભારા ઉચકતી ઉચકતી પછવારે પછવારે ઘસરાતી ઘસરાતી ચાલેચ. તેમ બેમ કંઈ તમે અહીં સાહેબી-કરવા બરવા આયાચ કેની તો તમારૂં કીધું તમે જાણુયું! ખબરદાર જો ફરીથી મને એવું કંઈ કેહયું ચ તો!

દોલી—હા, હુંબી એકુ પોત્યાં પેહેરૂ [illegible] તો કેવું મજેહનું!



FROM THE CONGRESS MENAGERIE:—THE LION AND THE INDIAN LION CUBS.

[*As seen at the Great Congress Pandal at Poona.*]

કાનગ્રેસની “ મીનઝરી ” (જાનવરોના સંગ્રહ)માંથી—સીંહ અને સીંહનાં બચાંઓ.

[પુણાના કાનગ્રેસ પેનડાલમાં જોવામાં આવેલાં.]

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR, &C.

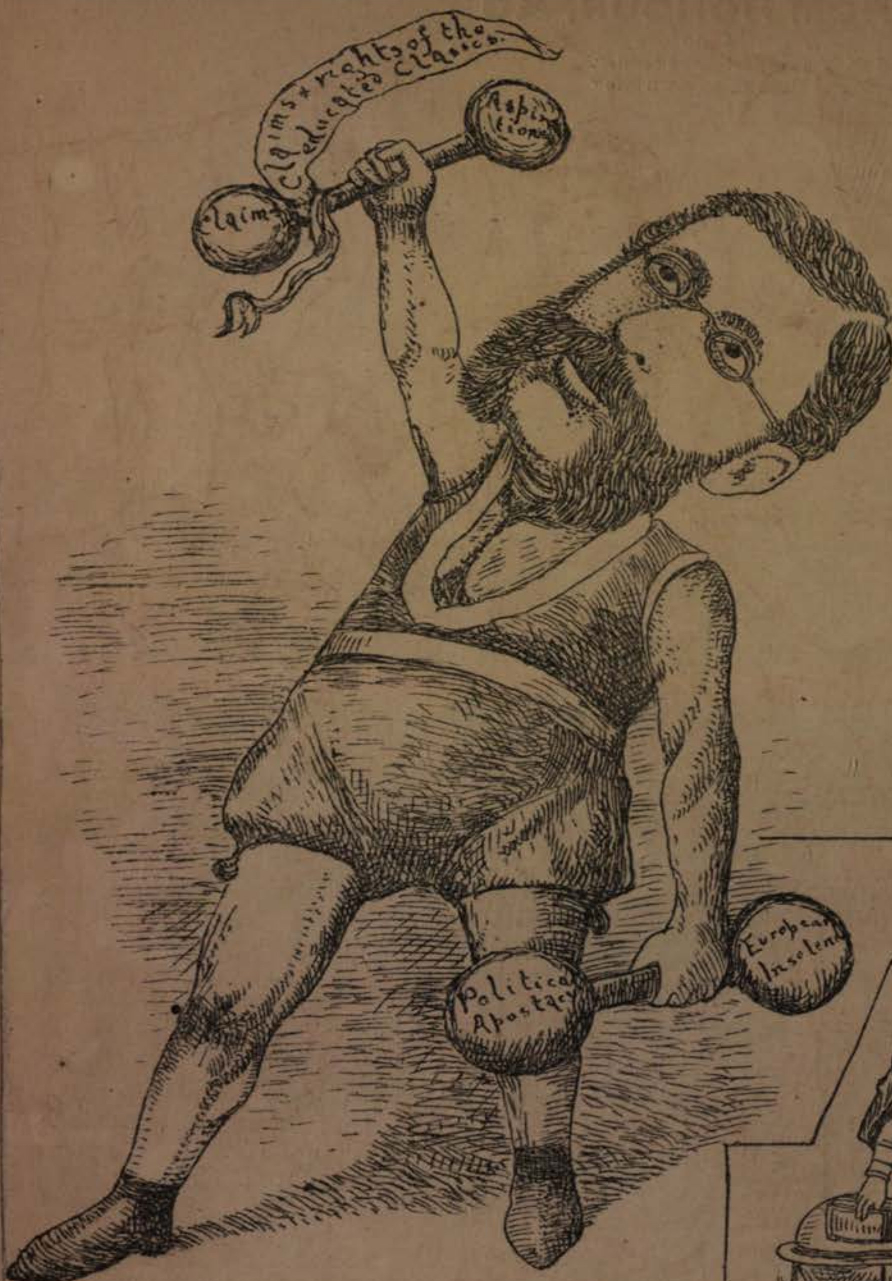
"... ... ... I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound than mine own life."



[The Mahraja of Darbhanga has taken the opportunity at the gathering of the Eleventh Indian National Congress of setting on foot a movement to perpetuate the memory of Pandit Ajudhianath, an earnest and sincere patriot and a joint secretary of the Congress for some years. The Mahraja himself pays Rs. 2,000 for the purpose.]

લાયકને લાયક માન.

[અલાહબાદવાલા મરહુમ આનરેબલ પંડીત અજુધયાનાથ, જેઓ ખરેખરા એક ઉમંગી અને સાચા સ્વદેશહીતકારી નર હતા, અને જેઓએ ઇનડયન નેશનલ કાનગરેસના જોડયા સેક્રેટરી તરીકે કેટલાંક વરસ સુધી કામ બજાવયું હતું, તેમની યાદગારી કાયમ રાખવા માટેની હીલચાલ નેશનલ કાનગરેસના છેલા મેળાવડા વેળા દરભંગાના મહારાજાએ ઉભી કીધી છે અને પોતે યાદગારીનાં ફંડમાં રૂ ૨૦૦૦ આપવા માંગયા છે.]



Mr. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 42.

THE HON'BLE MR. PHEROZESHAH MERWANJEE MEHTA,

The Champion Wrestler and Acrobat whose marvellous feats of strength have been the wonder of the day.

મી० પંચનાં ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાο ૪૨.

આનરેબલ મી० ફીરોઝશાહ મેહેરવાનજી મેહેતા,

ચેમપીયન કુસ્તીબાજ અને કસરતબાજ, જેના હેરત ભરેલા મન બળના ખેલો આજ ને કાલ એક અજાયબી થઈ પડયા છે.



A STUDY OF BABU SURENDRONATH'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Brown—I say, Jones, this nigger seems to do wonders!

Jones—Yes.—and all on the line of our best men too! There's hardly anything in it to run him down or to haul him up as a sedition-monger and a traitor! Bad luck!

બાબુ સુરેંદ્રનાથે કાનગ્રેસમાં કીધેલાં ભાષણનો એક અભ્યાસ.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૩૨૨ મું.]



ON THE NEW YEAR'S MORN.

The Spirit of the New Year's Morn—(To the sweet Parsee girl graduate) I come to bless you, my dear, and to wish you a future of great educational progress! Be constant and steady in your aim, and I predict you a future all gold!

નવાં વરસની સુંદર સવારે.

નવાં વરસની સવાર-(સુંદર પારસી ગુલબદન ગ્રાજ્યુએટને) મારી વાહાલી, હું તુને આજે આશીરવાદ દેવા આવી છું અને તારા કેળવણીને લગતા વધારાનું ભવીષ વધારે પ્રકાશીત થાઓ એવી દુવા ચાહું છું! તારી નેમમાં તું સદા દ્રઢ અને એકસ્તવારજ રહેજે, અને પછી, હું આગાહી કરૂં છું કે, તારૂં ભવીષ સઘળું સોનેરીજ થશે!

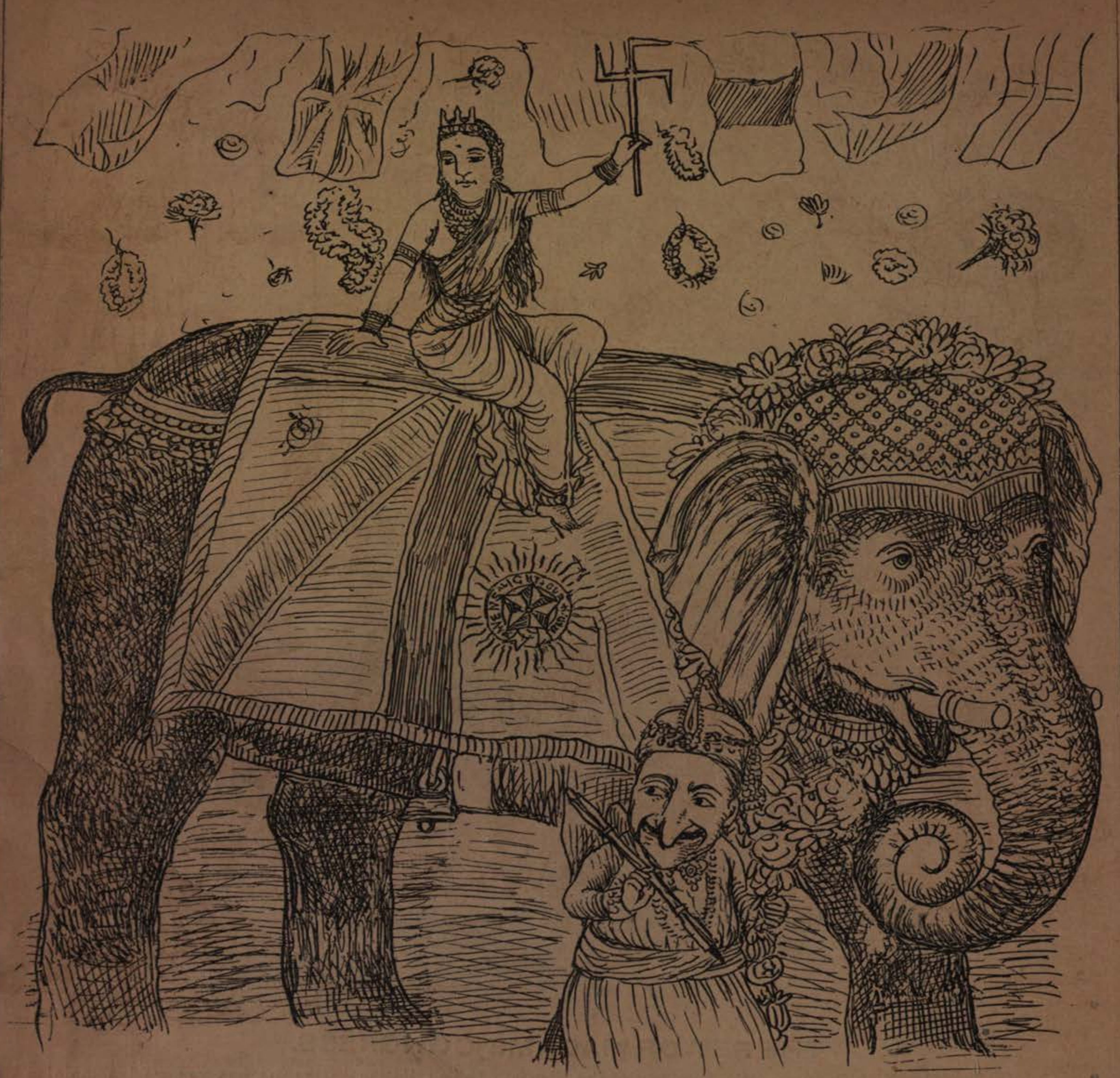


THE PET OF MADAME CONGRESS.

[Babu Surendra Nath Bannerjee, the President of the Eleventh Indian National Congress, has won golden opinion from friends and foes alike for his sober well-ordered address while inaugurating the eleventh sessions of the Congress at Poona.]

કાનગ્રેસનો વહાલો વફાદાર લાડકડો.

[અગીઆરમી નેશનલ કાનગ્રેસના પ્રમુખ બાબુ સુરેંદ્રનાથ બાનરજીએ જે મધ્યમ અને સારી રચનાથી ભરપુર ભાષણ તેની પેહેલી બેઠક વેળા કીધું હતું, તે માટે તેમના મીત્રો તેમજ દુશમનો એક સરખી રીતે તેમની તારીફનાં ગીત ગાય છે.]



"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES;"

OR, STATE ENTRY OF LADY CONGRESS IN POONA.

પુણામાં કાનગ્રેસ બાનુની બાદશાહી સ્વારી.

" રાજદુઆરી સુધારા વધારામાં ફતેહ મેળવવી હોય તો કાનગ્રેસના વાવટા તળે એકઠા થાઓ ! "



THE LION'S GALA-DAY!

[A public meeting was held on 20th Dec. last at the Gaiety Theatre to present to the Hon'ble Mr. Pherozeshah Merwanji Mehta, M. A., C. I. E., the addresses, voted by the Belgaum Provincial Conference in May and by the Bombay public meeting held in April last, for his eminent services to India and the Indians.]

સીંહરાયનો ખુશખુશાલ આનંદી-દીવસ!

[આનરેબલ મી૦ ફીરોઝશાહ મેહેરવાનજી મેહેતાએ આ દેશ અને દેશીઓની જે ઉતમ સેવાઓ બજાવી છે, તે માટે તેમને માનપત્રો આપવાનો ઠરાવ ગયા મે માસમાં બેલગામમાં મળેલી પ્રાવીનશીયલ કનફરનસે અને ગયા એપ્રીલમાં મુંબઈમાં મળેલી જાહેર સભાએ કરયો હતો, તે ઠરાવ મુજબ ગઈ ૨૦મ દીને ગેઈટી થીયેટરમાં મળેલી એક ગંજાવર અને ઉલટમંદ જાહેર સભામાં તે માનપત્રો તેમને એનાયત કરવામાં આવ્યાં હતાં.]

ON A "QUADRANT" ROAD-RACER.

Father Time—Let me have a full and glowing account of the race when it is over, my dear child !



"ક્વાડ્રંટ" રોડ-રૈસર બાઈસીકલ પર શરતમાં નીકળેલો નવો સવાર.

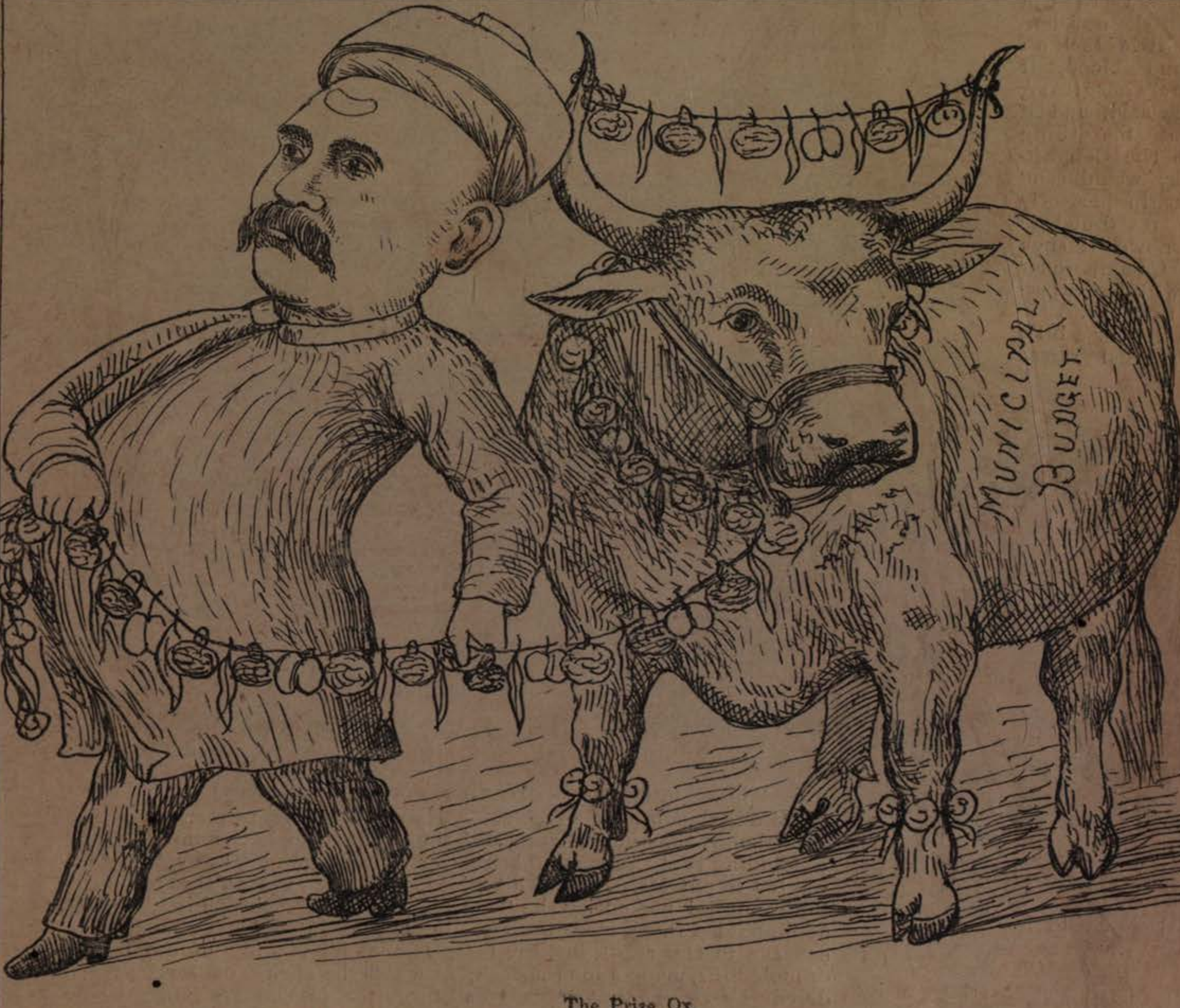
વખત બાવા—મારાં વાહાલાં બચાં, તું જે શરતમાં નીકળ્યો છે તે જ્યારે પુરી થાય ત્યારે તેનો સંપુરણઅને ચકચકીત હેવાલ મને પુરો પાડજે !

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(By a Corporator Fainéant.)

Monday, 6th Jan.—Our annual exodus has been. We have been over hill and dale, through valley and vale, along fresh fields and pastures new. Naosari, Matheran, Poona, Udvádá, Mahableshwar have all on earth, belying the croaking prophets of evil who had been looking forwards for a rich harvest of broken heads. We are sorry for their disappointment, but evil always comes to those who evil think.

We are at work again with renewed vigour and strength, though we didn't show much of it to-day. We had only assembled together for mutual felicitations and there was ample room for them. Dr. Bhal.

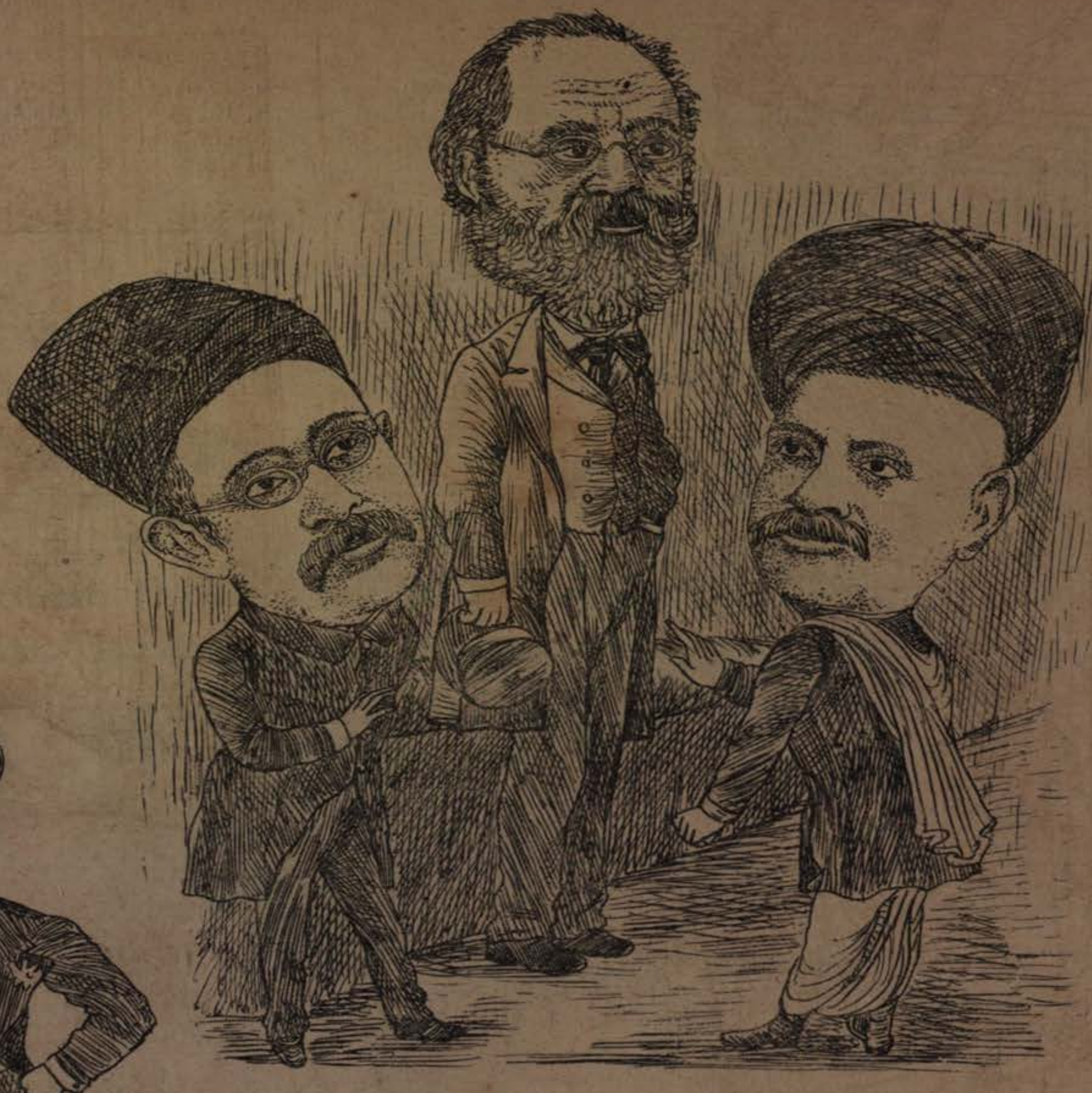


The Prize Ox.

received us and extended to us their genial hospitality. We have assisted at opening ceremonials and prize distributions, at Congress and at Conference, have lectured and been lectured at, have humbugged and been humbugged, have fooled and been befooled, have flooded others with our ora*tory* (? liberal) and have had theirs turned on against us at compound interest. In fine, we have enjoyed ourselves each in his own way, as befits this festive season of peace and goodwill displayed to our astonished eyes an immense prize ox, fed and fattened at our own stores, profusely garlanded with flowers and leaves of gold. That some such sight was in store for us had been for days the talk of the town, and prepared as we had been for a 'Xmas present of surpassing value, we confess the reality far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. For 10 years, we had not seen the like of it, or anything approaching it in plumpness. Dr. Bhal. looked and

wondered, and we all looked and wondered at the prodigy before us. No sunken cheeks, no hollow eyes, no fleshless bones. Every hole, every nook and cranny well filled up, and where there did seem a little deficiency, a little lack of flesh and blood, it was purely imaginary, Mr. Dew said, and if we sent the thing back to the Committee, they would send it up again perfectly round. As round as a big snow-ball such as our Commissioner might will be expected to turn out.

The Honourable Mr. Javerilal raised



"Pray keep your seat. We never knew you didn't want to retire!"



Retire ?

quite a little storm in a tea-cup. He noticed the retreating form of Dr. Blaney, the senior member of the Joint Schools Committee, and, concluding that the venerable gentleman was going away for good, wanted to put Mr. Dew in his place. He saw indeed the retreating form, but did not notice the "longing, lingering look behind," which accompanied it. A mere word of explanation would have sufficed to set the matter right, but Dr. Gas, famous for making mountains out of mole-hills, made a long speech, in which he spoke of services rendered by Dr. B., that nobody had forgotten, of services already perpetuated in marble and therefore not likely to be effaced, spoke of Mr. J.'s attempt in favour of Mr. Dew as a slur on Dr. B. who was anxious to keep his place. "Let him keep it, then," said Mr. Dew, "I am sure I never wanted it, and never knew I was going to be put into it until this moment." Here the matter ended, and Dr. Gas subsided.

Another retreating form was also seen, that of Captain Walsh, but this was retreating in earnest, and we had no difficulty in seeing it off, assisted as we were by a few kind words from Dr. Cow-Horn.

Hindi Punch, 12-1-96.

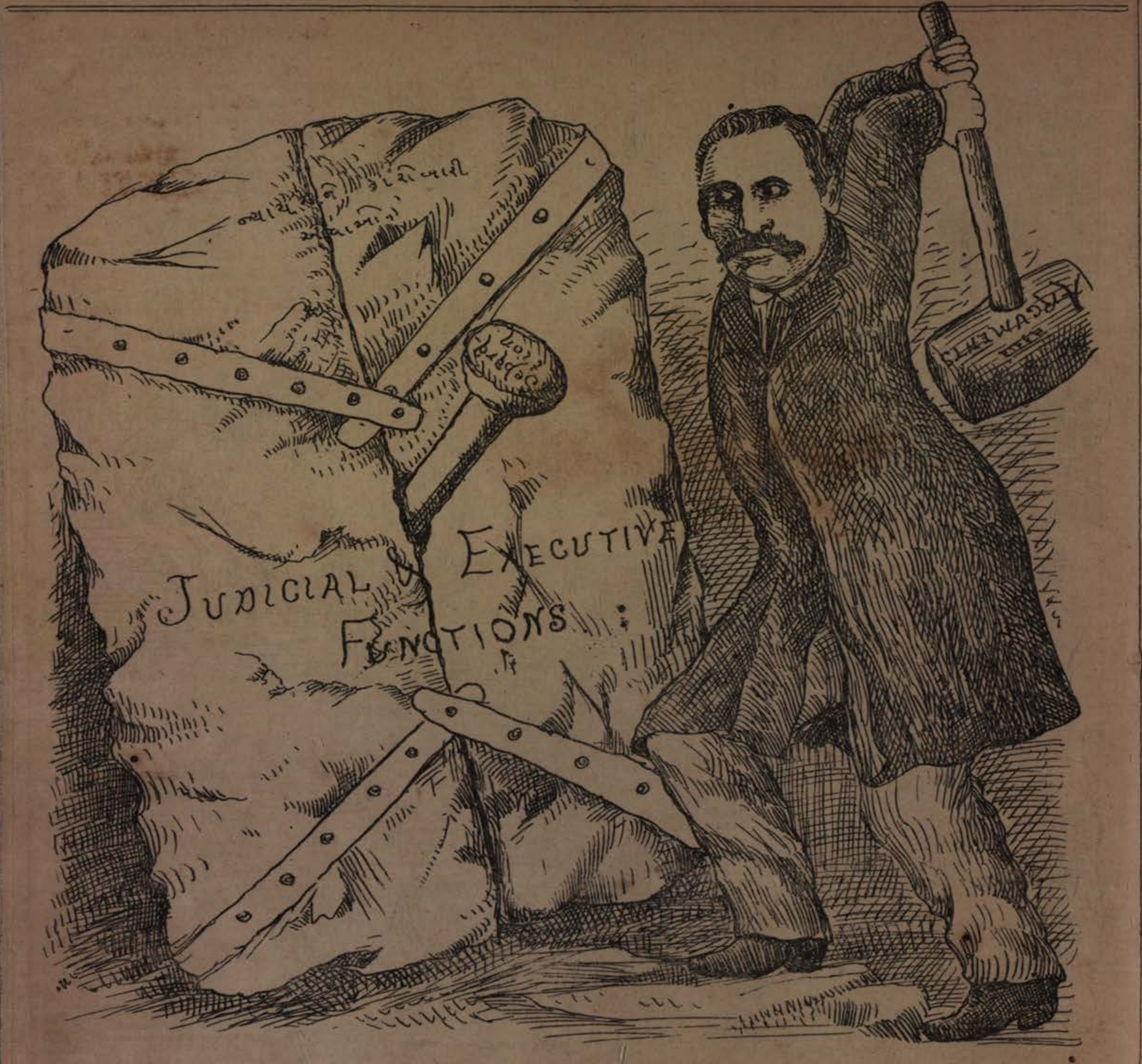


HIND'S SUGARED SESAMUM SEEDS!

MAKARSANKRANT: FESTIVAL OF TIL, 13TH JANUARY, 1896.

હીંદનાં તલસંક્રાંતનાં મીઠા શાકરયા તલ !

મકરસંક્રાંત: તા० ૧૩ મી જાનેવારી ૧૮૯૬.



A LABOUR OF HERCULES—WANTED A NASMYTH HAMMER.

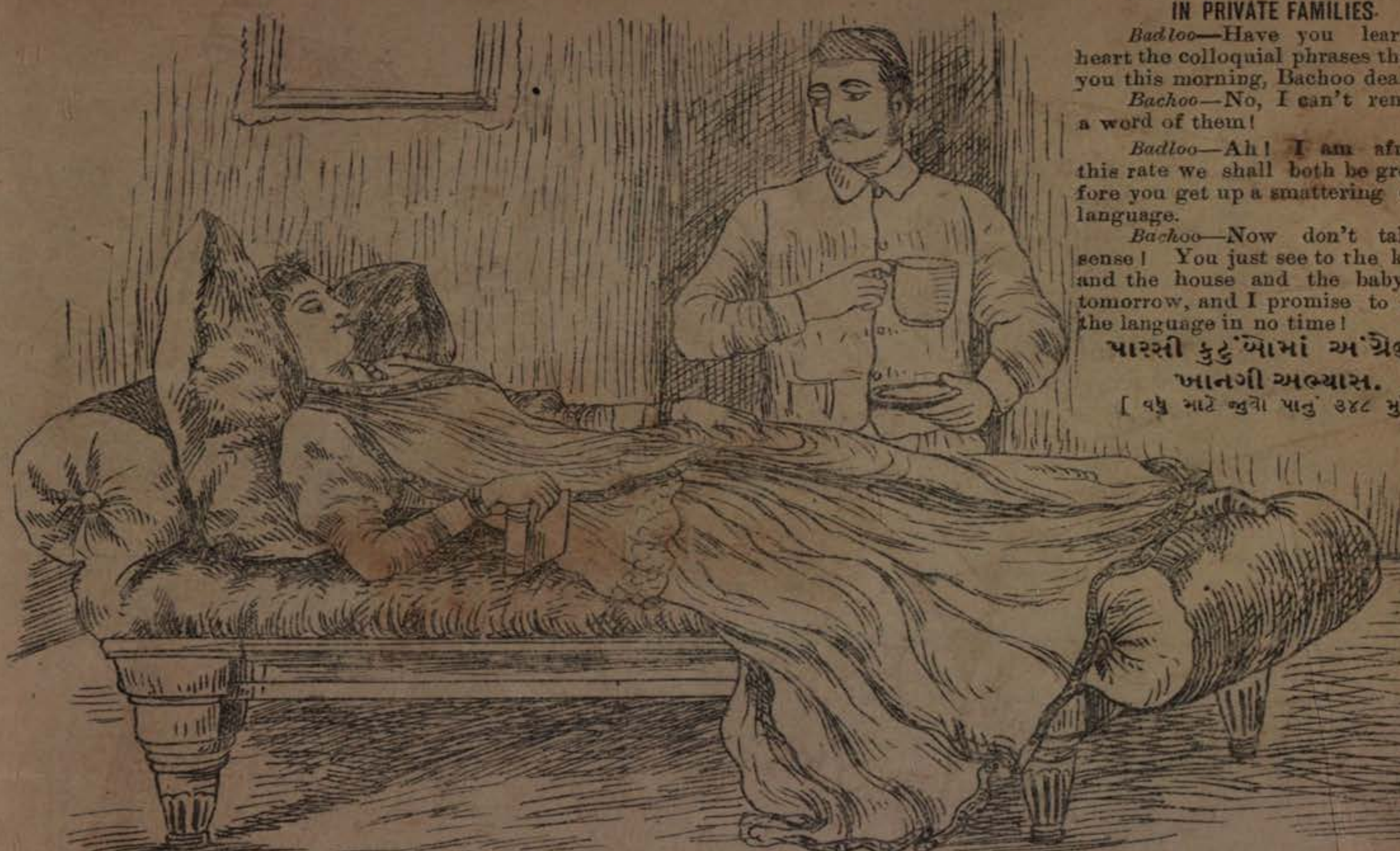
For the last ten years and more the stone has been hammered, but it doesn't show the least sign of giving way under the heavy blows.

[Mr. Man Mohun Ghose of Calcutta, in a very lucid and sober speech, moved at the last National Congress at Poona the important resolution regarding the separation of judicial and executive functions,—a resolution which is being again and again brought forward at all the meetings of the Congress.]

ભારે મેહેનત અને બળનું એક કામ—જોઈયે છે એક નેસ્મીઠ હથેાડેા.

દસ દસ વરસ થયા આ પથરને ભાંગીને વચમાંથી છુટો કરવાની મેહેનત પર મેહેનત ચાલે છે, પણ ધડોધડ પડતા જબરા ફટકાઓની તેની પુર જરાક પણ અસર થતી દેખાતી નથી.

[પુણા ખાતે મળેલી છેલી નેશનલ કાનગરેસમાં મી૦ મનમોહન ઘોસે એક મધયમ અને સેહેલથી સમજાય એવું ભાષણ કરીને ન્યાયના ઓધાને કારોબારી ઓધાથી છુટા પાડવાની અગતની બાબત ઉપર એક ઠરાવ રજુ કરયેા હતેા. કાનગરેસની વરસેા વરસની સભામાં આ ઠરાવ પર તકરાર ચલાવવામાં આવતી રહી છે.]



THE PROGRESS OF ENGLISH EDUCATION IN PRIVATE FAMILIES.

Badloo—Have you learnt by heart the colloquial phrases that I set you this morning, Bachoo dear?

Bachoo—No, I can't remember a word of them!

Badloo—Ah! I am afraid at this rate we shall both be grey before you get up a smattering of the language.

Bachoo—Now don't talk nonsense! You just see to the kitchen and the house and the baby from tomorrow, and I promise to master the language in no time!

પારસી કુટુંબોમાં અંગ્રેજીનો ખાનગી અભ્યાસ.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૩૪૮ મું]



A TERRIFYING NIGHT-MARE; OR, THE BOMBAY HOUSE-OWNER AND THE HOUSE-CONNECTIONS QUESTION.

[A meeting of some house-owners of Bombay was held at the Framjee Cowasjee Institute on Sunday last, when resolutions were passed asking the Corporation to do the house-connections at Municipal expense, and not at the expense of the house-owner.]

એક ભડકાવી મેલનારો સ્વપનો!

મુંબઇના ઘરવાલાની છાતીપ ચહડી બેઠેલો આ બાહુ તેના હોસકોસ ઉડારી મેલે છે!

[મુંબઇના કેટલાક ઘરવાલાઓની એક સભા ગયા રવીવારે ફરામજી કાવસજી ઈનસ્ટીટ્યુટમાં મળી હતી, જે વેળા ઘરવાલાના ખરચે નહી પણ મ્યુનીસીપાલીટીના ખરચે ઘરો સાથનુ ગટરોનું જોડાણ કારપોરેશને કરવું, એવી માગણી કરનારા ઠરાવો પસાર કરવામાં આવ્યા હતા.]



THE NEW POPULAR KNIGHT-ERRANT.

In the cause of Madame Justitia he has fought and won many a battle, and may his arms still be crowned with success in the cause of Law and Equity, Right and Justice!

[The most popular announcement made in the New Year's Honours Gazette this time, and one hailed with loud acclamation by the European and native population of India alike, is the conferring of Knighthood on Mr. Justice Farran, Chief Justice of Bombay.]

નવો લોક પ્રીય નાઈટ–બહાદુર.

મેડમ જસ્ટીશીયાને ખાતર તે ઘણીક લડાઈઓ લડયો છે અને જીત્યો છે; અને કાયદા અને અપક્ષપાતપણા, સચાઈ અને ઈનસાફને ખાતર હજી પણ તેના હથયારનો વધારે જય થતો રહો!

[નવાં વરસના માનઅકરામના ગેઝટમાંની ખબર અત્યંત લોક પ્રીય થઈ પડી છે અને જેની તરફ હીંદની દેશી તેમજ યુરોપીયન વસ્તીએ એક સરખી રીતે પોતાની અચુક પસંદગી દેખાડી છે, તે મુંબઈની હાઈ કોરટના વડા જડજ મી૦ જસ્ટીસ ફેરનને સર નાઈટનો ખેતાબ આપવાને લગતી છે.]



STAR OF HOPE ON THE BOMBAY HORIZON.

[Mr. Abdalla Meherali Dharamsi has been nominated an additional member of the Bombay Legislative Council.]

મુંબઈના આકાશ ઉપર દેખા તો આશાનો એક તારો.

[મુંબઈના ગવરનરની ધારા સભાના એક વધારાના આનરેબલ મેમબર તરીકે મી૰ અબદલ્લા મેહેર અલી ધરમસીની નેમણુક કરવામાં આવી છે.]

WHAT STRUCK HIM.—Mabel: "Does the Count love you for your money or your beauty?"—Violet: "Neither; he was struck by the way I played baccarat."



Lulloo—Suppose I go to England what will you do ?

Lila—I will accompany you and lead their the life of a *madham* (!) sahab—in dress and other things.

Lulloo—Without her accomplishments, eh ?

Lila—Pray, what accomplishments have you, that you don the dress of a *jánglà* saheb !

અલીને મેડમ (!) થવા ગમે છે!

[વધુ માટે જુવેા પાનું ૩૪૮ મું.]



DRAWN AND QUARTERED.

Jari—The Parsee Girl's Marriage Benefit Fund pays me after my marriage only 250 rupees ! Poor pa expected at least five times that sum, but he has to accept the trifle and pass a receipt in full satisfaction or rather in utter dissatisfaction !

Jiloo—Well, what will you have ? Even a quarter loaf is better than no bread, and you must be thankful for any quarters from a quarter like the M. B. F.

" હડીસેા રૂપરડી ઊપરબી માય શુગરાના કર ! "

[વધુ માટે જુએા પાનું ૩૪૮ મું.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS—NO. 43.

BABU SURENDRANATH BANNERJEE,

the President of the Eleventh Indian National Congress,

Taking a full survey.

મી૦ પંચના ફેન્સી પેારટ્રેટ—ના૦ ૪૩.

બાબુ સુરેન્દ્રનાથ બાનરજી,

અગયારમી હીંદી નેશનલ કાનગ્રેસના પ્રમુખ,

સંપુરણ અવલેાકન કરે છે.



NOT A GOOD OUTLOOK FOR 1896.

"What are you searching, my dear, when I am crying aloud for you in this season of good-will?" asked Young '96 of Peace.

"You are menaced by War and Ruin, child, and I am looking for a bit of Common Sense to keep you and me out of Chaos!" replied the Goddess.

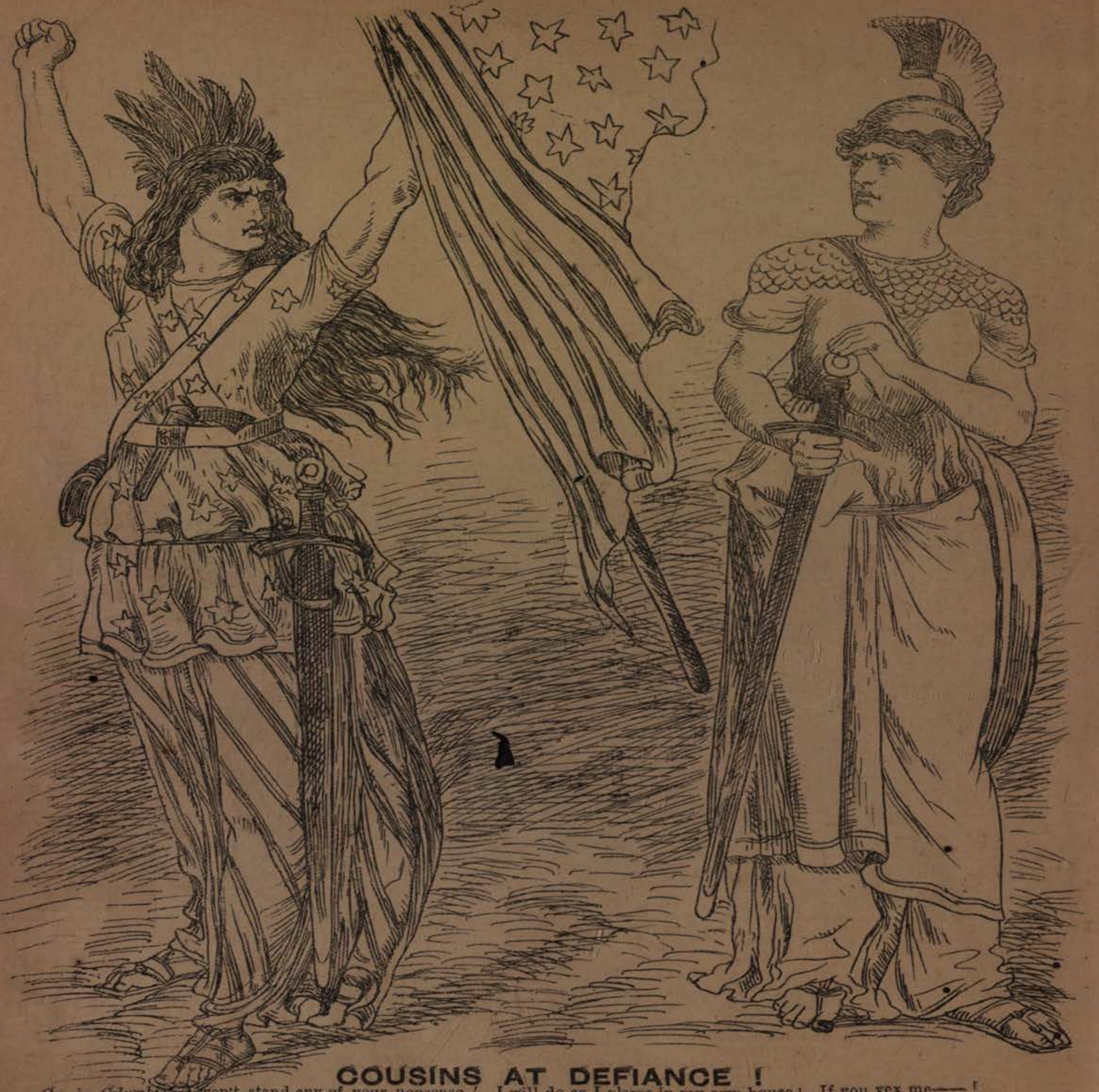
[Fearful forebodings are current as to the prospects of peace in 1896.]

૧૮૯૬ માટે કંઈ માઠી અગમચેતી.

"આ ભાઈબંધી અને ભલીભલાઈની મોસમમાં હું જ્યારે તુંને હાકે હાક મારૂં છું, ત્યારે તું શું શોધાશોધ કરવા નીકળી પડી છે, મારી વાહાલી?" બાળક '૯૬ એ સુલેહ દેવીને પુછ્યું.

"'લડાઈ' અને 'નખોડ'ના દેવો તારી પર ધુંજારો લાવવા માંગે છે, મારાં બચાં, અને તેથી તુને ને મને ખાનાખરાબીના ગારમાંથી બચાવવાને ખાતર હું થોડીક 'સાદી સમજ'ની શોધમાં નીકળી છું!" સુલેહ દેવીએ જવાબ દીધો.

[૧૮૯૬ માં સુલેહની હાલત કેવી રહેશે તે વીશે બહુ ભયભરેલી આગાહીઓ થતીજ રહી છે.]



COUSINS AT DEFIANCE !

Cousin Columbia—I won't stand any of your nonsense ! I will do as I please in my own house ! If you vex me—— !

Cousin Britannia—And I won't tolerate your defiance ! If you provoke me—— !

[Without desiring to be alarmists we are bound to state that it is the opinion of men of solid judgment and large experience in the financial world, British and American, that war can only be staved off by a miracle, and that the Jingo feeling in America is too powerful to be suppressed.—*Overland Mail.*]

એક બીજાના ટોટા પર ધસી જવા નીકળેલી બે પીત્રાણ બેહનો.

પીત્રાણ કોલમ્બીયા—હું તારી ઘેલી ગાંડી વાતો હવે કંઈ વધારે વખત સાંખવાની નથી ! મારા ઘરમાં હું મને ગમશે તે કરશ ! જો તું મને ચીડવશે તો— !

પીત્રાણ બ્રીટાન્યા—અને હું તારી લાહેરી અને તું દાઈ કદીબી સાંખી જવાની નથી ! જો મને ખીજવશે તો—— !

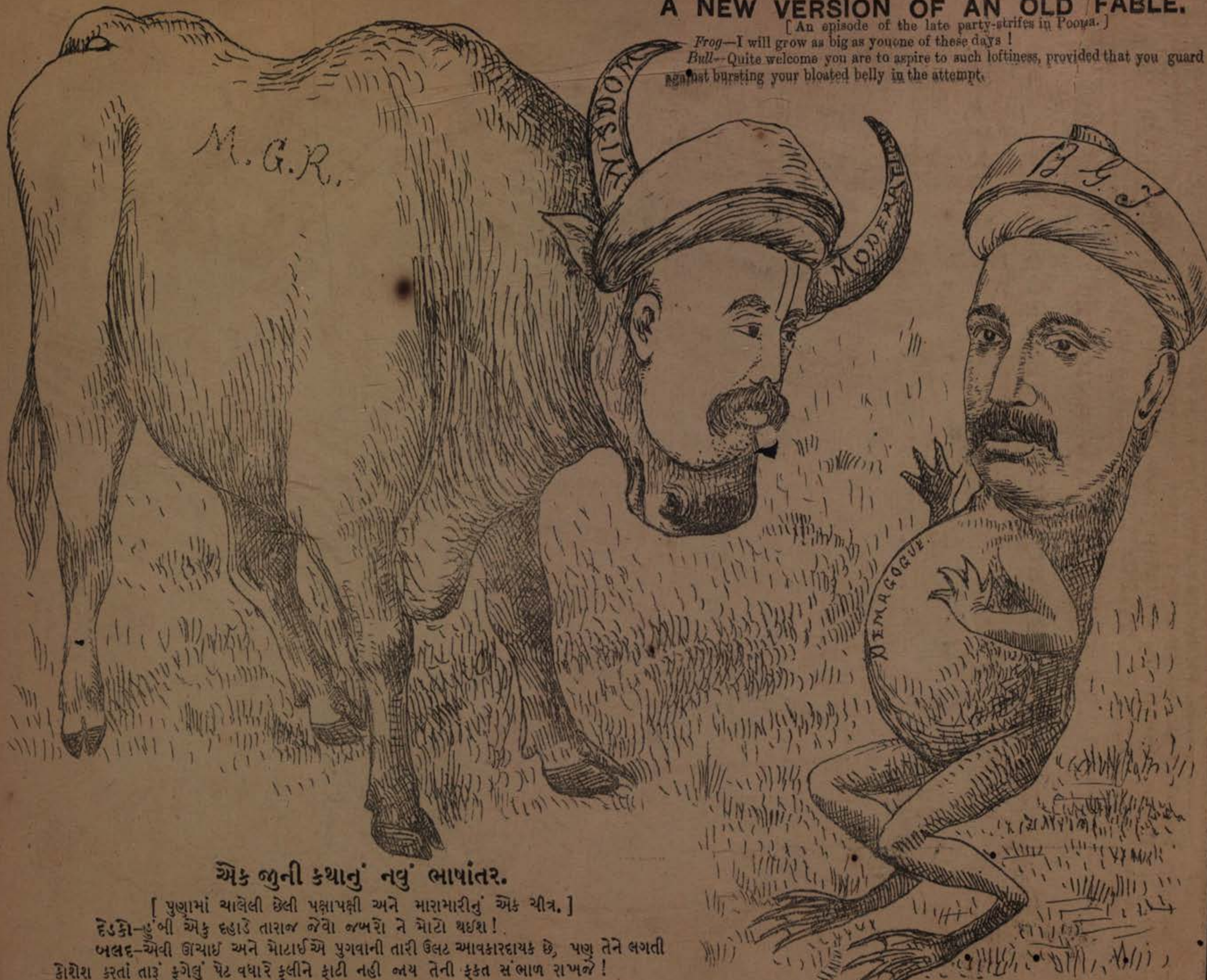
[ગભરાટ ફેલાવવાની કાંઈ પણ ઈચ્છા અમો રાખતા નથી, તોપણ કહેવાને અમો બંધાયલા છીયે કે, ઈંગ્લંડ તથા અમેરીકાના નાણાં બજારોમાંના મોટા અનુભવી તથા ઘરખમ વીચારના પુરૂષોના અભીપ્રાય મુજબ, ઈંગ્લંડ તથા અમેરીકા વચ્ચે લડાઈ નહીં થાય તો એક ચમતકાર બનેલો સમજજો, કેમકે અમેરીકામાં લડાઈની હીમાયત કરનારાઓનો પક્ષ એટલો બળવંત થઈ પડયો છે કે તેને દાબી દેવો મુશકેલ છે.]

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE.

[An episode of the late party-strifes in Poona.]

Frog—I will grow as big as youone of these days !

Bull—Quite welcome you are to aspire to such loftiness, provided that you guard against bursting your bloated belly in the attempt.



એક જુની કથાનું નવું ભાષાંતર.

[પુણામાં ચાલેલી છેલી પક્ષાપક્ષી અને મારામારીનું એક ચીત્ર.]

દેડકો–હું બી એકુ દહાડે તારાજ જેવો જબરો ને મોટો થઈશ !

બલદ–એવી ઊચાઈ અને મોટાઈએ પુગવાની તારી ઉલટ આવકારદાયક છે, પણ તેને લગતી કોશેશ કરતાં તારૂં ફુગેલું પેટ વધારે ફુલીને ફાટી નહી જાય તેની ફકત સંભાળ રાખજે !



THE CONGRESS CROSS OR " SWASTIK."

Mr. A. O. Hume—You take up your cross, my dear girl, and believe me when I say, *in hoc signo vinces.*

[Turning to their four-armed cross, the old fathers said, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" *You* take up *your* cross, whose four arms are, Persistent Activity, Union, Courage, Kindly Wisdom; and believe me when I say *in hoc signo vinces*; on these lines you shall greatly prevail, and not only win unscathed through the dark days of the Tory winter now upon us, but in later and brighter times secure all that is essential to national progress, "all men can ask or heaven can grant."—*Mr. A. O. Hume's message "To Friends in India."*]

કૉનગ્રેસ ક્રૉસ–"રાષ્ટ્રીય સ્વસ્તીક."

મી૰ એ. ઓ. હયુમ–મારી વાહાલી પુત્રી, લે તારો આ ક્રૉસ–આ સ્વસ્તીક–લે, અને મારૂં આ કહેવું ખરૂં માનજે કે જેઓ એ સ્વસ્તીકની ધ્વજ તળે એકઠા થશે તેઓનીજ આખરે જીત થશે.

[પોતાના ચાર હાથવાળા ક્રૉસ–સ્વસ્તીક–તરફ નજર કરીને અસલી વડવાઓ કહેતા કે જેઓ એની તળે એકઠા થાય તેઓનો સદા જય થશે. તમે તમારો ક્રૉસ ઉઠાવો, જેના ચાર હાથ "ચાલુ ખંત," "એકસંપ," "હીમત" અને "માયાળુ ડહાપણ" ના છે; અને મારૂં આ કહેવું માનજો કે જેઓ તેની તળે એકઠા૰ થશે તેઓનીજ આખરે જીત થશે.–હીંદમાંના દોસ્તો જોગ મી૰ એ. ઓ. હયુમનો સંદેશો.]



MENDING MADAME HIND'S BROOM.

Hind—The job ought to have been done long ago, my friend, but better late than never!

[The Government of Inia have drawn up and are considering a scheme to replace the existing inefficient machinery of the Sanitary Department by an agency specially trained for the service.]

હીંદબાઈના ઘરની ભાગીટુટી ઝાડુને સમારવાનું કામ.

હીંદ—બાપુ, એ કામ તો ઘણું આગમજથી થવું જોઈતું હતું; પણ તે કોઈ કાળે નહી થતે તેનાં કરતાં મોડેથીબી તું તે કરવા નીકળ્યો છે એટલુંબી બેહેતરજ છે!

[હીંદુસ્તાનમાં સુખશાંતી ખાતાનું કામ હમણા બહુ હાલહવાલ રીતે ચાલે છે, તેને બદલે તે કામનો ખાસ અભ્યાસ કીધેલા એવાઓની મારફતે ખાતું ચલાવવાને લગતી એક યોજના ઘડી કહાડવામાં આવી છે, અને તે ઉપર હીંદી સરકાર વાચાર ચલાવે છે.]



THE BULL AND THE WASPS!

Poor thing! It tries his temper to the utmost, but he keeps it undisturbed, notwithstanding the stings and bites of the tormentors!

[The Venezuelan, the Transvaal, the Ashanti and the Armenian questions have been trying the energies of British statesmen to the utmost.]

બુલ (ગોધો) અને ભમરા.

ગરીબ બીચારો ગોધો! ભમરાઓના ડંખ અને ચટકાથી તે એટલો હેરાન થાય છે કે બસ નહીં; તોપણ તે પોતાનો મીજાસ જરા કબી ખોહયા વીના તે પોતાને શાંત ઉભેલો દેખાડે છે!

[વેનીઝવીલા, ત્રાનસ્વાલ, આશાનટી અને આરમીન્યાને લગતા સવાલો અંગ્રેજ રાજદુઆરીઓની શકતી ઉપર જબરૂં ડબાન કરનારા હમણા થઇ પડયા છે.]



SOUND THE DRUM!

"Go on, my boy, sound the drum and rouse up all true Islamites to help and rear you!"

[His Excellency the Governor opened the Mahomedan Orphanage in a temporary building at Don Tar street, on Monday last.]

પડઘમ વગાડ!

" ચલાવ, મારા બચા, ચલાવ, ધુમધુમ પડઘમ વગાડ અને તુને મદદ કરવા અને ઉછેરવા માટે બધા ખરા ઈસલામ બીરાદરોને જાગરૂત કર! "

[ડોન તાર સ્ત્રીટમાં આવેલાં એક કામચલાઉ મકાનમાં ગયા સોમવારે નામદાર ગવરનરે મહોમેદન આરફનેજનું વાસ્તું કીધું હતું.]



A BOMB-SHELL IN BRAHMINICAL CAMP.

Laxmi—"Have you read 'Social Reform versus Brahmanism?'

Ganga—"Yes, a nice tract, to serve as a 'Xmas souvenir for the 'Discrowned King of the Deccan'!"

[Mr. Vinayak Dadajee is the author of a small tract entitled "Social Reform versus Brahmanism" which is dedicated to all earnest and sincere Indian Social Reformers. It was freely circulated in the Congress and the Social Conference pandals, and contains a serious indictment against Brahminism.]

બ્રાહમણાચ્યા છાવણીત ઉડલેલા તોપેચા ગોળા.

લક્ષ્મી—"સંસારીક સુધારણા વીરૂધ બ્રાહમણ મત" હ્યાં નાવાંચે લહાનસે પુસ્તક, ગંગે, તુઝયા વાચણ્યાંત આલે આહે કાય?

ગંગા-હોય, તે ફાર ચાંગલે પુસ્તક આહે, આણી મહારાષ્ટ દેશાચ્યા આપલ્યા પદભ્રષ્ટ મહારાજ તીલકાસાઠી નાતાલચી તે ફાર ચાંગલી ભેટ હોઈલ!

["સંસારી સુધારો વીરૂધ બ્રાહ્મણો" એ નામનું એક નાનું ચોપાન્યું મી૦ વીનાયક દાદાજીએ રચી, સઘળા ખરા ઊમંગી દેશી સંસાર સુધારકોને તે અરપણ કરયું છે. કોનગરેસ તથા સોશયલ કોન્ફરન્સના મંડપોમાં તેની નકલો છુટથી વેંહેંચવામાં આવી હતી; અને તેમાં બ્રાહ્મણો સામે એકલપેટાઈ તથા આપખુદી ચલાવવાનો ગંભીર આરોપ મેલવામાં આવયો છે.]



CHOICE OF EVILS.

Thakar Thoosjee—(A Bombay house-owner) A crore of rupees for house-connections! Oh Shree Râmâ! And all that to come out of my pocket?

Dr. B-l-n-y—Don't fear, my man! Your pocket won't be pinched if you assert yourself and prove that you are bankrupt!

ગમે તે એક.

ઠકર ઠુસજી-(મુંબઈના એક ઘરવાળો) ઘરો સાથ ગટરનાં જોડાણ કરવા માટે એક કરોડ રૂપ્યા! ઓ શ્રી રામ-અ-અ! અને તે સઘળા મારાં ગજવાં અહીથીજ કહાડી આલવાના? ઓ બાપારેએએએ!

ડાકટર બ-લેની-ડરો મત, તુમ ડરો મત! તારા ગજવાંને કોઈ કાનું પાડવા નહી આવશે-મુંગો મુંગો તું બાહાર નીકળીને બતાવી આપ કે તું ગરીબ નાચાર ને તદનજ નાદાર છે. ને તારી પાસે ફુટી બદામ[illegible]જલ નથી.



AN UNWARRANTABLE INTRUSION.

Justitia—No sooner do I begin to hammer the wedge in, than a regular hue and cry is raised which deafens my ears and leaves me undecided whether to drive the wedge in or not!

[Public opinion in Bombay is disgusted with the act of unfairness which the Secretary of State for India is bent on perpetrating by making Mr. Justice Strachey senior to Mr. Justice Badrudin Tyabjee, although the latter has been acting as a High Court Judge since 29th June, 1895.]

વગર હકે ઘુસાડી દેવું !

ઇનસાફ દેવી—હજી તો આએ ફાંચડ અંદર ઘુસાડવાને હથોડાનાં એક બે ફટકા મારૂં છું તેટલાં તો બધેબધથી બસ બુમાબુમ ને તાલ્યુશેાર પડી રહી છે! તેથી મારા કાનના બેહેરજ ફાટી ગયા છે, અને હું સમજતી નથી કે હવે હું શું કરૂં—ફાંચડ અંદર ઘુસાડી દેઉં કે અખાડા કરી જાઉં ?

[મી૰ જસ્ટીસ બદરૂદીન તઈયબજી હાઈ કોરટના જડજ તરીકે ગઈ તા૰ ૨૯ મી જુન ૧૮૯૫ થી કામ કરે છે છતાં મી૰ જસ્ટીસ સ્ટ્રાચીને તેમની ઉપર મુકોને મી૰ બદરૂદીનને તેની નીચે રાખવાનું ગેરવાજબી કામ કરવાનો હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાંનો પ્રધાન ઈરાદો રાખે છે, એવી વાત બાહેર પડતાંજ મુંબઈનાં પ્રજામતે તે સામે બહુજ નાપસંદગી દેખાડી છે.]

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 9th Jan.—Our big prize-Ox, fed and fattened at our own stores, carrying gold on him as if it had grown with him and become interwoven with, and part and parcel of, his system, was again before us, the pride of Bombay, the envy of the world besides. On the last occasion, we simply looked on, and wondered, in silent amazement and at a respectful distance. The prodigy, that had taken us so many years to build up, had simply appalled us by its very stupendousness, and Dr. Bhalchandra, the lucky keeper, in the pride of pardonable sternness, seemed to warn us off. Emboldened, however, by a second view, we drew nearer to-day. We entered upon a closer examination. We saw the thing with our own eyes, and we saw it with the eyes of everybody else. We saw it with official, and with non-official, eyes; with expert, and with non-expert, eyes; with the eyes of persons who, though lean themselves, had made this fattening process the business of their lives and to whom therefore it came as naturally as mother's milk, and with the eyes of those who, not knowing the *a b c* of it, pretended to know such a lot about it! And who, that is human, can resist the temptation of making even a show of knowledge in a case of self-glorification of this kind. Next to the pleasure of being big ourselves, is the pleasure of believing, or making believe, that we have had a hand, however distantly or remotely, in the manufacturing of big ones, like this golden ox of ours. If now it had been an ass, the matter might have been different. But here everybody in the Hall claimed kinship with the ox. Pessimists and optimists joined hands over him, forgetting their differences. Optimists were optimists ever, and knew that the thing was coming. Pessimists were so in mere name; they too saw it as large as life, looming in the distance. Only they deemed it right to sound the warning-note, for fear the other side should become too optimistic, and so over-shoot the mark.

"With such a treasure in our possession," said the amiable Mr. Seraph, "the man must be mad that can call us bankrupts, and yet bankruptcy has been thrown in our teeth, in and out of season, for, I don't know, how many times. The false prophet's threats have been luckily frustrated, and we are too magnanimous to owe him any grudge. On the contrary, we welcome him with open arms, as a convert to our views." "If you mean me," answered Mr. Dew, "I am sure I never said a word about insolvency, and some people have not enough brains to understand me. Now, this very thing, that you deem so perfect, is not so faultlessly round but I could show any number of gaps that still want a few hundred thousand pounds—of gold—to fill them up. But you are so hopelessly wedded to your own official figures, that it would be fruitless to attempt to explain my ideas to you. For while I am a financier born, you are none, and your knowledge of the merest rudiments of finance is of the most primitive kind." "Mouths that want argument are filled with abuse," simpered Mr. Seraph. "There, now, that is how an honest fellow is treated. My sincerity is mistaken for anger, and my plain-speaking for abuse. But, gentlemen, I am the gentlest lamb that ever walked on—two legs." So we have our lions and our lambs, our horses, asses and dogs, our wolves, bears and boars, our sharks and our gulls. A regular zoo!

Monday, 13th Jan.—Our prize-ox, or rather, to call a spade a spade, after Mr. Dew's fashion, our annual Budget again, and Mr. Leo assisted at our deliberations. The income and the expenditure sides were passed in review, and although Mr. Dew attempted, once or twice, to substitute his own figures, there was such a lack of support, members being even so apathetic as not to second him, that he pocketed all his amendments and wished us to the d—l. On the question of the duty on grain, which he wanted to reduce, and on fire-wood, which he wanted to abolish, where indeed he richly deserved to be heard and followed, if possible, Mr. Leo tried to solace him for his disappointment by advising patience for another year, at the end of which time his figures would be surely followed, if found correct. "And," added the politic Mr. Leo, "if it were not for fear of disturbing present arrangements, I should take up this question of duty, as a duty we all owe to the poor, for I am their friend, and would do all in my power to cheapen articles of consumption. But not just yet. Wait and hope." And Mr. Dew waits in the certain hope that time will prove the accuracy of his figures, all Mr. Seraph's sneers notwithstanding.

Some things die hard, the water meter for one, of which some corporators are so enamoured. Mr. Cotton tried to revive it, like another Phœnix, out of the ashes of the ugly bird that was laid low sometime ago. But the attempt failed miserably, as also Mr. Cotton's other attempt, of which the metre was a corrollary, to reduce the charge on the water supplied to the local mills, and this notwithstanding the fact, which Mr. Menta thought of sufficient importance to call attention to, that Mr. Cotton had Mr. Dew's able advocacy and support. Mr. Cotton gave not a thought to the motion for cheapening articles of daily consumption for the benefit of the poor, but was keen on the motion for cheapening water to our thriving mills, even though that step should lead to the introduction of the metre and consequent dearth of water to the poor, who most needed the freest possible use of it! The mills contributed to local prosperity and ought to be encouraged and fostered! As if enough assistance had not been already afforded by the Municipality to make the mills a possibility and a success! The House thought the mills ought to be content with what they received.

So ought the Inspecter of Licences, wisely remarked Dr. V. Gas, for an extra Rs. 60 to one, who was already in receipt of a deputy collector's salary, was clearly too much of a good thing. Most of us, who work, consider ourselves inadequately paid, but those, who have it in their hands to pay, ought to think twice before conceding the natural demand for more. Money is not to be lightly thrown away, even when a rich Municipality like ours can afford it, and it is good the Standing Committee's too-frequently-noticeable tendency in that direction was curbed. *Hindi Punch*, 19-1-96.

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

WHAT CROSS-EXAMINATION CAN DO.—Magistrate : "Your name ?" Bashful Maiden : "Anna Lang." "Religion ?" "Protestant." "Age ?" (No answer.) "When were your parents married ?" "In 1863." "When was the first christening ?" "1864." "How many brothers and sisters have you ?" "Five." "Are you the eldest ?" "Yes." "Then you are thirty-one years of age." "Yes. (*Sotto voce*)—I have given my age away. I am surprised !"

"COME AROUND next week, Saturday, Hawkins. My wife and I are going to celebrate our silver wedding." "Silver wedding ? Why, you haven't been married more than twelve years !" "I know it ; but silver has depreciated. It's only worth twelve, where it used to be twenty-five."

WIFE : "What in the world do you want with a trombone ? You know that the man next door has driven us nearly wild by his performances on that awful instrument." Hubby : "Calm yourself, my dear. That's the one I've bought."

CAPITAL.—Student A. : "Can you suggest any plan by which I can find whether my gyp is honest ?" Student B. : "Very simple. Leave half-a-sovereign on your table. If it is gone when you return you——" Student A. : "Capital idea. Just lend me one and I will try him."

ECONOMICAL.—"What a confounded nuisance ! The moths have eaten all the fur off my winter overcoat." "Well, my dear husband, you can wear it in the summer, and thus save buying a new one, then !"

"FATHER," said Sammy, "the teacher says you ought to take me to an optician's. He says I've got astigmatism." "Got what ?" "Astigmatism." "Well, if he don't thrash that out of you," roared Mr. Wipedunks, "I will."

MAGISTRATE : "What is the charge against this prisoner ?" Officer : "Having an infernal machine in his possession, yer worship." Magistrate : "Anarchist or bicyclist ?"

"How shall I enter the money the cashier bolted with ?" asked the bookkeeper ; "under profit and loss ?" Banker : "No ; suppose you put it under running expense."

"DID your daughter have any trouble with her French while you were abroad ?" "Not a bit. It was the natives' French that bothered her."

પારસી કુટુંબોમાં અંગ્રેજીનો ખાનગી અભ્યાસ.

[જુઓ ચીત્ર, પાનું ૩૩૫મું.]

બદલુ—કેમ બચુ ડીઅર, પછી આજે સવારે મેં તુને કરવા આપેલા બધા "કોલોકવીયલ ફ્રેઝીસ" મોહને કીધા કે?

બચુ—નહી રે, એક બોલબી મને તો યાદ નહી રેહતો!

બદલુ—ચાલ તારે તો ધોવાયું! જો તું એમજ લેસન કરશે તો પછી તારા ને મારા કાલા જઈને ધોલા આવસે ને કાપીસખાઉના દખમામાં જવાનો આપરો દાહરોબી નજદીક આવી લાગશે તોબી હું નહી ધારતો કે તું ભાગી તુટી અંગ્રેજી બોલતાંબી સીખે હં!

બચુ—ઓવારૂં! ભુસું કાપીસખાઉમાં જવાને! કાપીસખાઉમાં તો જાય તમારો ને મારો દુસમેન! હવે તમે મુંગા મુંગા એવી બેત્રકુફી ભરેલી વાત કરવાની છોરી દેઓ ને આવતી કાલથી રાંધણીનો ઘસરબોરો ને ઘેરનું કામ ને બુચીને રાખવાનું તમારાજ માથે લેઓ, ને પછી જોવ કે હું બીથોરા વખતમાંજ અંગ્રેજીમાં પુરી પાહવરદી થઈ જાઉંચ કે નહી તે!

અલીને મઢેમ (!) થવા ગમે છે!

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૩૩૮મું.]

લલ્લુ-વારૂં જોને હું વેલાત જાઉં તો તું શું કરશી?

લીલા-વળી શું કરે? હું તમારી સાથે આવીશ અને ત્યાં એક મઢેમ (!) શાએબ થઈને ફરીશ—પોશાકમાં ને બીજી બધી વાતમાં હું તો એક મઢેમજ (!) થઇ બેશીસ!

લલ્લુ-પણ એક મઢેમ (!) ના ગુણો ધરાવયા વીના મઢેમ (!) થઇ બેસ્તાં તને લાજ ન લાગશે?

લીલા-પણ ત્યારે તમારીજ વાત કરોને! કહોને વારૂં કે તમારા મહી તો શું એક જંગલા શાએબના જેવું કાંઈ પણ બુહું બળયું છે જે તમો જાંગલા થઇને ફરો છો ને તેનાજ પોશાકનો દમ દમાટ દેખાડો છો!

"હરીસો રૂપરડી ઉપરબી માચ શુગરાના કર!"

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૩૩૮મું.]

જરી-મુવા પેલા લગનના લાભના ફંડવારાઓએ કીધું તે જોયું કે? મારા લગન થઇ ચુકયાં ને હવે તો ફકત હરીસોજ રૂપયા આપેચ! બીચારા બાવા તો પાંચ ગણી વધારે રકમની આસા રાખતાતા, પણ બીચારાને એટલીજ રૂપરડી કબુલ કરીને મુંગી મુંગી બધી ફુલ રસીબ લખી આપવી પરીચ! હવે પછી કંઈ અરધીનોબી દરદાવો હોયજ નહી. ગરીબ બીચારા બાવા! તેવણેબી કેવી કેવી હું જગારી કીધી, ને પરીણામ આયું તારે તો આવું!

જીલુ-પણ તારે તુંને વધારે તે સું જોઈયેચ? એ તો નહી મામાના કાના મામાબી ભલા! ફંડ દુબી જતે ને તેમાંથી એક અરધીબી નહી મલતે તેનાં કરતાં આએ હરીસો આયા તેબી હોઈયાં કીધેલા ઠીકજ છે. બાવાએબી જોયું કે જો યાસો બીસમીલ્લા, ને ઓયંપડુ પડુ થઈ રહેલાં લગનના લાભના જેવાં ફંડમાંથી તો હમણાના વખતમાં જે અરધી દુકાની છુટી તે ખરી! રૂપયો નહી ને જાણે અરધી કમીયા. આખી રોટલી નહી ને જાણે પા રોટલી ખાવાની મલી. જાના, એટલી હરીસો રૂપરડીબી કોણે ધારીતી કે મલસે. હું તો એમજ સમજતીતી કે, ચાલ, બધા તારા કાલના ભરેલા પઈસા પાણીમાંજ ગીયા. પણ તેને બદલે હરીસોબી મલ્યા એટલા શુગરાનાજ કર!

દેશી નાટકશાળાઓની પીડા.

[જુવો ચીત્ર પાનું ૩૫૨મું.]

શામલાદાષ-(અલી સાથે નાટક જોવા બેઠા છે) આ શાંભલે છે કે અલી? બે તો વાગયા ને મરઘા વાસવા માંડયા છે, તોએ હજી નાટક પુરો થીયો નથી! ચાલ ઉઠ, આપણે ઘરે જઈયે! મને તો બહુ બહુ ઉંઘ આવે છે ને મારા ડોલા મીંચાઈ મીંચાઇ જાય છે!

લીલાવતી-તમે શું આમ નાના છગન જેવા થાઓ છો! નાટક જોવા લાવયા તો પુરોપાધરો આખો તે જોવા પણ દેશો કે બસ અધુરી ઉઠાડી લઈ જશો?

શામલાદાષ-પણ ત્રણ વાગતા સુધી પણ એ. પુરો થાય એમ લાગતું નથી ને!

લીલાવતી-તો તે મહી શું વધારે! અડધો કલાક આમ કે આમ-તેમાં તે શું ખાટું મોડું થઇ જવાનું છે જે તમે આમ ઉતાવલા ને બાવરા પડી જાઓ છો! ઘરે જઈને ઉંઘી રેહજો ને બપોરના ત્રણ વાગતા સુધી ખાટલા પરથી ઉઠતા નહી! તમને રશોઇ પાણી કરવા માટે પણ ઉઠાડીશ નહી, પછે કાંઈ છે?

શામલાદાષ-અને આભીશ મહી ઓલો તારો મોટો દાદો શીનોર જીવ કાઢશે તેને શો જવાબ આલીશ?

લીલાવતી-છોને જીવ કહારતો! તેને ચીઠી લખી વાળજો કે ગઈ રાતનાંજ મારી મોટી દાદીની દાદી ગુજરી જવાથી તેને બાળવા માટે મને સુનાપોર જવું પડયું છે તેથી આભીશ મહી આજ અવાશે નહીં! સમજયા?

DEATH'S IN THE STING!



[The racial and religious movement is outgrowing the control of the officials, and the reign of anarchy prevails in many Turkish provinces.]

ડંખમાં ખરેખરૂં મોહોત !

સંભાળ ! જીવલેણ ડંખ છે, માટે તે નહી લાગે તેની સંભાળ રાખ !

[ખ્રીસ્તીઓ સામે ટરકીમાં જે તોફાન ચાલે છે તે એટલા બોહોળા વીસ્તારમાં વધી પડયું છે કે, ટુરેકી અમલદારો તેને પુરૂ પડવાને અશક્ત થઈ પડયા છે, અને ટરકી ને તાબેનાં ઘણાં પ્રાંતોમાં મારફાડ, તોફાન અને કાપાકાપીનુંજ રાજ ચાલે છે.]

A HAPPY MEETING BETWEEN THE TWIN SISTERS.

Sister Congress—Well met, sister. So those vandals thought to separate us, but they have been disappointed, as indeed they deserve to



be, who thrust themselves between two loving hearts. We are one in mind, one in sympathy and one in love, and shall continue so united all our lives.

[Babu Surendra Nath Bannerjee, the President of the Congress, said in reply to an address from the students of Poona that social reform must go hand in hand with political progress.]

બે જોડયણ બેહેનો વચે સુખભરેલી મુલાકાત.

કાનગ્રેસ બેહેન—આવ, બેહેન, મને ભેટ. પેલા સુધારાના દુશમનો આપણને છુટી પાડવા ધારતા હતા, પણ બે હેતવંતાં દીલ વચે અંતર પડાવવા જેઓ નીકળે તેઓ હંમેશા નાઉમેદ થાય છે, અને તેમજ તે બીચારાઓ થયા છે. આપણે બંને વીચારમાં એક છઈયે, એકબીજા તરફની દીલસોજીમાં એક છઈયે, અને એકેક તરફના પ્યારમાં આપણે એકજ છઈયે, અને જ્યાં સુધી જીવીશું ત્યાં સુધી એમજ જોડાઈને એકજ રહેવાનાં!

[ઉગેલી કાનગરેસના પ્રમુખ બાબુ સુરેનદરનાથ બાનરજીએ પુણાના વીદયાર્થીઓ તરફના માનપત્રનો જવાબ વાળતાં જણાવ્યું હતું કે રાજદ્વારી વધારાની સાથે સાથેજ સંસારી સુધારો આગળ ચાલવો જોઈયે.]



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Hilloo—What are you doing now?

Silloo—I am writing a Gujerati novel for the "Humbug and Bosh."

Hilloo—An original one!

Silloo—Well, I don't know. Homee ought to. It's he that is writing the whole thing, and I'm only going to put my name to it.

મેહેનતની વેહેચણી.

હીલ્લુ–તું હમણા સું ચ લાવેચ, સીલ્લા?

સીલ્લુ–હું તો આપનાં "હંબગ ને બૉશ" ચોપાન્યાંને વરે એક ગુજરાતી વાત લખું ચ?

હીલ્લુ–તે સું કંઈ તારી "ઓરીજીનલ" છે કે કોઈનો તરજુમો છે?

સીલ્લુ–તે તો કોણ જાણે. હોમીને તેની ખબર છે. તે બધી આખી વાત ઘસરી ક્હાડેચ, ને હું તો તેની નીચે ફકત મારૂં નામ મુકવાની છેઉં!

IT'S STRANGE that a joke should be hardest to see through when it is thinnest.



THE FIGHTING MICE.

[*A picture for the edification of Poona Social Reformers.*]

વહડકણા ઉંદરો.

[પુણીના સુધારકોના અભ્યાસ માટે એક ચીત્ર.]

ANOTHER EXCUSE.—Mistress: "You have a soldier in the kitchen. What is he doing there?" Housemaid: "Learning cooking, please, mum."



THE BANE OF NATIVE THEATRES.

Shamladass—(At a native theatre.) It's past two, Ali dear, and the cocks are crowing! Suppose we go home! I feel so sleepy!

Lilavati—Now, now don't be a child! I must sit out the whole play!

Shamladass—But it won't be over till 3 a. m.!

Lilavati—And what of that? You may lie in bed till 3 p. m.! I won't ask you to rise and take your meals even! And write to your *senor saheb* to say that you lost your great-great grandma only last night!

દેશી નાટકશાળાઓની પીડા.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૩૪૮ મું.]

A ROYAL BETROTHAL—HIND'S BLESSINGS.



Hindi Punch—A most humble present, but none the less precious, from my Lady Hind, for you, my dear Princess, on this the auspicious occasion of your betrothal! God bless you, my child, and may all the virtues that centre round the throne be yours!

[Her Royal Highness Princess Maud, the third daughter of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, has been betrothed to her cousin, Prince Charles, the second son of the Crown Prince of Denmark.]

શાહજાદી મૉડનું અદરાવું—હીંદના આશીસ.

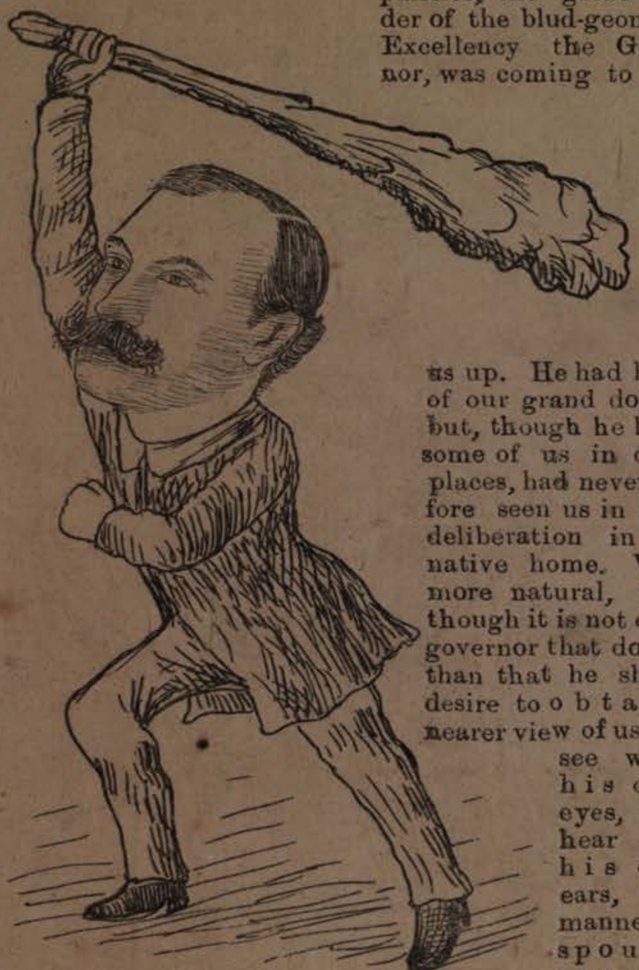
હીંદી પંચ—મારી વાહાલી શાહજાદી, તારાં નકી થયલાં લગનના સુભ અવસરપર એક નાકેસ પણ ખરાં વફાદાર જીગર તરફની પૅરજ્નેટ તારી આગળ મારી હીંદબાઈ ધરે છે! ખોદા તુને સુખી રાખો, મારાં બચાં, અને નેકી નીતીના જે સદગુણો તારાં બપાઈના તખતની આસપાસ ફરી વળેલા છે, તે સઘળાંનો સા હયો તું પર રહો!

[નામદાર પ્રીન્સ એન્ડ વેલસની ત્રીજી દીકરી શાહજાદી મૅાડ પોતાના મામા ડેનમારકના પાટવી કુંવરના દીકરા પ્રીન્સ ચારલસ સાથ અદરાઈ છે.]

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINEANT.)

Thursday, 16*th Jan*.—The Zoo was in unwonted excitement to-day. Our Lion and our Lamb, our horses, asses and dogs, our wolves and jackals, our bulls, bears and boars, our sharks and gulls, had donned their holiday attire, and, looking the picture of animation, filled the Hall from end to end. The galleries, too, teemed with visitors of all degrees, who had come to enjoy the show. For it was a red-letter day in the annals of our history. Our great keeper, the exalted personage who makes and mars municipalities, the great wielder of the blud-geon, His Excellency the Governor, was coming to look us up. He had heard of our grand doings, but, though he knew some of us in other places, had never before seen us in close deliberation in our native home. What more natural, then, though it is not every governor that does it, than that he should desire to obtain a nearer view of us, and see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, our manner of spouting, arguing, fighting and deliberating. Governors' visits, like angels,' are "few and far between," and this was our gala day!



The great wielder of the bludgeon.

His Excellency had announced his coming beforehand. Not perhaps the right way, if the object was to see how we spout, argue, fight and deliberate. The announcement had simply put us on our best behaviour. We appeared to have left all our evil manners at home. No defying the chair, no calling of names, no flying at each other's throat. A little sparring there was, but of the gentlest, and the inveterate joker's occupation seemed to have gone, though his irrepressible nature did occasionally assert itself, like jack in the box, but in the most subdued manner possible. We thought Mr. Dew, when he called himself a lamb the other day, was simply chaffing, but to-day, he proved his claim to the name to the hilt, and was, if possible, gentler even than the lamb. It is a mistake for big men to announce themselves like this beforehand Whether it is a city that they are going to see, or a mill or an institution or a school that they are going to inspect, the right way is to appear on the scene unannounced, and a hundred sights and sounds, blemishes and complaints, if you like, which otherwise would be kept studiously in the background, would make themselves seen and heard with marvellous distinctness. To have seen us in our native element, His Excellency ought, like another Haroun Al Raschid, to have gone incog. to the gallery and watched us, himself unknown and unseen. He would, then, have carried away, I'll be bound, a totally different, at any rate, a more lively, impression of us. Will the great American humourist, Mark Twain, now on his side-splitting mission among us, take the hint, if he is inclined to see the First Assembly in India in its native roughness?



The irrepressible joker.

But if the previous announcement served to give an



Gentler even than a lamb.



THE ENTIRE MENAGERIE.

outward polish to our manners, it also had the effect of hurrying us on to the show. For who would miss the chance of seeing, and being seen by, the highest in the land, or of posing before him as the people's champion, as the indispensable person who puts his shoulder to the wheel, and lo! it turns! Ordinarily, it takes ever so long to gather together the paltry dozen and a half or so required to form a quorum, except of course on occasions when questions, affecting personal interests or those of some protégé or friend, are on the tapis. But few are the regular, early birds that identify themselves with public questions, as such, regardless of party feeling. To-day, however, the representative of royalty had to be met, and we had our quorum some three times over. Almost the entire menagerie was in attendance. No siesta stood in the way to-day, no pre-engagement, or lassitude or dulness!

After His Excellency had been received with royal honours, we plunged at once into medias res. The master of the ceremonies, with a flourish of trumpets, announced to the *ladies* and gentlemen present —(we are some of us ladies too, respectable, antiquated dames, as obstinate as garrulous, and the master would not neglect them, for he is nothing if not polite)—that the "show was a-goin' to begin." Those, who were going to take part in it, cleared their throats, those, who knew next to nothing about it, wore a knowing look, and His Excellency's eyes were rivetted on the agenda paper, a handsome performance on velvet which we had prepared for him.

Unhappily, it was not much of a show. His Excellency's presence had "repressed our ignoble—rage, and froze the genial current of our soul," and there was not much in the business itself to exhilarate the spirit. Budget-meetings, as a rule, are dull, and this one would have been duller than the dullest, if, thanks to Dr. V. Gas, he had not thoughtfully prepared a series of amendments, which he let off, like rockets, one after another with a patience and perseverance worthy of a better cause, and which, as they never rose much above the surface, created not a little merriment. Encouraged by his successful opposition to an increase in the salary of the superintendent of licenses at the last meeting, he directed similar attacks against other officers, and though he had, of course, the able support of his seconder-general, Mr. Dhakjee Cashinath, the other members fell off from him, like leaves in autumn, leaving him to chew the cud of disappointment as he may. His care of our finances, in thus setting himself against growing expenditure, was commendable, but adding insult to injury, Mr. Seraph, with unamiable emphasis, held up the doctor's moral courage as being none of the strongest, in that he attacked only "small flies," and did not care to venture near the big ones. Prudence is the better part of valour, and perhaps, from the worldly point of view which, of course, must be beyond Mr. Seraph's comprehension, the doctor was right. In the case of the Superintendent of Victoria Gardens, Dr. Gas stood up against a small increase, first because he was no expert and experts were contented with



Haroun Al Rachid the Second.



Mr. Seconder-General.

smaller salaries, secondly because he had a house to live in free of charge, and thirdly because he had once allowed thieves to catch him napping. Here a little joke came in handy, and Mr. Bomaster fired it off. The Superintendent, he said, had not only a free house but the benefit of as much free and pure air to swallow as he chose, and what, under the circumstances, did he want to do with a larger salary! As for being robbed, suppose Dr. Gas' pocket was picked, as pockets may be picked any day, in a tram-car, and on going home, he was curtain-lectured for his recklessness! Would that incident impair his general efficiency, or serve as his perpetual condemnation! For want of a better, this joke sufficed to set us in a roar, and His Excellency, to keep us in countenance, wore an approving smile. I hope he enjoyed the joke, such as it was! A little more business, a few more additions to people's salaries, a growl against the Tramway Company, for so digging up the public roads as to seriously inconvenience both passenger and vehicular traffic, a plea for the better numbering of our houses, three cheers for his Excellency, and His Excellency drove off. We hope he went away thoroughly satisfied with us, as capable business men. If he is not favourably impressed with our performance, it will not be our fault. For we did our best to out gentle the gentle Mr. Dew, and were all so many gentle lambs, at least, on the surface, our rougher natures subdued for the moment and kept well under control.

PROVERBS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Revised Up to Date, with compliments to the Noble Army of Cyclists.

Never look at the bearings of a gift cycle.

One man may steal a bike, while another man may not look at a tyre.

To a rickety bike all roads are bad.

You cannot lend your bike and ride it too.

All are not cyclists who wear knickerbockers.

A small thorn will puncture a big tyre.

Half a tandem is better than no cycle.

A rickety bike makes the most noise.

He who would break records must not beafraid of the dust.

It's a good bike that never wobbles.

Many ride out who walk home.

Troubles come on cycles, but go away on foot.

"I AM on my way home, doctor," said a parsimonious City Alderman, who was fond of getting advice gratis, meeting a well-known physician, "and I'm throughly tired and worn out. What ought I to take?" "Take a cab," replied the intelligent medico.

A SERIOUS charge—That in a 100-ton gun.



Unamiable emphasis!



OUR MODERN BA[illegible]

Wifey.—So you say you are [illegible] even up to a subordinate judgeship. All that money, then, that you borrowed of me to go and become a barrister in England is thrown away!

Hubby.—Not exactly. I am a pucka barrister, as you see. But there is one thing I lack, and that is, a knowledge of Indian Law, in which a common district pleader can floor me any day!

Wifey.—Well, I'm floored, but it's all my fault. I ought to have remembered that a fool and her money are easily parted. I nursed vain hopes of recouping my loan, and all I've got is a costly toy on my hands—a show-barrister who can hardly afford his own finery!

આપણા હાલ જમાનાના બારીસ્ટરેા.

ધણીયાંણી—પણ જો એક સબારડીનેટ જડજનીબી જગાને તમે લાયક નહી હેાયેા, તેા પછી મારા જે પઈસા લઈને તમે છેક વેલાતવેર બારીસ્ટર થવા ગીયા તે બધા નકામાજ પાણીમાં નાખ્યા કે?

ધણી—નહી, એટલું બધું કંઈ નથી. તું જોની, હું બારીસ્ટર તેા પુરેપુરેા થઈ આયેાચ. પણ એકજ ચીજની ખામી રેહી ગેઈચ. "ઈનડીયન લા"માં મારૂં બધું ઠંઠ ગીયું ગારૂંજ છે! તે તેા કંઈ મને થાકતેાજ નથી, ને મને લાગેચ કે એક કામન ડીસ્ત્રીક્ટ પ્લીડરબી તેમાં તેા મને મારી જાય!

ધણીયાંણી—અરે હરવઈરે હું! મેં સું મુરખાઈ કરીને બધા પઈસા કહાડી આપ્યા! હું તેા ધારતીતી કે જા, તમે બારીસ્ટર થઈને હેાણુ જાણે સું એક કેાથરા ભરી ભરીને કમાઈ કરસેા ને મારા પઈસા કેટલાએક વારી આપસેા! પણ તેને બદલે તેા તમે ધનધન લેરી જેવા ધણી સાંબા મારે પરચા, ને હું તેા ફકત એક શેાભન શાબનનું જેાવાનું રમકરૂંજ લેઈ ને બેઠી! તમે ફાંકેસ થઈને એમ તેમ ફરયા કરેા ને અરધીનુ બી તમાસામાં મીઠું નહી હેાય, તેા પછી તમે બારીસ્ટર થયા કે નહી થયા તે બધું મને તેા સરખુંજ છે!



JUSTICE *vs.* INJUSTICE.

Boy W-stl-nd.—(*To the cat*) You won't get anything out of this, sir! It's all for my pet dog!

[The Indian mill-owner has protested vigorously against the flagrant injustice done him in the new Cotton Duties Bill by the Government of India.]

ઈનસાફ વીરૂધ ગેરઈનસાફ.

વેસ્ટલેંડ બુચેા—(બીલાડાને) તુંને એમાંથી એક રજભારબી મળશે નહીં! એ બધું મારા આએ વાહાલા કુત્રા માટેજ છે! માટે તું ટગર ટગર જેાયા કરવાનું તેા માંડીજ વાળ!

[હીંદી મીલેાનાં સધળી જાતનાં કાપડ ઉપર જગાત લેવાનેા જે ધારાનેા ખરડેા હીંદી સરકારે બાંધવા કહાડયેા છે, તેમાં હીંદી મીલ માલેકને મેનચેસ્ટરના મીલ માલેકને ખાતર જે શરમ ભરેલેા ઉઘાડેા ગેરઈનસાફ કરવામાં આવ્યેા છે, તે સામે તેણે મજબુત પ્રાટેસ્ટ કીધેા છે.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 44.

THE BOMBAY JERRY-BUILDER AND HOUSE-OWNER.

" A rap for the tenant ! My rents are all I care for ! "

મી૦ પંચનાં ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ—નાં૦ ૪૪.

જુનાપુરાનાં કાટમાંથી ખરચા ખરખર નવી ઇમારતો ઉભી કરનારો મુંબઇનો ઘરવાળો.

" ભાડુત જાય જહાનમમાં ! તેની દરકાર શાની ? દરકાર તો બધી મારે મારાં ભાડાંનીજ કરવાની !"



SAD REFLECTIONS.

" How green I was to thank George Hamilton in anticipation ! I thought he was so sincere in considering the claims of the Indian poor, and hoped he would reduce the Salt Tax first ! But no such luck. It's the Millionaire Mill-owner of Manchester, whose benefit is looked after and secured before mine !"

ઉદાસી ભરેલો અંદેશો.

" કેવી હું ભોળી ભટાક કે ભેંસ આવવા આગમજ મેં ખુંટો હાટયો અને જયોરજ હેમીલટનનો અગાઉથીજ ઉપકાર માની દીધો ! હીંદના ગરીબડા દેશીના લાભ ઉપર પેહેલાં ધ્યાન આપવાની તેની વાતમાં સચાઇ ને પ્રમાણીકપણું હું તો ધારતી હતી, અને આશા રાખતી હતી કે પેહેલી તકેજ તે ગરીબડા દેશીનાં નીમખ ઉપરનો કર ઘટાડી દેશે ! પણ તેમાંનું તો કાંઇ મળેજ નહી ! બીચારો ગરીબડો હીંદી તો બાજુ ને બાજુજ રહી ગયો છે, અને સરવેથી પેહેલાં મેનચેસ્ટરના લક્ષાપતી મીલ માલેકના લાભ ને ફાયદાને તેણે જોયો છે ! અરે નસીબ ! "

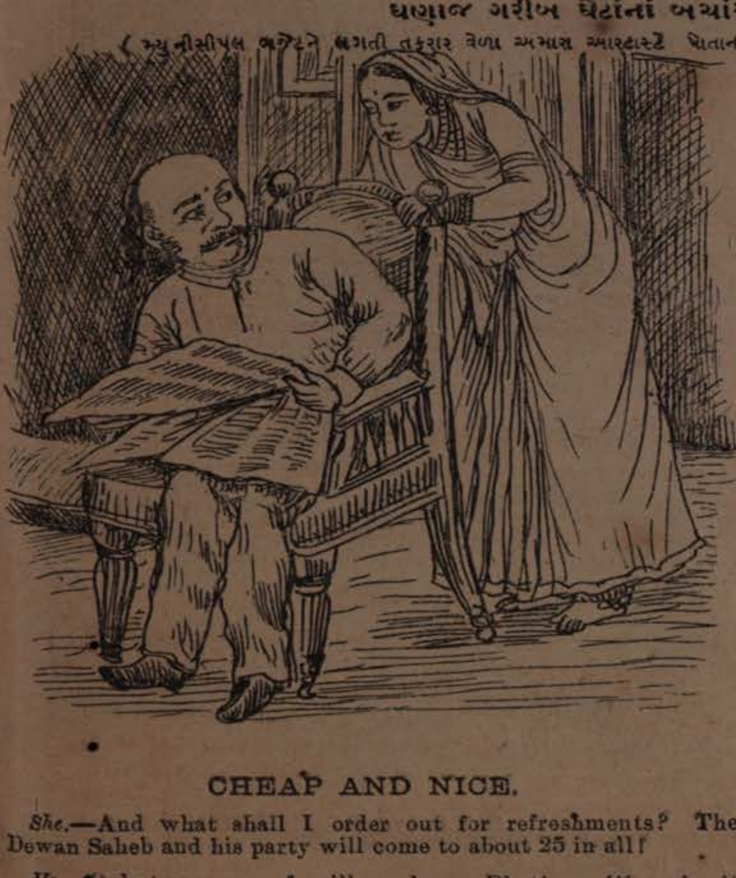
" SUCH IMPUDENCE !"—(But he got his half-crown. Cabby : " Fare, miss ? Ah ! now, if it wasn't for the missus and the kids yer sweet face'ud be fare enough for me ! "

THE CIVIC MENAGERIE.—No. 1—THE QUIETEST LAMBS.



(A pencil note made by our Artist during the Municipal Budget discussion.)

મુંબઈના શેહેરીબાવાની "મીનેઝરી" અથવા જાનવરોનું સંગ્રહસ્થાન :—નાં ૧.
ઘણાજ ગરીબ ઘેટાંનાં બચાંઓ.
(મ્યુનીસીપલ બજેટને લગતી તકરાર વેળા અમારા આરટીસ્ટે પોતાની પેનસીલથી કીધેલી એક નોંધ.)



CHEAP AND NICE.

She.—And what shall I order out for refreshments? The Dewan Saheb and his party will come to about 25 in all!

He.—Only two seers of milk, and our Bhatjee will make it equal to five, thanks to Tansa water! There's so much of it! And about a couple of annas, worth of *Pan Sooparee*, and some 50 *gajras*, which you will get for a song from the waifs who pick them up at Parsi weddings!

સસતું ને સોંધું ને વળી સારૂં!

અલી—અને ઓલા આવશે તેમને માટે કાંઈ રીફ્રેશમેંટ તો રાખશો ને? દીવાન સાહેબને ને તેમનાં માણસો મળીને આશરે પચીસ જણ તો થશેજ થશે!

અલ્યો—હા, તેમને માટે તું બશેર દુધ મંગાવ, ને ઓળા ભટને કહી રાખ,—તે બશેરનું પાનશેર બનાવી દેશે! તાનસાનાં પાણીનો કીયાં હમણા દુકાળ છે જે તેની વાત! વળી બે આનાના પાન સુપારી મંગાવી રાખજે અને પચાસ ગજરા લેજે! તે તો તને મફત મહીજ મળશે! ઓલા પારશુડીઆઓને ત્યાંના લગન મહી ઓલા ઘાટાના પોરયાઓ પડેલા ખડેલા ગજરા ઊંચકી લાવે છેને તેમની પાસથી લેજે, એટલે બહુજ સસ્તા પડશે! સમજીને, અલી?

SOMEWHAT PREVIOUS.—Mamma: "Why are you so dejected? You have every reason to be elated after having taken such honours in classics and your essay on Deductive Philosophy won the admiration of all the faculty. So well equipped a girl should——"—Accomplished daughter: "That's just the trouble. How—how can I find a husband who's able to sew buttons on, and cook, and mind the—the—oh!" [Weeps.]

"MR. BOREHAM (who has already stayed over an hour and talked about himself the whole time): "Yes, I'm sorry to say I am a martyr to insomnia. I've tried everything, but I cannot get sleep at night!"—His hostess (sweetly): "Oh, but I can tell you a very simple remedy. You should talk to yourself—after going to bed!"

QUITE PREPARED.—Mrs. Brown: "You have no excuse for staying out till this time of night!"—Old Brown: "Haven't I? What do you 'spose I've been standin' round the corner the last half hour thinking of, then?"



IN HIGH JINKS!

A WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE OF THE PET OF COTTONOPOLIS!

[At the dictation of Lancashire, a Bill to reduce the import duties on Lancashire goods from five to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and to tax Indian cloth of all counts has been introduced into the Supreme Legislative Council.]

ખુશખુશાલી અને રંગરાગમાં ગજ મહારાજ!

"કૉટનોપોલીસ"ના હાથીનો હેરતભરેલો ખેલ!

[લિનકેશીચરના કારખાનાંવાળાઓના હુકમથી તેમનાં કાપડ ઉપરની પાંચ ટકાની આયાત જગાત ઘટાડીને ૩॥ ટકાની કરવા અને સઘળી જાતનાં હીંદી કાપડ ઉપર કર લેવાને લગતો એક ધારાનો ખરડો વડી ધારા સભામાં દાખલ કરવામાં આવ્યો છે.]



THE SHADOW OF SORROW.

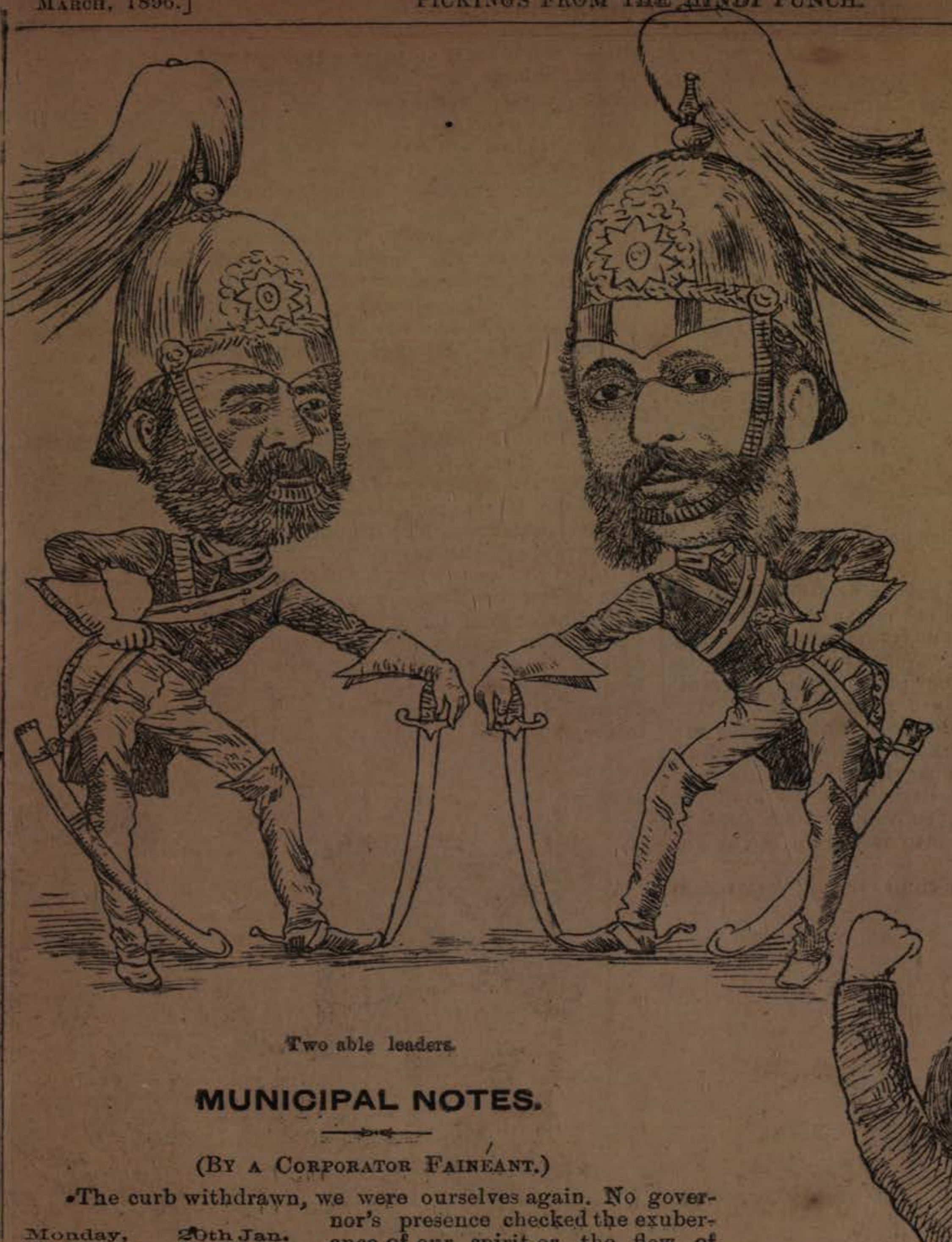
PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG, CONSORT OF PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Born, 5th October, 1858. *Died, 20th January, 1896.*

દલગીરી અને ગમનો સીહા પડછાયો!

પ્રીનસેસ બીએત્રીસના ધણી પ્રીનસ હેનરી ઑફ બેટનબરગનાં દુખદાયક મરણની યાદમાં.

જનમ, તા૦ ૫ મી અકટોબર ૧૮૫૮. મરણ, તા૦ ૨૦ મી જાનેવારી ૧૮૯૬.



Two able leaders.

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 20th Jan.
Thursday, 23rd „
Monday, 27th „
Wednesday, 29th „

The curb withdrawn, we were ourselves again. No governor's presence checked the exuberance of our spirit or the flow of our natural eloquence, adorned by those charming personalities, which we were compelled on the last occasion to avoid. We revelled in them once more to our hearts' content. We spouted, argued, fought, deliberated—and vituperated too. If His Excellency had only chosen to come on one of these days, more especially the third day, he would have seen us in our true colours, but then he should have come unannounced. As it is, he has lost a treat, the richest that even we are likely to provide for some time to come.

I have grouped together these four days, for, with the exception of the first day, we were occupied, during the whole of the period, with one and the same question, a burning one, dividing the house into two powerful, opposing factions under two able leaders, who, heated with discussion, went, at one time, almost to the verge of using the short monosyllable tabooed by polite society.

The first day was devoted to business of a general character, the most important being the creation of a building fund for suitably housing our primary schools. Taking advantage of our flourishing condition, we have already handsomely started the fund, and have resolved to add to it from time to time as our circumstances shall permit. This is a generous measure, calculated to wipe away the unjust reproach of indifference to primary education, with which we have been



" Lost a treat! Poor me!"



The swallow building its nest.

charged. Truly speaking, we have never been indifferent at all, and it is mostly the burden of other people's sins that it has been the fashion to throw upon us, for the schools, when they came over to us from the Government, were in a scandalous condition. What we did to-day is an unmistakeable evidence of our present and past zeal and an earnest of what we are going to do in the future. The fund may take long to build up, for we may not always be able to make to it the same addition as to-day, or any addition at all, but the sign is a hopeful one. It is little by little that the swallow builds its nest, and the fund, so happily inaugurated to-day, may swell by degrees into as large a one as we need want for our purpose.

After the primary schools came that "weariness of the flesh, vexation of the spirit, and waste of intellectual energy," so pathetically complained of by the octogenarian member of the house, Dr. Blaney. "Oh dear! Oh dear!" I said, in commiseration of the old gentleman's misery. "What! Oh dear!" he cried, "it is a feminine ejaculation." I was dumb, dumb with amazement, too, that one, who so excels all others in ejaculations, should object to a simple exclamation from me! To come to the business, it was a wrangle all round on the much-vexed question of House-connections, and recriminations and ill blood copiously attended the discussion of it. Some time back, when this same question was brought up, we relegated it to another day, because we wanted more information. The opponents of this postponement called it a plea for more time, and Dr. Blaney said that it was because Mr. Leo found himself in a drowning condition, that Dr. Bhalchandra generously gave him a plank to float on. However it was, the event proved that the adjournment was wise, for more information did come to us to-day in the shape of a singularly lucid report from Mr. Snow. On one point especially, *viz.*, the cost of the connections, the house was very much divided, those, who were for making the Municipality pay it, naturally putting it as low as possible, so that there may be no fear of "depleting our treasury;" the other side, going to the opposite extreme. Thus the cost was variously put at from only twenty lacs to one or two crores. In the Commissioner's report, however, we have the authoritative statement that it would be about 70 lacs.



The bone of contention.



The young boy.

True, there is this much-convenient word, *about*, to serve as a loop-hole! Past experience proves that municipal estimates are the most elastic of all elastic things in the world, and stretch from pole to pole! Nevertheless, it was safer to take the Commissioner's estimate than the random guesses of corporators, who narrowed or magnified the cost, as it suited their purpose. The bone of contention at starting, and Mr. Leo and Dr. Blaney picked it between them with their respective supporters urging them on, was that while the one said that it was the house-owner's business and he should pay for it, the other maintained that the Municipality should take it up. To-day, Mr. Ibrahim Rahimtoola, coming between the combatants, suggested a middle course, and though Dr. Blaney gave this "young boy" some grandfatherly advice, the gist of which was that he should conduct himself with an eye to number one or his voters might throw him out, the "young boy" throughout conducted himself with fearless independence and gave ample evidence that it was not always age that conferred wisdom. He suggested that the connections should be done by the Municipality, to be done efficiently, and at its own expense first, making it subsequently recoverable from the house-owners by easy half-yearly instalments extending over 10 years. A sensible proposition, fair to the Municipality and not hard on the house-owners, which at first seemed to commend itself, by its moderation and wisdom, to most of the corporators, and Mr. Leo himself took Mr. Rahimtoola's side, amidst the sneer of Mr. Hamilton that he had been "converted" and the chaff of Dr. Blaney that he had deserted his "bantling," and allowed a "step-father" to take it up to nurse it. Soon however the change came, and it was but a step from approval to condemnation of the proposition. It was unworkable, said one; the instalment business savoured too much of the Marwaree to be taken up by the Municipality with any regard to its dignity, urged another; I don't like these house-connections at all, they have proved disastrous in Calcutta and might do so here too, I would put them off to some thirty or forty years, and none of us would be the worse for the delay, cried a third. The



"I dont like these house-connections at all!"

upshot of it all was that the house-owning interest in the Corporation was too strong to permit of the matter being looked at with other than the house-owner's eyes, and Dr. Blaney triumphed in the end amidst loud huzzas. Of course, the house-owner will pay for it in the shape of an increased house-tax, but only in the first instance, for he is too shrewd and self-interested to allow his pocket to bear the burden, and eventually it will be the poor tenant who will have to pay the *piper*! This overthrow of Mr. Leo so tickled Mr. Master that he forgot to joke, and, becoming as serious as a judge, remarked that Mr. Leo had done a wise thing to beat an honourable retreat because, if he had been present, the artillery directed against him, with the powerful aid of Mr. Master himself, of course, would have annihilated him. The general impression, Mr. Master gloatingly continued, was that Mr. Leo always carried the day, for he "stuck like a leech" to whatever he brought forward and only retarded business, whereas his absence to-day had so simplified matters—as to enable Mr. Master to fire off without opposition. Members became impatient of Mr. Master's irrelevant tirade, the President told him to desist, but Mr. Leo had called a rate-payers' meeting, in which Mr. Master was interested, a "fiasco," saying that there were *twenty-five* people present at it, when the actual number was *thirty*, and Mr. Master would have his revenge. He did take it, despite the members and President, and Mr. Leo, who, on the last, losing day, came in towards the end, was too magnanimous to grudge it him. If it did Mr. Master any good to vent his speech in the manner he did, Mr. Leo would not object, for after all Mr. Master's triumphs are "few and far between!" Let him enjoy them, while he may, for all too soon the snub direct may come, putting an end to his rejoicings.

Hindi Punch, 2-2-96.

HARD TIMES.—Dead-beat Masher: "I see you give an extra pair of trousers free with each suit." Tailor: "Yes, sir." Dead-beat Masher: "Well, I think I'll take the extra pair. It's all I can afford at present."

SMART.—Charitable Old Gentleman: "Why don't you work? Work makes life sweet." Beggar: "Sorry, sir, I get toothache if I take anything sweet."



AMENITIES OF MARRIED LIFE AFTER A YEAR.

Mrs. Shapoorshah—These photographers are such nice people. They make photos more beautiful than the realities they are meant to represent!

Mr. S.—And that's how a first rate fellow like me was taken in before marriage. I thought on first looking at your photo that my wife would be a real Venus!

Mrs. S.—And what am I really but a Goddess of Beauty! It's I who have a right to complain, seeing that I have thrown myself away on a tailor-made Chimpanzee!

પરણ્યા પછીનાં પેહેલાં વરસે.

મીસીસ શાપુરશાહ— આએ ફોટોગરફરો કેવા ભલા માણસો છે હું. કોઈનોબી ફોટો લીધા પછી તે ગમે તેવો હોય પણ તેને ફોટોમાં તો એવો ખુબસુરત દેખાડેછ કે જાણે જે વરી જોયા જ કરીયે.

મી૦ શાપુરશાહ—અને તેજ મોહકાને મારા જેવો આવો સરસ ને મેહેરાવ તો જુવાન પર ણવા આગમજ બની ગીયોતો તો! તારો ફોટો જયારે મેં પેહેલ વેહેલો જોયો ત્યારે હું તો એમજ મનમાં મળકાઈ છળકાઈ ગીયોતો કે મારી બઈરી કેણ જાણે કેવી એક "વીનસ" ના જેવી ખુબસુરત પરી હોસે!

મીસીસ—ને વરી હું ખરે ખર તે શું છેજ જે?—નકેરી વીનસના જેવીજ એક ખુબસુરત પરી! પણ તમારાં કરતાં તો ફરયાદ કરવાનું વધારે મનેજ કારણ છે, કેમકે હવે મને બરાબર સમજ પડેછ કે મેં બી કેવા એક ચીમપાનઝી જેવા વાંદરાને પસંદ કીધો! હું બી અમસથીજ પેહેલાં ફોટો જોઈને લાભઈ ગઈ ને નેકટાઈ ને કાલર ને એસકી કટનું પાટલુન કગલો જોઈનેજ ફવામાં પરી મુઈ!



"A SOP FOR MY PET!"

"Ah, my love! By and bye you may expect sweeter things still!"

["The directors of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce have passed a resolution approving of Sir James Westland's scheme, and hoping that the Cotton Duties will be altogether removed at the earliest possible date. A similar resolution has been passed by the Indian Import Duties Committee."— *Telegram.*]

"મારા વહાલા કુત્રા માટે નાનનો નવાલો !"

"આહ મારા વાહાલા ! બીજી વખત તુને એનાં કરતાં બી વધારે મીઠી ને લેહેઝતદાર ચીજો ખાવા આપશ !"

["મેનચેસ્ટરની ચેમબર આફ કામરસના ડીરેકટરોએ એક ઠરાવ પસાર કરી સર જેમ્સ વેસ્ટલેંડની યોજના પસંદ કરી છે, અને ઉમેદ બતાવી છે કે જેમ બને તેમ ઉતાવળે બાકીની જગાત પણ કહાડી નાખવામાં આવશે. એવોજ એક ઠરાવ મેનચેસ્ટરનાં કારખાનાવાળાઓની કમીટીએ પસાર કરયો છે."—તાર.]

THE CIVIC MENAGERIE—No. 2.

THE ROARING LION AND THE GROWLING OLD TIGER.

(A Pencil Note by our artist during the House-Connections, discussion.)



મુંબઈના શેહેરીઆવાની "મીનેઝરી" અથવા જાનવરોનું સંગ્રહસ્થાન.—નાο ૨.

બરાડા મારતો સીંહ અને ઘુરકયા કરતો બુઢો વાઘ.

(ઘરો સાથ ગટરનાં જોડાણ કરવાના ખરચને લગતી તકરાર વેળા અમારા ચીતારાએ પોતાની પેનસીલથી કાઢેલી એક નોંધ.)



THE HOUNDS!—TEARING AND SCRATCHING AND BITING!

[Never before in the annals of Indian Legislation has so much stir been created in the country as at present against the Cotton Duties Bill.]

શીકારી કુત્રાઓ !

કેવા તેઓ ફાડવા તોડવા, નખરચાં દેવા અને કરડવા મંડી ગયા છે !

[હીંદી કાપડ ઉપર જગાત નાખવાના ધારા સામે હમણા જેવી જોશભરી ચરચા અને ઉશ્કેરણી આખા દેશમાં ચાલી રહી છે તેવી અગાઉ કદી પણ કોઈ દીવસે ચાલેલી જોવામાં આવી નથી.]



AFTER THE EVENING PARTY.

Meherbanoo—I don't think I shall go to any more parties, MUNCHEE dear! It's all t r o u b l e wasted. In the Westfield Hall, the other day I did all I could to look my best, and was really the brightest gem in the assembly, but the pape r s simply ignore us. Fancy, our names not being down in the list of those present!

Munchee—Oh! It's my fault. I forgot to salaam the reporters and to keep myself *en evidence*! They are usually troubled with short memories, and unless we tell them to remember us in their reports, we are nowhere!

ઇવનીંગ પારટીમાં જઇ આવયા પછી.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનુ ૩૭૪મું.]



IN MEMORIAM.
HIS HIGHNESS RAWAL SHREE TAKHATSINGHJEE, G.C.S.I.,
Maharaja Saheb of Bhownagar.
Born, 1858.　Died, 29th Jan. 1896.
મરહુમ ભાવનગરના માહરાજા સાહેબ રાવલ શ્રી તખતસીંગજીનાં ખેદકારક મરત્યુકની યાદમાં.



KILLING THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.
સોનેરી ઈંડાં મુકનારાં હાંસને મારી નાખવાની છરી.



A BLAZE OF TRIUMPH!
A SCENE FROM HAMILTON AND ELGIN'S ROYAL INDIAN CIRCUS.

[Public opinion is much shocked at the way in which the Government of India have become the mouth-piece of the "Mandate" of Lord George Hamilton before they had time to duly consider the weighty memorial of the Mill-owner's Association.]

" ફતેહનેા એક ચળકતેા ભડકેા ! "
હેમીલટન અને એલગીનના રેાયલ ઇનડીયન સરકસમાંનેા એક વીચીત્ર ખેલ.

[મીલ ઓનરસ એસેાસીએશનની વજનદાર અરજીમાં સમાએલી તકરારેા પર ઘટતેા વીચાર કરવાનું બને તે આગમજ હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાનાં પ્રધાને કીધેલા હુકમ મુજબ હીંદી કાપડ ઉપર જગાત નાખવાનું જે કામ હીંદી સરકારે બજાવી કહાડયું છે તેથી પ્રજામતને બહુજ આંચકેા લાગેા છે.]



"WHAT'S IN A NAME!"

Matoo.—So many engagements in a single day! An evening party, a wedding party and a nautch party! At different places, but at one and the same time! Blest if I knew where to go to!

Goolab.—I'll cut the Gordian knot for you. Let the parties alone, and try the Circus. A couple of hours' genuine recreation is better than staring and being stared at!

Matoo.—Yes, but don't you see, they don't publish a list of visitors to the Circus!

" પણ મારૂં નામ છાપામાં ન આવે તે ! "

[વધુ માટે જુવેા પાનુ ૩૭૪મું.]



House-Owner—Now, for the life of you rest, and don't vex my spirit anymore!

[The question of the cost of House Connections has been settled by a majority, of the Corporation voting that the expenditure should be borne by the Municipality.]

ઘરવાળેા—હવે ખેાદાને ખાતર તાહડેા પડી ને બેસ અને મારેા જીવ વધુ વાર ઉકાળ નહીં !

[ઘરેા સાથ ગટરેાનું જોડાણ કરવાનેા ખરચ મ્યુનીસીપાલીટીએ આપવેા એવેા ઠરાવ કારપેારેશને બહુ મતે કીધેા છે.]

DRIVING IN HARD THE PEG;

OR, THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.



[Speaking about the "Mandate" issued by Lord George Hamilton to Lord Elgin and his Council to frame the Cotton Duties Bill Mr. Grattan Geary, the veteran journalist, said at the great public meeting at the Novelty Theatre, on Tuesday the 4th Feb. last, that "the Colonies which imposed duties avowedly for protective purposes against British industry are not overruled by the Colonial Office, by the Cabinet, or by Parliament. Yet those Colonial Legislatures are as much the creation of an Act of Parliament, as is the Supreme Legislative Council of this great Indian Empire. The difference lies in this that a Colonial Government would not SUBMIT TO DICTATION in such matters, and the Government of India takes it lying down."]

ખુબ જોરથી ઠોકીને મજબુત ડાટવામાં આવતી ખુંટી;—અથવા, હીંદી સરકારની હમણાની હાલત.

[હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાંના પ્રધાન લારડ જયારજ હેમીલટને કાપડપર જગાત લેવાનો કાયદો બાંધવા નામદાર વાઈસરાય લારડ એલગીન અને તેની કાઉન્સીલ ઉપર મોકલાવેલ હુકમ વીષે બોલતાં નામીચા જાહેર લખનાર મી૦ ગ્રાટન ગીયરીએ, નાવેલટી થીએટરમાં ગયા મંગળવાર ગઈતા૦ ૪થી ફેબરવારીએ મળેલી જાહેર સભામાં જણાવ્યું હતું કે, "સંસ્થાનોની સરકારોએ ઈંગ્લંડમાં બનાવવામાં આવતા માલ ઉપર પોતાને ત્યાંના માલનું રક્ષણ કરવાને ખાતર ખુલ્લી રીતે આયાત જગાત નાખી છે, અને તોપણ તેમનું તે કામ સંસ્થાનો ખાતાંનો પ્રધાન, પ્રધાન મંડળ કે પારલામેંટ રદ કરી શકતાં નથી; તો જોકે હીંદુસ્તાનની વડી ધારાસભાની માફક જ સંસ્થાનોની સરકારોની ધારાસભા ઈંગ્લંડની પારલામેંટે ઉભી કરી છે. તફાવત એ છે કે, સંસ્થાનોની સરકારે એવી બાબતમાં ઈંગ્લંડની સરકારનો હુકમ માનતી નથી, પણ હીંદી સરકાર તો નમી જઈને તે કહે તેમ કરે છે."]



THE MODERN JANUS.

Lord George Hamilton in November, 1895 :—

"I will do nothing without consulting you and your interests, my dear!"

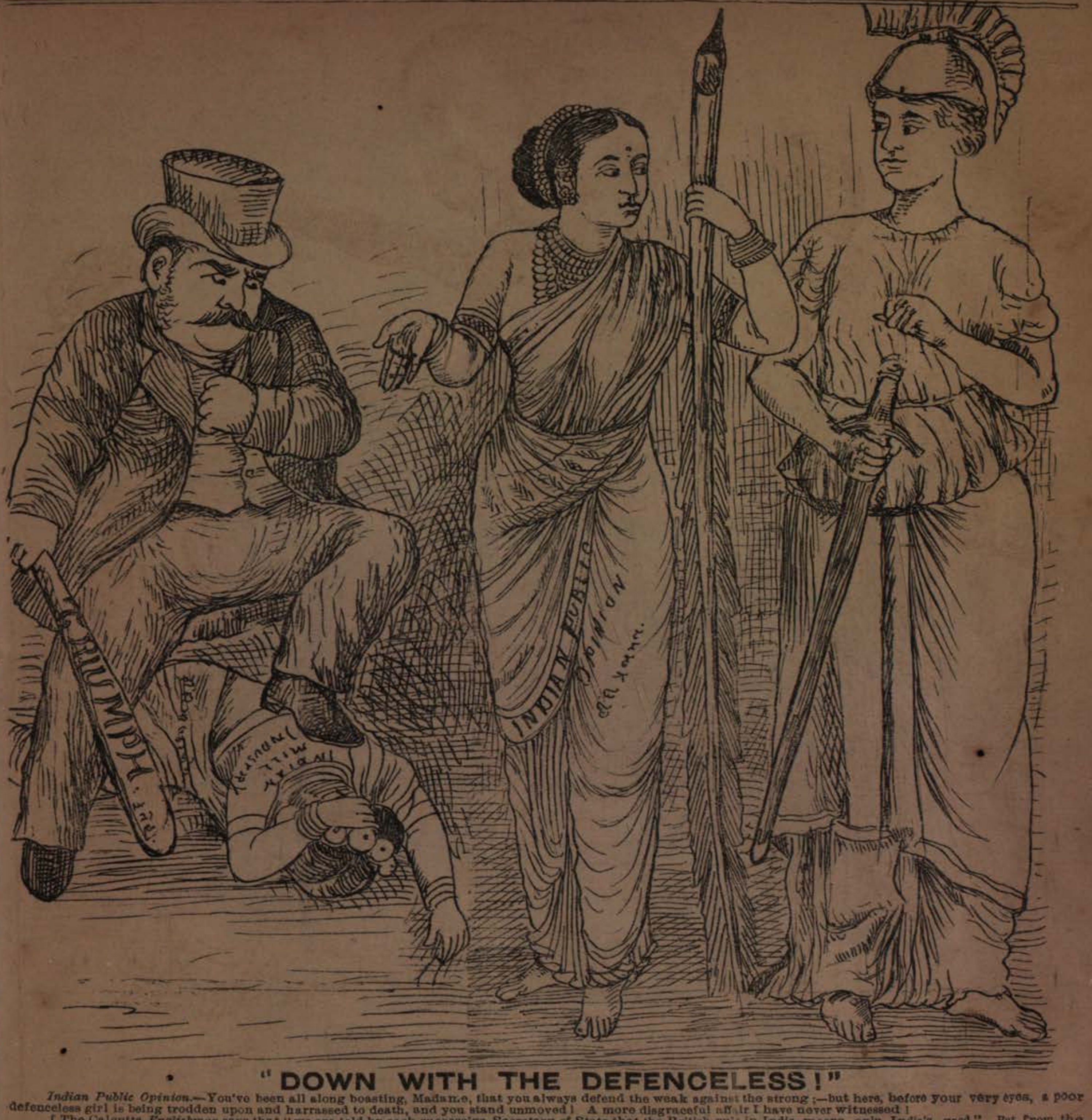
Lord George Hamilton in January, 1896 :—

"You and your interests be blowed! I'll order as I like, and do everything for my friends of Manchester!"

આ જમાનાનો "જેનસ"—અથવા આપણો બેમુખી હીંદી પ્રધાન.

લારડ જયોરજ હેમીલટન, નવેમબર ૧૮૯૫ માં :—"તું બે ફીકર રહેજે, મારી વાહાલી; તારી મસલત લેયા વીના અને તારા લાભની સંભાળ રાખ્યા વગર હું કશું પણ કરશ નહીં!"

લારડ જયોરજ હેમીલટન, જાનેવારી ૧૮૯૬ માં :—"તું.ને તારા લાભ જાય જહાનમમાં! હું મારા ગમથી તે હોકમ આપશ અને મારા મેનચેસ્ટરના દોસ્તોને ખાતર દરેક ચીજ કરશ!"



"DOWN WITH THE DEFENCELESS!"

Indian Public Opinion.—You've been all along boasting, Madame, that you always defend the weak against the strong;—but here, before your very eyes, a poor defenceless girl is being trodden upon and harrassed to death, and you stand unmoved! A more disgraceful affair I have never witnessed!

[The Calcutta *Englishman* says that "we are told by each successive Secretary of State that the British rule in India means only India's good." But from the proceedings anent the Cotton Duties Bill "let us definitely understand that the Parliament at home has made up its mind to govern India for the profit of Manchester and Dundee."]

"ગરીબ બીચારી નીરાધારને વધારે કચડ !"

હીંદી પ્રજામત—બાઈ સાહેબ, તમે હંમેશાં એવી વડાઈ લેતાં આવ્યાં છો કે જબરાની સામે નબળાના બચાવમાં તમો હંમેશાં નીકળો છો;-પણ અહીં, ખુદ તમારી નજરની સામે, બીચારી એક ગરીબ નીરાધાર બચાવ વગરની છોડીને પગ તળે કચડવાનું અને તેનો જાન લેવાનું પાપી કામ થાય છે, અને તે છતાં તમો કાંઈ પણ બનતું નહી હોય તેમ ચુપચુપ ઉભાં રહી તમાશો જોયા કરો છો! એનાં કરતાં વધારે શરમભરેલું કરપીન કરમ મેં બીજું કોઈ જોયું નથી!

[કલકતાનું ઈંગ્લીશમેન પત્ર જણાવે છે કે, "હીંદુસ્તાનમાંની અંગરેજી હકુમતનો અરથ હીંદુસ્તાનનું ભલું કરવાનો થાય છે એમ હીંદના એક પછી એક થતા આવેલા પ્રધાનો જણાવતા આવ્યા છે. પણ કાપડપર જગાત લેવાને લગતા નવા કાયદાના સંબંધમાં જે ધોરણે કામ લેવામાં આવ્યું છે તે ઉપરથી આપણે નકીપણે સમજી લેવું ઇયે કે, ઇંગ્લંડની પારલામેંટે હીંદુસ્તાનનો કારોબાર મેનચેસ્ટર અને ડનડીનાં કારખાનાવાળાઓના લાભ માટેજ ચલાવવાનો ઠરાવ કરયો છે.]



IN ONE FOND EMBRACE!

["Although the Porte denies the reported alliance between Russia and Turkey, it is believed that a tacit agreement exists where by Russia would occupy Armenia for the restoration of order, and Russian support would be accorded to Turkey in certain events, such as a British Fleet entering the Dardanelles."—*Telegram.*]

રીછ અને ટરકી વચે પ્યાર ભરેલી એક કોટી!

રખે એ કોટી બીચારી ટરકીને તદનજ દાબી દેનારી થઇ પડે?

["રૂશયા અને તરકી વચ્ચે એક બીજાને લડાઇમાં મદદ આપવાના કરાર થવાની વાતનો જોકે તરકીની સરકાર ઇનકાર કરે છે, તોપણ એમ માનવામાં આવે છે કે આરમીન્યામાં પાછી સમાધાની ફેલાવવા રૂશયાએ તે પ્રાંતનો કબજો લેવો, અને અંગ્રેજી કાફલો દારડેનલસની સામુદ્ર ધુનીમાં દાખલ થાય ત્યારે કે એવાજ બીજા સંજોગો વચ્ચે રૂશયાએ તરકીના બચાવમાં બાહાર નીકળવું, એવી છુપી સમજુતી તેઓ વચ્ચે થઇ છે."—તાર.]

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

"A Study of Childhood."—Mr. Robin H. Legge, writes from 33, Oakley-street, Chelsea :—"About a fortnight ago my wife, accompanied by her seven-year-old daughter, was shopping. When she had made her purchases the salesman asked, 'Anything further, madam ?' On my wife replying in the negative, her daughter said, 'I want a baby brother, please,' and, turning to her mother, she added, 'I am sure we ought to get one cheap at the sales.'"

Her First Thought.—Lady (travelling in Italy) : "The brigands have stolen my husband and my pug dog." Official : "We shall have to act very delicately in the matter, madam, or the brigands may put the captives to death." Lady Traveller (excitedly) : "Tell them any ransom shall be paid. Fido shall not die."

The difficulties of the English language are well illustrated in a story recently told of three French boys who were doing Shakespeare into English from their French versions. When they came to the line from *Hamlet*, "To be or not to be," the three translations came out as follows : "To was or not to am," "To were or is to not," "To should or not to will."

Those Summer Evenings !—"How much did your daughter's trip to the seaside cost ?" "Five thousand pounds." "Impossible ; you are joking." "No. She first of all stayed at a first-class hotel, and then fell in love with a young fellow. Now I have to give her a decent dowry. See ? Rather an extensive trip, wasn't it ?"

Pretty Nearly Perfect.—Mrs. May-Fair : "He says few genealogies are as flawless as his. It runs back to the time of Edward the Confessor, with but one single flaw." Mrs. Parke-Lane : "Some doubt as to a younger or elder branch ?" Mrs. May-Fair : "Yes ; his grandfather was a foundling."

His Wife : "Algernon ! Run for the doctor, quick ! Baby's just suffering awful with the colic !" The Artist : 'Er—wait a minute till I sketch him. That is the very attitude I have been trying to get for my next magazine poster."

His Next Move.—We understand that the German Emperor, not satisfied with posing as an authority upon naval, military, artistic, musical, terpsichorean and dramatic matters, is going to become an amateur chiropodist. The reason is that he is desirous of being known as William the Corn-Curer.

Pretty Widow : "Do you know that my dear little daughter has quite fallen in love with you, Count ?" The Herr Count : "Really, has she ?" P. W. : "Yes, indeed. When she saw you she said to me, 'That's the gentleman I should like for my new papa !'"

"You don't do so well as you used to," said the omnibus to the hansom cab, "now that your members are so largely increased." "Quite true," said the hackney with a sigh, "and besides," he added, "I'm tyred."

A Proud Mother.—"Madame, these letters were written by Goethe with his own hand." "I don't see anything remarkable in them. My little William writes very much better."

In the Nursery.—Father : "Willy, I hear you struck your little brother." Willy : "Yes, papa. He drank all the ink, and would not eat the blotting paper I gave him to dry it up."

A Novel Experience.—Young Wife : "Why are you continually ringing the bell, Charlie ?" Young Husband : "It is so jolly to hear the servant say, 'Yes, sir.' You know in diggings they never say sir."

May : "They tell me your engagement with Charlie Gumpleigh is broken. How did it happen ?" Carrie : "It is no great mystery. The fact is, he was too fresh to keep ; that's all."

He : "There's a superstition about this conservatory. They say no man ever took a girl in here that he didn't kiss her before he left." She (demurely) : "I've never had any reason to doubt it."

Judge : "What's the charge ?" Policeman : "Drunk, your honour." Judge (to prisoner) : "What's your name?" Prisoner : "John Gunn." Judge : "Well, Gunn, I'll discharge you this time, but you mustn't get loaded again."

Definitions Up-to-Date.—Waking up : "The British Lion in the Trance(vaal)." Made in Germany : "Apologies to England." Stormy Petrels : "Flying Squadrons."

Mrs. Johnson : "Your husband has great ability." Mrs. Stimson (who has discovered her husband) : "Yes. Irritability."

Funds are being raised to supply poor children with shoes gratis. Perhaps we shall hear this denounced as a free-booting scheme.

Sat Upon.—Jinker : "Is Crushtdown married according to the law of England ?" Blinker : "Yes, and according to the law of his wife !"

The Powers are still singing, "Oh, Promise Me" to the Sultan.

The Kaiser's favourite song—"William's sure to be right."

A Schoolboy's Query : Are three policemen's feet equal to one Scotland Yard ?

Welcome letters—PRESENTS.

Staff officers.—Policemen.

Hard lines—Those on a railway.

New Year Titles.—Turk : Family Butcher.

The line which is often drawn—The Equator.

ઈવનીંગ પારટીમાં જઈ આવ્યા પછી.

[જુવેા ચીત્ર. પાનું ૩૬૭મું.]

મેહેરબાનુ-હવે તેા હું મરતાં કદી પારટીઓમાં જવાની નથી, મંચી ડીયર ! જેવની બધી મેહેનત ફેાકટ ગેઈ. તે દહાડે વેસ્ટફીલ્ડ હાલમાં મારેા ભપકેા સપકેા દેખાડવા મેં કંઈજ બાકી રાખ્યું નહી ને બધાંમાં હુંજ નકરી પરી જેવી સેાભી રેહીતી, ને તે છતાં મુવા પેપરવાળાઓએ આપુને તેા કેાહુંજ નથી આપયું ! જેવની, બધાં હાજર રહેલાંઓનાં નામમાં આપરાં નામ તેા કેઠે મલેજ નહી !

મંચી-અરે એ તેા બધેા મારેા વાંક છે રે, ડીયર ! હું પેલા રીપેારટરેાને તપલી ઝારવાની ને તે લેાકની આગલ ને આગલ ભમયા કરવાનું વીસરીજ ગીયેા તે ! એ લેાક એક તેા વીસરભામ મુવેલા છે, ને તેમાં જેા આપરે જરા તે લેાકની સાથે હસી હસીને વાત નહી કરયે ને તેઓને ફુલનજી બનાવીને આપરાં નામ યાદ રાખવા નહી કેહીયે તેા પછી થઈજ ચુકયું ! બીજે દાહારે જીવ બરયાજ કરે !

પણ મારૂં નામ છાપામાં ન આવે તે ! ”

[જુવેા ચીત્ર, પાનું ૩૬૮મું.]

મટુ-હવે કયાં જાઉં ને કયાં નહીં ! એક દીવસ મહીજ બધેબધનાં નેાત્રાં, પછે મારે કરવું તે કેમ ? લગન મહી જાઉં, કે ઈવનીંગ પારટી મહી જાઉં, કે ઓલા પેમલાને તયાંનાં રાંડના નાચ મહી જાઉં ? શું કરવું તેની મને તેા કાંઈએ સમજ પડતી નથી ! રેાણુનાઓ એકી વખતેજ શેનાં નેાત્રાં કહાડતા હશે ! બધે ઠેકાણે એકજ વખતે જવાનું છે, પછી હું તે કયાં પુરેા પડું ? એક રહયું વાલકેશ્વર, તેા બીજું રહયું કેાટ મહી ને ત્રીજું માંડવી પર ! હું તેા બહુ મુઝવણમાં ને ગુચવાડા મહી આવી પડયેા; અરે સમજે છે કે, માણેકની મા ?

ગુલાબ-તેા લાવેાને, હું તમારી બધી અગવડને મુઝવણ મટાડી આલું ?

મટુ-બેાલને, શું કહે છે ? તું કાંઈ આ ગુચવાડેા ટાળી દેવાની તાલ શેાધી કહાડને, જેાઉં ?

ગુલાબ-તેા તમે આ રાંડનાં નાચ મહી ને પારટી મહી જવાનું માંડી વાળેા; તે મુંઆ તુંઆ ચાલેા, આપણે સાથે શરકસ મહી જઈયે ! ઓલી મઢેમેા ત્યાં ઘેાડા પર નાચે છે, તે જેાઈ બે ઘડી જીવ ખુશ થઈ જશે, ને ત્યાં તમને મુંઢની માફક બેશી પણ રેહેવું ન પડશે !

મટુ-વાત તેા ખરી, માણેકની મા; પણ સરકશ મહી જનારાઓનાં નામની ટીપ કેાઈ છાપતું નથી નેએએ ! પઈસા ખરચીને શરકસ જેવેા ને વળી નામનું નામ ન છપાય, તે કરતાં પારટી મહીજ જાઉં તેા ઠીક પડેને, કે બીજે દીવસે લેાકેા જાણે કે ઓલેા મટલેા પણ પારટી મહી આવયેા હતેા !

સરકસમાં જવાનેા દરેસ કરતાં.

[જુવેા ચીત્ર પાનું ૩૭૫ મું.]

આલુ-ઓવાય, દીનું, તુંને બી શું થયું ! મુવાં બુટ પેહેરતાંબી તુંને આટલેા બધેા વખત ! ચાલ જલદી કર, વેગી જની ! સારા આઠ તેા થઈ ગીયા, ને એમ તું બુટ પેહેરવાને વાસ્તે કલાકના કલાક કરશે તારે તેા પછી થઈજ ચુકું ! આપરે જઈસું તેટલાં તેા અરધેા ખેલ પુરેાબી થઈ રેહેસે !

દીનું-પણ હું તે સુ કરૂં ? મુવાં બુટ ચહરતાંજ નહી તે ! એમાં મારેા તે સું વાંક ! જેાની અરધેા કલાક થયેા પગને મરડી મેાચડીને જેમ તેમ અંદર દાબુંચ તેાબી મુવાં બુટ આવતાંજ નહી, ને હું તેા બધી પસીનેગાર ને થાકીને લુસ થઈ ગેઈચ !

આલુ-એ બધી મેાહકંન નાહના નંબરનાં બુટ લેવાની છે ! સાત નંબરનું બુટ તે કંઈ તુંને આવવાનું છે ? પગ તેા તારેા છે સુપરાં જેવેા, ને બુટ તેા તેં ચીનીનાં પગનાં જેવાં લીધાંચ ! તુંને તેા બાવાના પગનું દસ નંબરનું બુટ જેાઈસે. ગમે તેા તે પેહેરી લે !

ઈવનીંગ પારટીના એક મેળાવડામાં.

[જુવેા ચીત્ર પાનું ૩૭૦મું.]

પ્રાણજીવન-આ તને ફ્રેંચ બુટ બહુ શેાભે છે હેા. મારા પ્રેમ !

પ્રેમકેાર-ને તમે તેા આ કેાટ પાટલુન મહી નકરા જંગલાજ દીસેા છેા હેા ! પણ હું આમ કેહેતી હતી કે,-અં-જરા તમે કપાળ પરનું ટીલક વધારે મેાટું ને સરવે કેાઈને દુરથી દેખાઈ આવે તેવું કરેા તેા ઠીક, નહી તેા લેાકેા મને ભુલમાં ને ભુલમાં એમ સમજશે કે હું કેાઈ વટલેલ ફરંગ ગેાટલાની બાયડી હેાઈશ !

ઘરેઘર લગનના તેડાં કરવા જવાની પીડાઓ.

[જુવેા ચીત્ર, પાનું ૩૯૬મું.]

શામલા ભટાણી-અરે આ તમે રામલાના પીતા, શાંભલેા છેા કે ? આ હું તેા મરવા પડીછું હેા ! મને નહી લાગતું કે લગનને દી હું જીવતી રહું !

શામલા ભટ-એ રાંડ મુંઢ, શું અપશુકન બકે છે ! કાંઈ બીજી વાત કરવાની ન મળે કે મરવાની ને સેાનાપેારની વાત કરવા બેઠી છે, હેંએ !

ભટાણી-તેા આ હું ઘરેઘર તેડાં કરતાં મરી ચાલી નેએએ ! દર ઘરે પાંચ ને છ દાદરા ચઢતાં મારેા તેા દમજ આખર આવી ગયેા છે ! જે પીટયાએ એવી કફેાડી રૂઢી શેાધી કાઢી હેાય તે મુવાને તે શું કહું !-ચાલેા ઉઠેા, જરા મારે માટે ગરમ પાણી લાવેા ! મારે પગ શેકવા છે ! ઓ ઓ-ઓ ઓ ઓ ઓ !

ભટ-એ રાંડ ચાહ શી પીએ છે ! તેા તને મે શમજાવીને કહયું કે બાયડાંઓ માટે પણ ભાયડાઓની માફક ચીઠી કાઢવા દે, તેા સમજી ન મુઈ-પછે હવે મને શું કહે છે ! બાયડાંઓની ચીઠી કાઢી હેાત તેા આમ મરવા તેા પડત નહી, ને પગ શેકવાને ગરમ પાણી તેા નહી ચુલે મેલવું પડત ? આ તું તેડાં કરી આવીને મને કેટલેા બધેા ખરચ કરાવે છે! નહીં નહીંથી પાણી કાઢવું,-તે દેગ મહી નામવું, પછે ચુલેા ફુકવેા, બળતણ સળગાવવું, લાકડાં મેલવાં, દીવાશલી લાવવી, ફુકણી ફુકવી, દેગને ચુલે ચઢાવવી, પાછી ઉતારવી, તારી આગળ લાવવી, ને તારા પગ ઝાલવા ! આઇ ! આઈ ! આઈ ! કેટલેા બધેા શીતમ ! આ તમે બાયડાંઓ પાધરાં હેાવ તેા પછે અમ ભાયડાઓને આમ શીતમ ખેંચવેા ન પડે ને !-બાયડાંઓનાં તેડાંની પણ ચીઠી કાઢી હેાત તેા શું તારૂં નખેાડ જાત વારૂ ?-જેાઉં કેહેને ?

ભટાણી-હવે તમારી બહુ ભટાઇ થઇ. છાનામાના બેશેા. કાંઈ ચીઠીને તેડે બાયડાં આવે નહીં ! એ તેા તેમને ઘરે જઈને કાલાવાલા કરયે, પગે હાથે લાગયે, ને શમ પર શમ ખાઇયે, ત્યારે તેઓ તમારી પર કરૂપા કરી અને મેાટેા પાડ ચઢાવીને પછે માડવમાં પધારે ! બાકી ચીઠી કાઢીનેજ ઘરે બેઠા, તેા લગનનેા માંડવેા કરડવા આવશે ને ત્યાં કુત્રાંજ ફકત આલેાટશે ! આ તમે સમજયા કે ? ગમે તેા એકવાર અખતરેા અજમાવી જુવેાને !

ભટ-હાય હાય ! આ રાંડયાંઓ તેા કશેા સુધારેાજ કરવા ન દેવાનાં ! અરે હું પારધી થયેા હેાત તેા બહુ શારૂં, કે મારી મરજી પ્રમાણેનેા ને મન ગમતેા સુધારેા કરત, ને અલીએ જેમ શમજાવત તેમ ચાલત ! જુવેાને એ લેાકનાં બાયડાંઓને લગનની ચીઠી કે કીઆરડ જાય છે તેા તેઓ કેવાં ગુપચુપ આવે છે ! પણ અમારાં બાયડાંથી તેા હાથ જેાડયા, ભાઈ હાથ જેાડયા !

ભટાણી-આ હવે તમારી ભટાઈ છેાડીને ગરમ પાણી લાવી પગ શેકેાને ! બહુ કલતર થાય છે ! ઓ ! ઓ ! ઓ મારી માદી રે એ એ !



DRESSING FOR THE CIRCUS.

Aloo—How fearfully long you are putting on your boots! It's half-past eight already, and if you are going to complete your toilet at this rate, the performance will be half over before we are there to see it!

Dinoo—But it isn't my fault if these nasty things won't fit. Here have been I sweating and perspiring to squeeze in my foot for the last half hour, to no purpose!

Aloo—That comes of wanting small numbers; 7 is not your size. Pa's 10 is nearer the mark. Try that!

સરકસમાં જવાનો ડ્રેસ કરતાં.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનુ ૩૭૪મું.]

FOREMAN (through the speaking tube): "Where do you want that stuff about Turkey put?" Night Editor (yelling back): "Oh the inside, of course."



THE CIVIC MENAGERIE.—No. 3.

THE STINGING HUMMING BEE ANNOYING THE GROWLING OLD TIGER.

(A pencil note made by our artist on the occasion of the memorable speech of the senior member of the Corporation during the House-Connections discussion.)

મુંબઈના શેહેરીબાવાની મોનેઝરી અથવા જાનવરોનું સંગ્રહસ્થાન.— નાο ૩.

ઘુંઘું કરતી ને ડંખ મારતી મધમાખી ઘુરક્યા કરતા બુઢા વાઘને કેમ પજવે છે!

(ઘરો સાથ ગટરોનાં જોડાણ કરવાના ખરચને લગતી તકરાર વેળા કારપોરેશનના મોટા બાવાએ કીધેલાં યાદગાર ભાષાણ વખતે અમારા ચીતારાએ પોતાની પેનસીલથી કીધેલી બીજી નોંધ.)



THE HUNGRY VULTURES HAVE A FEAST ONCE FOR ALL!

[One result of the recent discussion about the claims of the junior members of the Bombay Bar has been very gratifying. The Public Prosecutor has, in the present Criminal Sessions, given briefs to several junior counsel.]

ભુખ્યા ગીદરાઓને આખરે એકવાર ઊજાણી કરવાની મળી ખરી હો!



Soobhadra—Hullo, what's the matter? What have you done to your arm?
Soonderrao—At the debating club I ran down the anti-reformers in choice language, and in return they practically came down upon me!

સુભદ્રા—કાંયવારૂં, એ શું મોહકાન કીધી? તારા હાથને એ શું કીધું?
સુંદરરાવ—ડીબેટીંગ કલ્બમાં બધા સુધારાવાળાઓની મેં છત્રી પત્રી કહાડી નાખી, તેના બદલામાં તેઓની બધી છત્રી ને લાકડી મારી પર પડી! બીજું કંઈજ નહી!



MISCHIEF! CAUGHT AT LAST!

[The design of the Lancashire Mill-owner to ruin the mill industry of Bombay at last bids fair to succeed, the 3½ per cent. Excise Duty on coarse Indian cloth having come into force since Monday last.]

આખરે સપડાઈ!

ગરીબ બીચારી બીલાડી! આખરે સપાટામાં આવી ગઈ તે ખરી હો!

[મુંબઈની મીલોના ઉદયોગને પાયમાલ કરવાની નેમમાં લેનકેશીયરના મીલવાળાઓ અંતે ફાવી જાય એમ લાગે છે, કેમકે ગામઠી કાપડના સ્થાનીક ખપ ઉપર સે કડે ૩॥ ટકાની જગાત લેવાનું આવતા સોમવારથી શુરૂ કરવામાં આવ્યું છે.]



TRIUMPHANT AT LAST!

OR, THE HOUSE TAX *VERSUS* THE SURATEE RATEPAYERS.

[The Bombay High Court has reserved the decision of Mr. Paranjape, the Subordinate Judge of Surat, and has upheld that the house-tax levied by the Surat Municipality is perfectly legal.]

આખરે ફાવ્યો!

ઘરવેરા બીચારા સુરતી કર ભરનારનો ડોકલો આખરે વેરી નાખ્યો!

[સુરતના સબારડીનેટ જડજ મી. પરાંજપેએ આપેલો ચુકાદો મુંબઈની હાઈકોરટે રદ કરીને ઠરાવ્યું છે કે સુરત મ્યુનીસીપાલીટીએ જે ઘરવેરો નાખ્યો છે તે કાયદાપુરવક છે.]

SO I WILL, SO I ORDER!

(FROM HAMILTON AND ELGIN'S GREAT INDIAN CIRCUS.)

Clown (Riding at the top.)—Go straight all of ye, or I'll crack my whip and ye'll get a nice taste of it!

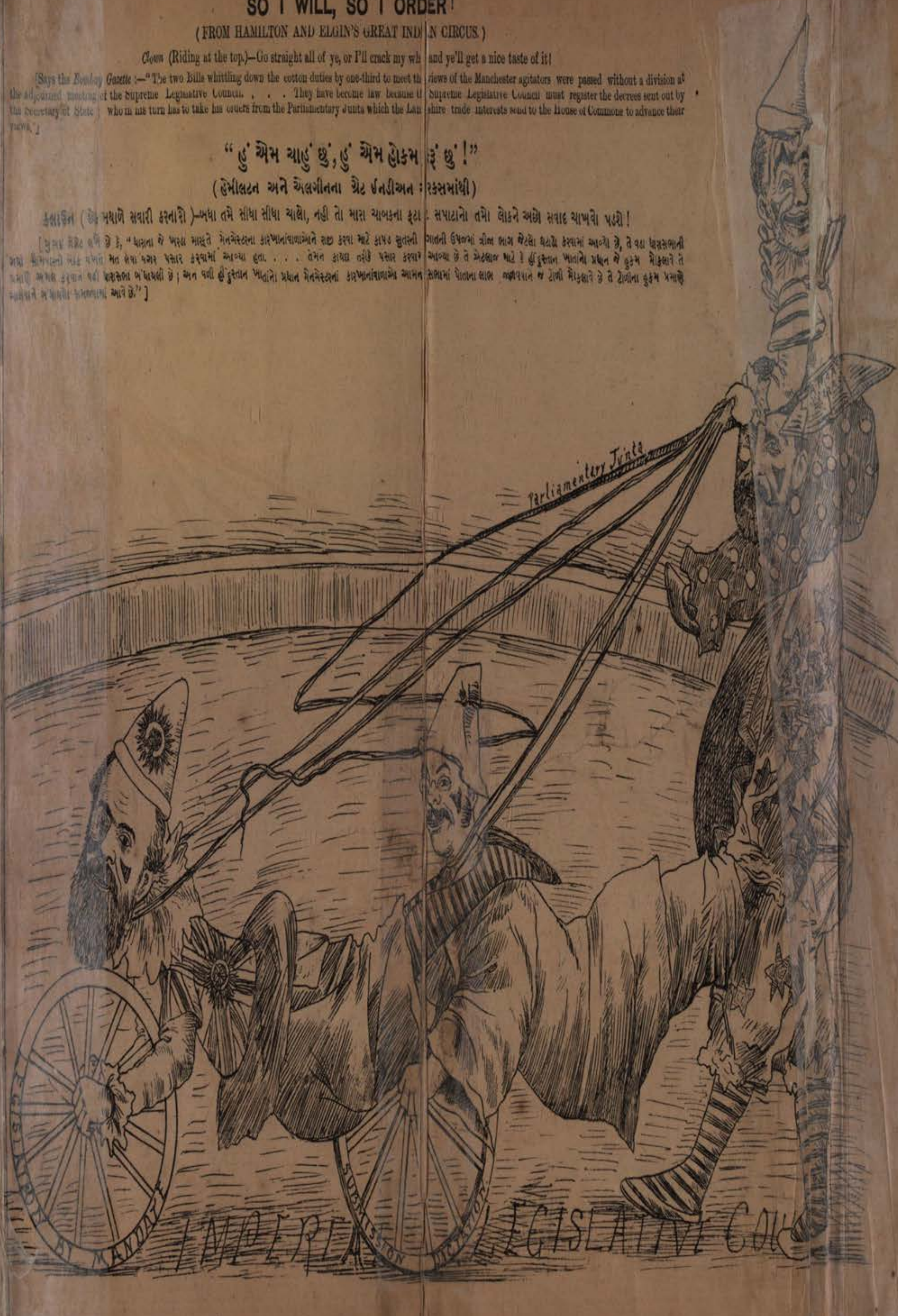
[Says the *Bombay Gazette* :—"The two Bills whittling down the cotton duties by one-third to meet the views of the Manchester agitators were passed without a division at the adjourned meeting of the Supreme Legislative Council. . . . They have become law because the Supreme Legislative Council must register the decrees sent out by the Secretary of State ; who in his turn has to take his orders from the Parliamentary Junta which the Lancashire trade interests send to the House of Commons to advance their views."]

"હું એમ ચાહું છું, હું એમ હોકમ કરૂં છું!"

(હેમીલટન અને એલગીનના ગ્રેટ ઈનડીઅન સરકસમાંથી)

કલાઉન (ઉંચ મથાળે સવારી કરનારો)—બધા તમે સીધા સીધા ચાલો, નહી તો મારા ચાબકના ફટાક સપાટાનો તમો લોકને અછો સવાદ ચાખવો પડશે!

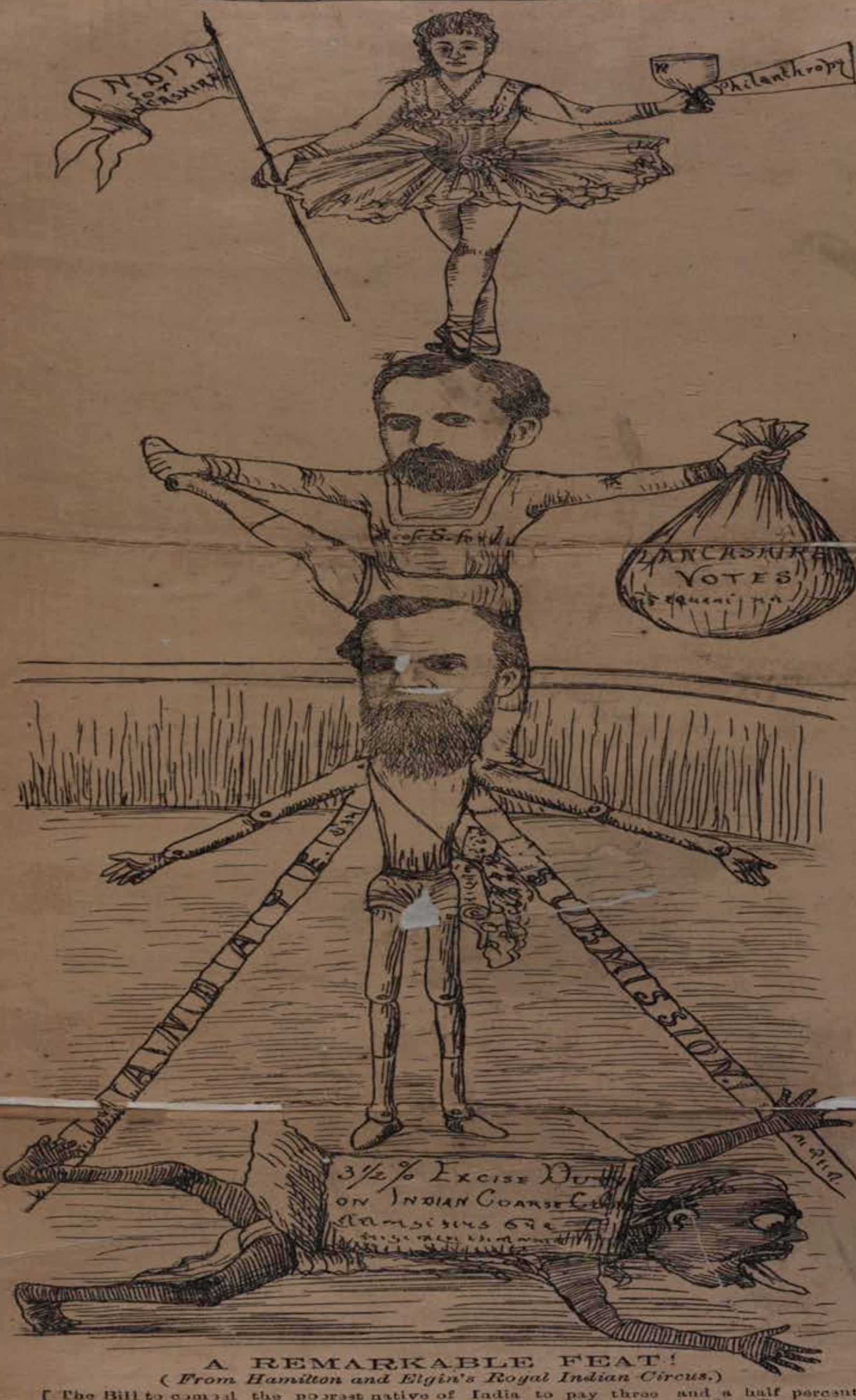
[મુંબઈ ગેઝેટ લખે છે કે, "ધારાના બે ખરડા મારફતે મેનચેસ્ટરના કારખાનાંવાળાઓને રાજી કરવા માટે કાપડ સુતરની જાતની ઉપજમાં ત્રીજા ભાગ જેટલો ઘટાડો કરવામાં આવ્યો છે, તે વડા ધારાસભાની [illegible] મત લેવા વગર પસાર કરવામાં આવ્યા હતા. . . . તેમને કાયદા તરીકે પસાર કરવામાં આવ્યા છે તે એટલાજ માટે કે હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાનો પ્રધાન જે હુકમ મોકલાવે તે [illegible] ધારાસભા બંધાયલી છે; અને વળી હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાનો પ્રધાન મેનચેસ્ટરનાં કારખાનાંવાળાએ આમની સભામાં પોતાના લાભ [illegible] જે ટોળી મોકલાવે છે તે ટોળીના હુકમ પ્રમાણે [illegible] આવે છે."]





THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES;
OR, THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE
PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

દેમોકલીસની તલવાર;
અથવા, ઈંગ્લંડના વડા પ્રધાનની હમણાની હાલત.



A REMARKABLE FEAT!

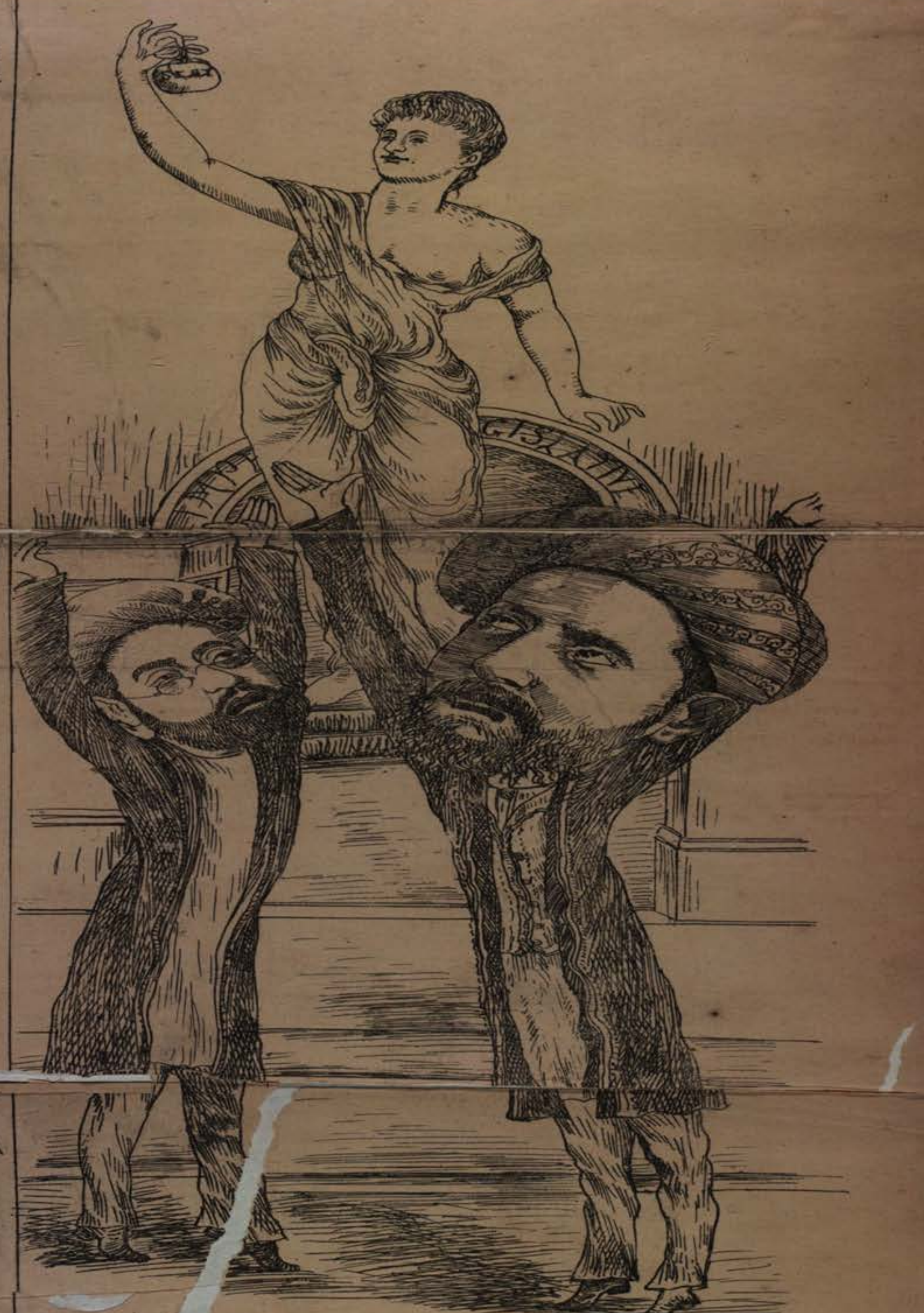
(From Hamilton and Elgin's Royal Indian Circus.)

[The Bill to compel the poorest native of India to pay three and a half percent. Excise Duty on all coarse Indian cloth passed the Imperial Legislative Council on Monday, the 3rd February, 1896, and became law on that very day.]

એક હેરતભરેલી કસરત !

(હેમીલટન અને એલગીનના રોયલ ઇનડીયન સરકસમાંથી.)

[હીંદુસ્તાનના ગરીબમાં ગરીબ દેશીઓને તેમના વપરાસનાં હલકાં જાડાં કપડાં પર સેંકડે ૩॥ ટકાની જગાત આપવાની ફરજ પાડવા માટેના કાયદાનો ખરડો, વડી ધારાસભામાંથી સોમવાર તા૦ ૩ જી ફેબરવારી ૧૮૯૬ ને દીવસે પસાર કરવામાં આવ્યો હતો, અને તેજ દીવસે કાયદા તરીકે તેને અમલમાં મેલવામાં આવ્યો હતો.]



THE GOLDEN APPLE.—WHO SHOULD HAVE IT ?

[The n[...] names of Mr. Rahimtullah Mahomed Sayani and the Hon'ble Mr. Abdullah Meherali D[...]harmsi have been put forward as the most eligible for the vacant seat in the Imperial L[...]egislative Council, created by the resignation of the Hon'ble Mr. Pherozeshah Merwanjee Mehta.]

સોનેરી સફરજંન.—કોને તે આપવું ?

[વડ[...] મેહેતાએ[...]ા ધારાસભામાંના પોતાના ઓધાનું રાજીનામું આનરેબલ મી૰ ફીરોજશાહ મેહેરવાનજી [...] આપ્યાથી, તેમની ખાલી પડેલી બેઠક માટે ઘણા લાયક ઉમેદવારો તરીકે મી૰ રહીમ[...]મદ સાયાની અને આનરેબલ મી૰ અબદુલ્લાહ મેહેરઅલી ધરમસીનાં નામ બાહાર મેલ[...]આવ્યાં છે.]

CHOW-CHOW.

The Art Exhibition.

THE lovers of Art have had a regular treat at the Secretariat this week. The Eighth Exhibition of the Art Society opened on Thursday, and although it cannot be said to be an improvement on its predecessors, there is a collection of paintings that is true to nature, delightsome to the eye and edifying to the



mind. About this time annually it affords instructive pleasure to the interesting crowds that gather to enjoy the beautiful, and is a fitting supplement to the present season of merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries and circuses.

* * *

THE majority of pictures that are every year exhibited cannot safely be called very artistic, and though good pictures are not as rare as black swans, yet real masterpieces of this noble art can be said without any exaggeration to be very few and far between. Such a state of thing is not at all to be wondered at, when we consider the fact that the major part of the pictorial contributions to this exhibition is the result of the labours of amateurs, who are slowly plodding their weary way to the rather distant goal of perfection.

* * *

WE can never even dream of mentioning any Indian Art Exhibition in the same breath with the famous picture-galleries in Europe. But it is one thing to gain success, and another to deserve it. And taking all and all, the Bombay Art Exhibition, on account of the zeal and industry displayed in its connection by those concerned, deserves success, both from an artistic and a pecuniary point of view.

* * *

BY THE BYE, what a sorry spectacle the J. J. School of Art presents at the Exhibition. An institution which has been in existence for half a century should have been expected to take the foremost rank there; but one is simply disappointed, nay disgusted, when he comes to look at the poor exhibition made by the past and present students of the School. Certainly the tax-payer, who pays half a lac every year for the institution, has a right to expect better results. But for years he has been crying in the wilderness. There seems to be something "rotten in the state of Denmark."

* * *

The Wily "Shadow."

WHAT a miracle has been worked in the Ottoman Empire! Only a few weeks back we were told the "Shadow," as Lord Salisbury termed the Sultan, was going to disappear from the face of the earth and there were coming in the market new territories for apportionment between the enlightened



Powers. We were further made aware lities, atrocities, and unspeakable horr

the dominions of the "Shadow," and no end of anathemas were levelled against the head of poor Abdul Hamid. All this only a few weeks back. And now? Why, there has been a miraculous transformation. The Shadow has grown very wily, has made himself his own Grand Vizier and his own Foreign Minister, and by a fine piece of diplomacy



d the best British diplomatist,—Sir ,—and has entrusted his destiny to his able enemy, by forming with him an defensive alliance! John Bull's teeth g, and he stands checkmated by the great mboul, who seems to have easily charm- Anarchy that was said to be poisoning

***

coorespondent: "Can it be a fact, Mr *Punch*, that at the Corporation meeting on Thursday last the representatives of your English con- d conveniently gone to sleep or had ed their ears with Dhollera cotton at me? I am led to make this enquiry, as y copies of Friday's papers and glancing at the report of the meeting of the civic fathers held the previous evening, I couldn't find a word about the discussion regarding the inequitable and perfunctory way in which municipal advertisements are distributed. The vernacular dailies report the discussion fully, while your English contemporaries are as silent as a dummy. Can you explain why it is so? Is it because they have felt ashamed at the revelation, made in the discussion and the report of the Commissioner, that the lion's share is given to them while the vernaculars are made to content themselves with stray leavings here and there? I think the very shame and scandal which these proceedings revealed must have weighed heavily with your English contemporaries in applying the cloture to themselves. But is it fair to the general reader? Is it worthy of journalistic morality, impartiality and fair mindedness, on which your contemporaries often read sermons to the conductors of the vernacular press?"

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Welcome to General Booth.

MR. PUNCH accords a hearty welcome to General Booth in Bombay. His Peasant Settlement Scheme has the cordial support of all who have the l



feeling for the poor starving millions of India. There already a cry beginning to be heard against



General's noble work, and the missionary and the planter may find themselves very inconvenienced at the successful reception given to the Scheme in all parts of the country. The missionary may naturally be afraid, in anticipation, of his occupation being gone, and the planter may be sore at the prospect of finding no coolies from whom he can exact herculean labour at starving wages. Setting apart these self-aggrandising dissentients, the unanimous voice of *Hindi Punch prajà* is for—"All success to General Booth and his Peasant Settlement Scheme!" Amen!

* * *

The Winner of the Golden Apple.

So after all Mr. Sayani is to be the winner of the golden apple. No worthier choice could have been made for the Imperial Legislative Council, opines Mr. *Punch*. Moderation and sobriety are Mr. Sayani's best guides in the discussion of all public questions, and his sound judgment and public spirit may be safely relied on whenever there is a hard nut to be cracked in the Council Hall.

* * *

O trumpery! O Morris!

THE Imperial Parliament opened on Wednesday, and as usual India found no room in the Empress-Mother's speech. For the last four weeks and more poor Hind has been groaning under the burden of a gross and flagrant injustice and inequity,—and still there is not a single word of consolation, not a single breath of assurance, for the dumb millions, in the face of the great sacrifices which they have been forced to make, in order to pacify that Parliamentary Junta composed of the selfish Lancashire millowners, on whom depends the continuance in power of Salisbury, Balfour, Hamilton & Co. The woes of the Armenians, living under an entirely foreign rule, are considered worthy of full sympathy and deserving a prominent place, while the poor Indian, who has made Britannia what she is, and whose life-blood has gone a great way towards enhancing her wealth, prosperity and greatness, remains unheard and uncared for and receives not so much as even a passing notice at the hand of the Empress-Mother! O trumpery! O Morris!

* * *

The last of the Kissing Case.

THOUGH a kiss feels as sweet even when called by any other name, it is at times not only so sweet as it usually is, but positively very costly. Hardly any the most ardent lover in all India would deliberately consent to blight his prospects entirely for such a trifle as a kiss. But there are lovers and lovers. As the poet, the lover and the lunatic are of the imagination all compact, we read of lovers sometimes losing their lives for the sake of a kiss. The case of Isolt the Fair and her nephew-in-law Tristram, as related by Tennyson, is an illustration of this kind of madness. Again, "Elaine, the lilymaid of Astolat,"



is represented to have lost her life on account of unrequited love. Many more instances of mad lovers may be added, but they can never console any man that has ruined himself—not for a good practical kiss, but simply for an indiscreet theoretical offer of this symbol of love to another man's wife. The Commission appointed to try the notorious Kissing Case has confirmed the decision of the Madras Government to turn out the poor doctor neck and crop from the Medical Service. His admirers, friends and supporters—among the latter being some gentlemen of the Fourth Estate—think the Madras Government to be too squeamish. In this nineteenth century of railways and telegraphs there is not a sinner abroad but has some friendly admirers and admiring friends who think their idol to be treated with unjust severity. But in the Kissing Case the party concerned can hardly be said to have been harshly dealt with. It is impolitic for any Government to connive at such acts without seriously endangering the moral tone of its servants. To this case the lines of Shakespeare, with necessary elision of a syllable, apply with great force :

> "Cupid is a knavish lad
> Thus to make poor (fe)males mad."

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The Surat House Tax.

SURAT, the city of devastating fires, should now be free from the ravages of that devouring element. The storm of human passions that has for some time past raged in that once famous city, over the house-tax question, has at last subsided and there should now be perfect calm. The short-lived fury of Surat fires was perhaps a tame affair compared with the violence of the feelings awakened by the fierce controversy now at rest. The disagreeable tax on Surat houses should henceforward, like the black daubs on the cheeks of Hindu babies, scare away the evil eye of Agni and make the tenements fireproof !

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India and Lancashire.

A NATION of shop-keepers! This was said in derision by Napoleon about the British race which is not impulsive and sentimental like the French. That observation of the great autocrat of Europe is true, and whatever the occasion that called forth the bitter remark, it is no disparagement to the people concerned, whose many noble traits—the combined heritage of many nations, amplified by severe trials and discipline—even their enemies acknowledge. Yes, commerce and competition will continue to be the principal factor in the intercourse of the British with other nations. It is one of the organs of that body to be reckoned with. If the organ is becoming abnormally large, you should study the pathology of the thing and apply the remedy. We have spoken of the combined heritage : is India contributing nothing to swell that legacy ? How this new accession to that heritage is to be made to prove a blessing and not a curse is a problem. The cotton merchants of Lancashire, the present British Cabinet and the Great Empress-Mother's helpless Representative in India, holding the Indian People's Charter in hand, afford an object lesson of great significance, and it should give food for reflection for many a day to come to the well-wishers of the rulers and the ruled in this country !

***

The Hindu Marriage Season.

THE run on a Bank, whose solvency is suspected during a time of panic, is not greater than the run at present on the Bank of Hindu Matrimony. The unusually large number of Hindu weddings this year is easily accounted for. Brihaspati, who manages the Bank, and on whose word the Hindu public seal all matrimonial transactions, completes next year his periodical twelve years' tour and arrives at the mansion of Leo, wherein for twelve months and more his credit, in the concern he so successfully runs, will be at a discount. Poor Jupiter, whose influence on matrimony, as a rule, is of the most benignant kind, cannot be relied upon during the *Sinvhast*, and great therefore is the panic among parents to hurry into wedlock this season the innocents whose sacrifice can not be deferred until the sinister conjunction is over !

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Physical education in Bombay.

THE *fiat* has gone forth that physical education cannot be made compulsory in Bombay: the heads of colleges and schools say so and Government abide by this consensus of opinion. *Intellectual* giants are apparently wanted, and they are turned out in thousands annually for the development of this country. The *Brahamchari* under his *Guru's*, or preceptor's, roof daily underwent compulsory physical exercise. That was in by-gone times of *Rishis*, who dealt in metaphysics and of whom pariotic India and even discerning foreigners are proud. But we are living in civilized times and have our early marriages and *Brahmacharya*, or tutelage, to go hand in hand. All that seems necessary is to add a few more subjects to the University curriculum, and the progress—physical and mental—of young India is secured !

***

Mr. Mehta's resignation.

OUR Leo of the local Menagerie, whose appearance in another and a larger arena was not less imposing, has had to retire from the latter stage to the universal regret of the charmed spectators. At the recent tame exhibition at Calcutta, expectant ears of the public long accustomed to his well-known roar were surely disappointed, for our Leo was not there to add dignity to the show !

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Boycotting Manchester.

THE truant who will not open his mouth to swallow the healing cordial, can be made to do so by closing his nostrils. This remedy, it is said, is going to be applied in the case of that silly girl, Lancashire, whose gluttony is causing poor Hind such anxiety. Mr. *Punch* fears that girl's charms are a proof against any such drastic measures being resorted to by a race that is easily fascinated by finery.

Hindi Punch, Feb. 16.



OH MY PET!

Miss Fundbai.—Such a nice bird! I can't do without him! He looks such a beauty in the cage! I don't know what would have been my state if I had lost him, or if he had not returned to me!

[Dr. Rustomjee Nusserwanji Khory, after having resigned the office of president of the Parsee Girls' Marriage Benefit Fund, has again accepted it, and presided at the last meeting of the members of the Fund, when a new committee of several strange names was appointed and a new scheme for carrying on the Fund was accepted.]

વાહરે મારાં પ્યારાં પંખેરાં !

મીસ ફંડબાઈ—કેવું મારું પ્યારૂં પંખેરૂં છે ! એના વગર તો મને એક ઘડીભી આલેજ નહી એ ! મારાં પીંજરામાં એ કેવું શોભી રહે છે ! એ જો ખોવાઈ ગયું હતે, કે એ મારી આગળ પાછું આવ્યું નહી હતે, તો હું નહી જાણતી કે મારૂં સું થતે !

[ડાકટરરૂસ્તમજી નસરવાનજી ખોરીએ પારસી છોકરીઓના લગનના લાભના ફંડના પ્રમુખના ઓધાનું એકવાર રાજીનામું આપ્યા પછી હમણા તે પાછો લીધો છે. ફંડના મેમ્બરોની છેલી સભામાં સભાપતીની ખુરસીએ તેઓ બીરાજયા હતા, જે વેળા કેટલાંક નહી જાણાયલાં નામોવાળા ગરહસ્થોની એક કમીટી નેમવામાં તથા ફંડને ચલાવવા માટે એક નવી યોજના બહાલ રાખવામાં આવી હતી.]

FRESTONE : "How much vos dot ione ?" Shopman : "Well, I can't recommend that one, Mr. Firestone. It is a very old lamp, out of repair, and I would be afraid it would explode and burn your store down." Firestone : "Wrap it up ! Wrap it up !"



LEO AT REST!—A PICTURE OF RETIREMENT.

[The *Bombay Samachar* says that the news about the Hon'ble Mr. Pherozeshah Merwanjee Mehta having resigned his seat in the Imperial Legislative Council has been received with universal regret in all parts of the country.]

આસાએસ લેતા સીંહરાજ—નીરાંત અને આસાએસનું એક ચીત્ર.

[મુંબઈ સમાચાર જણાવે છે કે "નામદાર વાઈસરાયની ધારાસભાના સભાસદનો ઓહદો આનરેબલ મી૦ ફીરોજશાહ મેહેતાને નાદુરસ્ત તબીયતના સબબથી છોડવો પડયો, તે માટે પ્રજાના સરવ ભાગો તરફથી દલગીરીનોજ આવાજ નીકળેલ છે."]

BARRED.—Mr. Boozer "Is there any bar to ou marriage, darling ?" —Mi Kene (promptly) : "Yo the public house-bar!"



FIRST LESSONS ON THE BIKE.

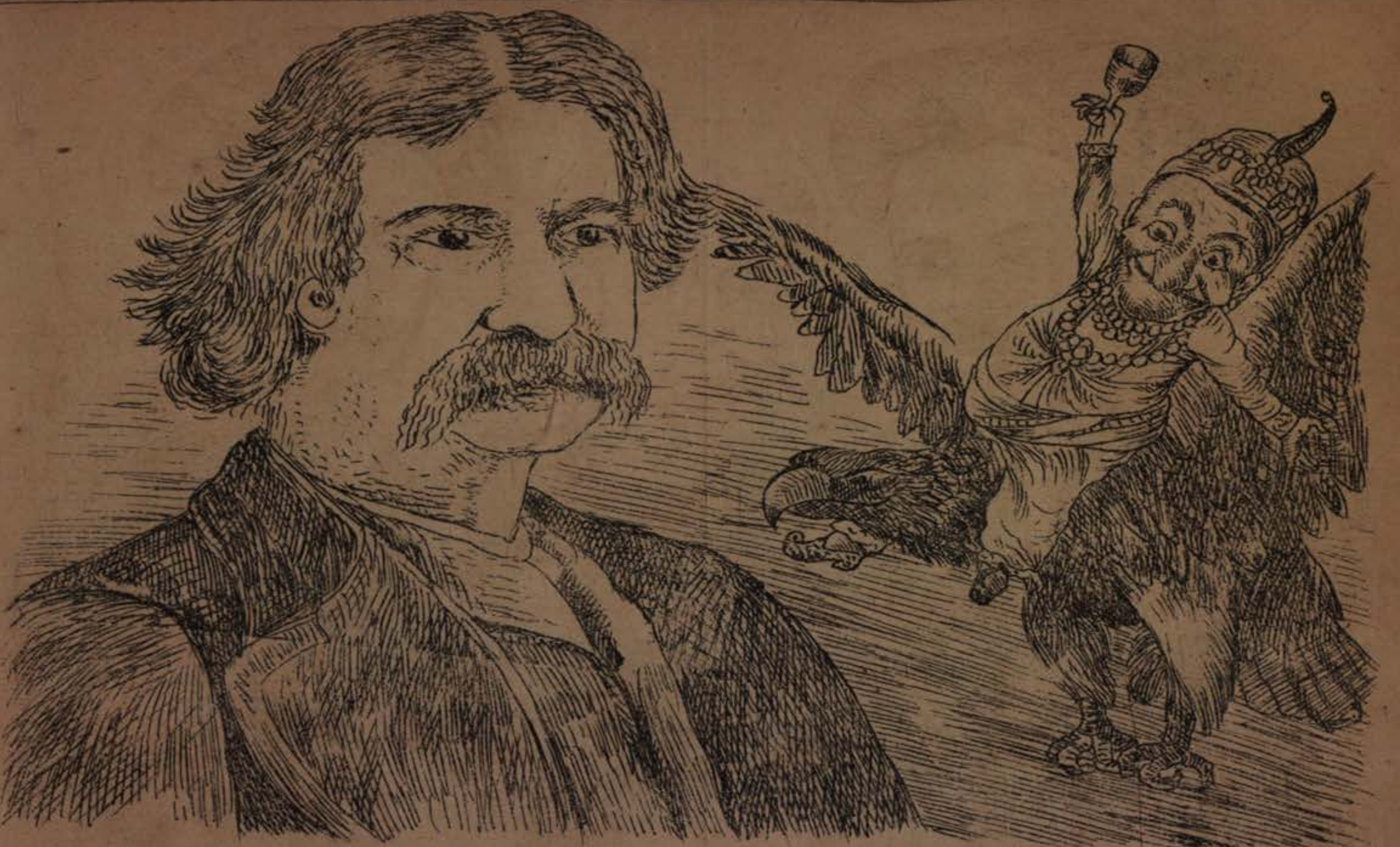
Seat firmly and carefully, and see that the bike doesn't upset and come to grief.

[At a large and influential meeting of the members of the Khoja community, held on 11th Feb. last, at the Muljibhai Jeevraj Khoja General Reading Room and Library, a fund was started for the purpose of assisting Khoja Mahomedan students to prosecute their studies after the Matriculation in a college or colleges affiliated to the University of Bombay. A committee of twenty-four gentlemen was appointed to collect subscriptions, Mr. Rahimtulla Mahomed Sayani being the chairman and Dr. Ismail Jan Mahomed and Mr. Ibrahim Rahimtulla joint-secretaries.]

બાઈસીકલ પર બેસવાની શરૂઆતના પાઠ.

આ મજબુતીથી અને સંભાળથી બેસજો, અને જોજો હો કે બાઈસીકલ ઉંધી વળી નહી જાય અને તેના હાડકાં પાસરાં કેહશે નહી થાય.

[મુલજીભાઈ જીવરાજ ખોજા જનરલ રીડીંગ રૂમમાં ગઈ તા० ૧૧મી ફેબરવારીએ ખોજા કોમના જાણીતા ગ્રહસ્થોની એક સભા મળી હતી, જે વેળા જે ખોજા વીદ્યારથીઓ મેટ્રીકમાં પસાર થયા પછી મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટીને લગતી કોઈબી કાલેજોમાં પોતાનો અભ્યાસ આગળ ચલાવવા માંગે તેમને મદદ આપવાને માટે એક ફંડ સ્થાપવામાં આવ્યું હતું. વળી નાણાં ઉઘરાવવા માટે ચોવીસ ગ્રહસ્થોની એક કમીટી નેમવામાં આવી હતી, જેના પ્રમુખ તરીકે મી० રહીમતુલા મહમદ સયાની અને આનરેરી જાઈંટ સેક્રેટરીઓ તરીકે ડાકટર ઈસમાયલ જાન મહમદ અને મી० ઈબ્રાહીમ રહીમતુલ્લા જેવા બાહોશ ગ્રહસ્થોને ઠરાવ્યામાં આવ્યા છે.]



Mr. PUNCH WELCOMES TO INDIA THE GREAT HUMORIST OF AMERICA,
who has done so much to enliven and cheer many a dreary moment,

અમેરીકાના જાણીતા રમુજી લખનાર મારક ટવેન,

જેણે આખી સુધરેલી દુનયાને પોતાનાં રમુજી લખાણોથી મોજ આપી છે, તેને રમુજી લખનારાઓના શેહેનશાહ મી૦ હીંદી પંચ હીંદમાં હરખભેર આવકાર આપે છે.



FOOD ADULTERATION IN BOMBAY—NO. I.

Sorab—I say, what have you given me for tea?

Irani—Why, one pound of superior black tea dust?

Sorab—Oh, pa has sent it back, and says if he wants black sand he can get it for nothing at Back Bay!

મુંબઈમાં ખોરાકીની ચીજોમાં ચાલતી ભેળસેળ.—નાં૦ ૧.

સોરાબ—એઈ ઈરાની, મને તેં ચાહેને બદલે અ એ સું બાંધી આપ્યું ?

ઈરાની—વરી સું ભોંધી આપે ? ઘણાજ ઊંચામાં ના ચાહેના ભુકા તુને ભાંધી આપ્યાચ, બીજા સું ભાંધી આપેચ ?

સોરાબ—લે, બાવાએ તો એ પાછી મોકલાવીચ ને કેહયુંચ કે જો એવણને દરયે કીનારેની કારી રેતી જોઈતી હોસે તો તે એવણ બેકબેપર જઈને મફત લઈ આવસે ! તેના દસ આના રતલના સાના આપે ? લે આએ પાછી !



AT AN EVENING PARTY.

Pranjivan—How nicely those French shoes become you!

Premkorr—And you look the prieture of a jangla! But don't you think it would be better for you to make a big *tilak* on your forehead that people may not mistake me for the wife of a convert *franghee*!

ઇવનીંગ પારટીના મેળાવડામાં.

(વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૩૭૪ મું.)



A BOMB-SHELL!

"Boo-hoo-oo-oo! What's this? Something to blow me up, eh?"

[Meetings are being held in different parts of the country to pass resolutions protesting against the cotton duties and agreeing to boycott Manchester goods and to use only Indian-made cloth.]

એક ગોળો!

"બુ-હુ-હુઉઉઉ! એ આએ સું નખોડનાં ગાલ્લાં! એ સું મોહોસ મોહકાન! સું મને અધર ઊડાડી નાખવાની એ કંઈ બાજી બાજી છે સું ?"

[દેશી કાપડપર નાખવામાં આવેલી જગાત સામે પ્રોટેસ્ટ કરવા અને મેનચેસ્ટરનું કાપડ મુદલજ નહી વાપરવા તથા દેશી કાપડનોજ ઉપયોગ કરવાના ઠરાવો પસાર કરવા માટે આખા દેશમાં ઠામેઠામ જાહેર સભાઓ મળવા લાગી છે.]

THE STARVING CATS.

Chorus—A mouthful for our starving belly, M'am!



Mrs. Government—Not a bit! It's all reserved for the English Bull-dog, to keep him from howling!

[With the Famine Insurance Fund suspended, works of public utility left to starve, and the much-needed reduction in the salt tax winked at—public opinion in India is highly scandalised by the conduct of the Government in presenting fifty lacs of rupees to the Manchester mill-owner by reducing the five per cent. import duties on his goods to three-and-a-half per cent.]

ભુખમરો ભોગવતા બીલાડાઓ.

કોરસ—અરે બાઈ. અમારાં ભુખ્યાં પેટમાં નાખવાને એક મુઠીભર તો આપ!

મીસીસ ગવરમેંટ—એક કરઅબી નહી! એ તો પેલા વેલાતી બુલ-ડાગને વાસ્તેજ બધું છે, કે તે ખાય તો ઘડી ઘડી મારી સામે ભોંસયા નહી કરે!

CHOW-CHOW.

"Darkest India" at the Town Hall.

THE Town Hall meeting of Wednesday night to hear General Booth about his Peasant Settlement Scheme, with Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy in the chair, was a decided success. A more happy termination of the successful tour that the leader of the Salvation Army has made all over India could not be conceived. The ring of sincerity in his tones and the pathos and warmth of his eloquent and impassioned speech carried a most pleasant impression home to the audience about the man and his noble, philanthropic, self-imposed task. To keep the wolf from the door, and to ameliorate the condition of the starving millions of India, who are every day being drawn to a slow death and who are among the first victims of the Famine fiend the moment she appears on the scene, formed the gist of the General's plans, which were well thought of and received a patient hearing. They carried with them the full sympathy of all who have seen the doleful picture of the poverty that haunts the starving masses.

SIR JAMSETJEE JEEJEEBHOY, after feasting right well at Ahmedabad, toasted General Booth and his Peasant Settlement Scheme in Bombay on Wednesday night, and claimed for him at least a calm and patient hearing. Mr. *Punch* thinks if Sir Jamsetjee and men, who pose as public leaders only when it suits their convenience, were to feast less and care more for the ten million starving wretches of India, they would certainly find, as the General says, a "ghastly amount of misery distressing for any "heart with any spark of humanity in it to con-"template." This "ghastly amount of misery," this "weight of woe," must appeal to all hearts for alleviation and removal. And Sir Jamsetjee and other leaders of the native community, if they really are the thoughtful, intelligent and devoted friends of the dumb millions that they would have us believe, should at least join hands with the General and give him their hearty and generous co-operation; thus proving that they are not mere theoretical preachers but matter-of-fact ardent practisers. Mr. *Punch* hopes this may be *the* result of last Wednesday night's hearty reception of the General and his scheme in Bombay.





A happy riddance.

SIR CHARLES PRITCHARD, that *Avatar* of Abkari *zoolum* and *zabardusti*, left India for good yesterday, "unwept, unhonoured and unsung." Never has an official's departure given so much relief or has been received with such unanimous satisfaction. Stray pæans of praises we may hear sung by some toadies and sycophants in the Anglo-Indian Press, but the history of the Abkari administration of the past few years records not a more unpopular man than the late Abkari Commissioner of Bombay. His departure has been hailed as a "happy riddance" from the country, a riddance which, unfortunately for the poor millions of India, has been long, long belated! The poor toddy-drawer and the crushed country-liquor-seller, who have borne all the woes and miseries of his creation, inflicted on them in the name of that arch-demon Abkari, may breathe a little more freely, now that the author of their ills has left them,—alas! not without doing them and theirs a permanent injury, never to be cured or wiped away, notwithstanding all the herculean efforts of Indian patriots.

Another riddance.

SO MR. TOMLINSON, the Municipal Water Engineer, has after all resigned his appointment, and has decided to leave the Bombay Municipality bag and baggage and transfer all his expert ability and genius to Singapore. Mr. Hamilton and friends and admirers may get up a demonstration in his honour and feast and feed him on the eve of his departure; or by untying their own purse-strings they may make up a fat purse for presentation to him as a mark at once of their appreciation of his tremendously-valuable services—rendered, it may be passingly mentioned, at a salary which no Government officer would ever dream of earning in ten years' service—and of their thorough disapproval of and disgust at the "niggardly" (!), "atrocious" (!) and "monstrous" (!) treatment which the Civic Father has given to the never-to-be-found-in-the-world-the-like-of-him-again officer. Without caring to play the ridiculous, they may as well think of commemorating him in marble, and it will then be in the fitness of things if the effigy be placed at the bottom of the PawaiTank—that living monument of the folly and unwisdom of their idol who made the Civic Father spend five lacs at a moment's notice!



The School for future Empresses.

THAT was a most delightful evening Mr. *Punch* spent at the prize distribution of the Empress High School for girls, ruled by Mrs. Nanabhai, whom Sir Raymond West and the Hon'ble Mr. Birdwood have congratulated as a genius in her line. This genius has set to herself the most pleasing and congenial task of supplying Parsee homes with accomplished and intelligent Empresses, fit to rule with becoming dignity their future homes. How far Mrs. N. has succeeded in her endeavours towards this noble object was made manifest when the future would-be Empresses under her charge, full of intelligent and beaming faces, made their debut on the boards of the F. C. Institute last Monday afternoon. The display of sound instruction and intelligent care which the young girls receive at the Empress did credit to Mrs. Nanabhai and her efficient staff of lady teachers, and rightly merits Mr. *Punch's* cheers for the "Success of the Empress and the future Empresses!"

* * *

Charity of the Bombay Government.

IT speaks highly to the credit of the Hon'ble Rao Bahadoor Ranchhodlal Chhotalal, C. I. E., that he should give at a stroke Rs. 30,000 for an obstetric ward to be constructed in the compound of the Victoria Jubilee Dispensary at Ahmedabad. The charitable Government of Bombay, who now and then make a virtue of necessity by promptly placing their hands in other people's pockets and transferring their own responsibilities on the heads of others, have very generously and promptly contributed their mite towards this benevolent object by—*words and lips only*. Their contribution to the obstetric ward of course doesn't take the shape of rupees, annas and pies. Government are wise enough to take precious good care that no monetary burden falls on their heads and that they incur no pecuniary liability whatsoever. But they are mightily pleased to contribute towards the fund for the maintenance of the ward—what?—well, their cheerful gratification and high sense of satisfaction that the hon'ble gentleman of Ahmedabad should have been so good as to find the money! This is certainly charity as understood nowadays at the Bombay Secretariat.



* * *

POOR LORD SANDHURST! He has been pestered by the shrill cries of the social cockatoos these past few days, whose only refrain is, "Come, come to us! What with attending the arduous cares of an exacting office and multifarious social duties, His Excellency is the most overworked servant of the Crown in this busy Bombay season. He has tried to smile here, there, and everywhere, and has attempted to sing "strains that might create a soul beneath the ribs of death." But the exertion for all this taxes one

so, that His Excellency may well cry, "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!

***

The fluttering in the Civic Father's Farm.

Oh the unkind Fates! There has been much cackling and crowing and fluttering of wings in the Civic Father's Poultry Farm this week. Some of the old hens have been turned out—not exactly so, but have been warned to quit on All Fools' Day the coop which they occupied—the Civic Father's Committee-room—and make way for fresh occupants, a dozen or so being already on the *qui vive* to get in. Those that have received warning will most certainly be found willing to sit hatching in the coop again if they are promised a fresh supply of eggs direct from the Civic Father's farm.

Hindi Punch, 23-2-96.







THE BOMBAY RACES.

THE JOCKEY THAT HAS RECEIVED QUITE AN OVATION FROM THE HINDI PUNCH PRAJA AND WHO BIDS FAIR TO WIN.

[General Booth has met with a warm reception in Bombay, and his Scheme of Peasant Settlements bids fair for success.]

મુંબઈની ઘોડદોડની શરત.

હીંદી પંચ પ્રજા તરફથી ભારે હરખભરયો આવકાર મેળવનારો અને શરત જીતવાની અછી આશા આપનારો ભાગ્યશાલી ઘોડેસ્વાર.

[જનરલ બુઠને મુંબઈમાં ઘણો અછો આવકાર મળ્યો છે, અને ભુખે મરતા ગરીબોની હાલત સુધારવા માટેની તેની યોજના ફતેહને રસ્તે પડી ચુકી છે.]

THE BOUNDING JOCKEY,

Who wins the applause and admiration of the public by his wonderful performance on a bare-backed steed.



[The Hon'ble Mr. Runchhodlal Chhotalal, C. I. E., has paid Rs. 30,000 for constructing an obstetric ward in the compound of the Victoria Jubilee Dispensary at Ahmedabad.]

હેરતભરેલી કસરત કરનારો "બાઊનડીંગ" જૉકી,

જેણે નાગી પીઠના ઘોડાપર પોતાના હેરતભરેલા ખેલ કરી દેખાડીને પ્રજા તરફથી તાલીઓનો વધારો અને શાબાસી મેળવી છે.

[અમદાવાદની વીકટોરયા જુબીલી ડીસપેનસરીના કમપાઊંડમાં સુવાવડી સ્ત્રીઓ માટે એક વારડ બાંધવા માટે આનરેબલ મી૰ રણછોડલાલ છોટાલાલે રૂ ૩૦,૦૦૦ ની નાદર સખાવત કીધી છે.]



THE MISERIES OF WEDDING INVITATIONS.

Mrs. Shamla Bhatani.—Oh! these wretched personal house-to-house invitations! Going up and down five and six pair of stairs wherever you go! Some warm water, please, for fomentation. I'm so exhausted.

Mr. S. B.—Then why not print invitation cards for ladies and send them round, instead of going yourself? It will save an amount of trouble.

Mrs. S. B.—It won't save. The ladies want coaxing and you must go to do it. Try your cards, and your *mandap* will be a wilderness!

ઘેરઘેર લગનનાં તેડાં કરવા જવાની પીડાઓ.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૩૭૪મું.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 44.

MR. RUSTOMJEE MERWANJEE PATEL,

the second Judge of the Bombay Small Causes Court.
He has admirably rolled the ball up and hopes to reach the top very soon.

મી૰ પંચનાં ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૰ ૪૪.

મી૰ રૂસ્તમજી મેહેરવાનજી પટેલ,

મુંબઈની સ્માલ કાઝ કોરટના બીજા જડજ.

ખેલાડીએ દડાને અછી રીતે ઉપર ગબડાવ્યો છે અને તે જલદીથીજ મથાળે પોહોંચી જવાની આશા રાખે છે.



A LARCENY!

She may cry hoarse, but the rogue of a dog is quite safe out of her clutches!

એક ચોરી !

ગરીબ બીચારી હીંદ ગમે તેટલા બુમ બરાડા પાડે કે ઘાંટા તોડે, પણ ચોર કુત્રો તે ણીના સપાટામાંથી તો સહી સલામત બચી ગયો છે !

"I CAN stomach a good deal," said the Sultan, as he sat reading her Majesty's autograph message, "but I'm hanged if I like Curried letters."



AT AN AFTERNOON PARTY.

Peroja—See that silly Silloo? She has put on a diamond brooch and pearl bracelets. Where could she have got them from, I wonder!

Soonee—A loan perhaps from some obliging neighbour.

Peroja—And that rich saree too! It can scarcely be her own! She can't afford it, you know.

Soonee—I daresay she has been betrothed, and—

Peroja—Betrothed! Who could see anything attractive in such a common face as hers!

[*And &c., &c., &c. for half an hour more.*

એક પારટીના મેળાવડામાં.

પીરોજા—પેલી એબીચલ સી લુને જોઈ કે ? કેટી હીરાનું બરૂચ ને મોતીની બરેસલેટ પેહેરી આવી ચ ? હું તો ઘણી અજબ થાઉં ચ કે એ લાવી કાંહેથી હોસે ?

સુની—કદાચ કોઈ બીચારી ભલી પાર પરોસણ પાસ માગી લા વી હોસે !

પીરોજા—ને લુગડીનની સા ડી પેહેરી આવીચ તે જોઈ કે ? એ શણ કોણ જાણે કોણની ઉછીની લા વી હોસે !

સુની—મને તો લાગેચ કે એ અફરાઈ બહરાઈ હોસે, ને હીરા બીજા કી ધો હોમે તેનાં કપરાં ને જાણુસ પેહે રયાં હોસે !

પીરોજા—સું અફરાઈ બહરાઈ હોસે ! શણ વરી મખાઈ મોહોરેબી પરી કેનો તે કોઈ એનીપર મોહી પર વા બેસી રેહુયો હોસે !

[અને ઈત્યાદી, ઈત્યાદી ઈત્યા દી, બીચારી સીલ્લુ અરધો કલાક સુધી મીસ પીરોજા ને મીસ સુનીના જીભ ત ળે પીખાઈ ચુંથઈ ગઈ।



WHO DESERVES A STATUE ON THE NASSIK BRIDGE?

Mr. Punch—Here, my friend, is a lasting monument of the diligence and singleness of purpose with which you have worked for the people of Nassik and for the pilgrims to that place. Your scheme to immortalise the rich Hindus who are loosening their purse-strings to assist your efforts for the supply of wholesome water, does credit to your ingenuity; but if they deserve busts you have richly earned a statue.

[Mr. Kashinath Mahadeva Thatte, the Deputy Collector of Nassik, who has done so much for the bridge at Nassik over the Godavery, has hit upon a novel plan. He wants pure and wholesome water, and such of the rich Hindus as are willing to assist in the good cause, may, in return for their money, have their busts placed in the niches of the bund.]

નાસકના પુલ ઉપર કોણનું પુતલું મુકવું લાયક છે?

મી૦ પંચ—(નાસકના ડપ્યુટી કલેકટર મી૦ કાશીનાથ મહાદેવ ઠટેને) નાસકના લોકોના અને ત્યાં જતા જાત્રાળુઓના લાભ માટે જે ઊલટ ઉમંગ અને બીન-સ્વારથી મેહનતથી, મારા દોસ્ત, તેં કામ કીધું છે તેનો [illegible]દાન સુધીનો આ જીવતો સ્તંભ અહીં ઊભો છે. વળી નાસકને સોજ્જું નીરમળ પાણી પુરૂં પાડવા માટેની તારી કો[illegible] શ્રીમંતોનાં મોહડાં છે તેમનાં કામને અમર રાખવા માટેની તારી યોજના પરેજ તારી કલ્પના શક્તી અને બાહોશીને બહુ શોભા આ[illegible] લાયક થયો છે.



HAMLET AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, CALCUTTA.

Hamlet—(Lord Elgin) :—

" The time is out of joint.—Oh cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right ! "

[*Shakespeare's Hamlet, Act I., Scene V.*]

કલકતાની બાદશાહી નાટકશાળામાં " હેમલેટ "ના ખેલ.

હેમલેટ—(લાર્ડ એલગીન) જમાનો બેઢંગો થઇ ગયો છે.—અરે કંગાળ નસીબ! કેવા કાલચક્રમાં હું જન્મ્યો હોઈશ કે મને તેનો ઉકેલો વાળવો પડે છે!

[શેકસપીયરના " હેમલેટ " નાટકમાંથી. પ્રવેશ પહેલો, દેખાવ પાંચમો.



THE THIEF AND THE DOG: OR, ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

A thief entered a house with the intention of breaking open a safe. Finding a dog watching over it, he threw him a tempting piece of bread, which the unfaithful creature greedily took up and began to eat, while the rogue did his work unmolested.

ચોર અને કુત્રો; અથવા, આ જમાનાને અનુસરતી ઈસપની એક વાત.

એક ઘરમાંની ટીજોરી ફાડવાની નેમથી એક ચોર તેમાં દાખલ થયો. તેની ચોકી કરતો એક કુત્રાને બેઠેલો જોઈને તેણે તેને લલચાવવા માટે પાઊંનો એક ટુકડો નાખ્યો, જે પેલાં નીમખહરામ પ્રાણીએ તરતજ પોતાનાં મોહડામાં પકડીને ખાવા માંડયો, અને પેલો લુચ્ચો ચોર પોતાનું કામ વગર હરકતે બજાવી ચાલ્યો.

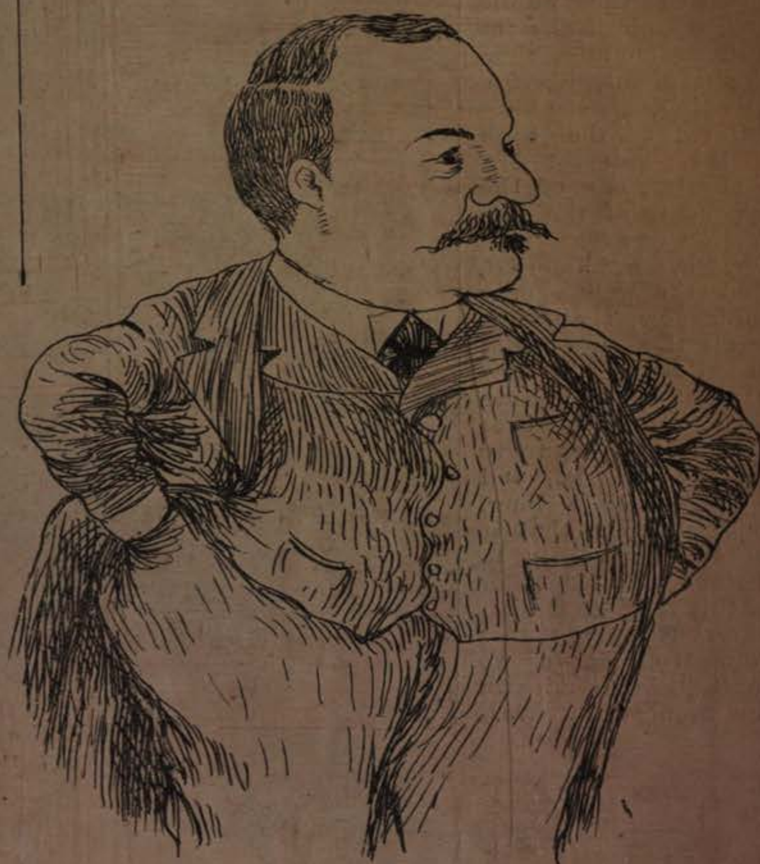
MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

"OFTENTIMES, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patched."

Therefore I'll not tire the reader's patience by making excuses for my long absence. Sufficient to say that if I have been idle, the Corporation has been regularly at its work, and there have been six meetings since I last wrote, including the concluding meeting of the month on 17th February. It may be a little behind time to take up the arrears, but rather that than that there should be any gap in these veracious notes.

The good people of Mandvi—easy-going and indolent—fattening on spices, sugar and ghee,—want a whiff of pure air, not redolent of their accustomed everyday perfume, and Dr. Gas proposed that the Baboola Tank should be filled in and converted into a recreation-ground or park. "The very thing that I have been advocating for all parts of the city," "new lungs are a great desideratum and must be supplied wherever and whenever practicable," cried several voices in succession. Not that the proposed conversion



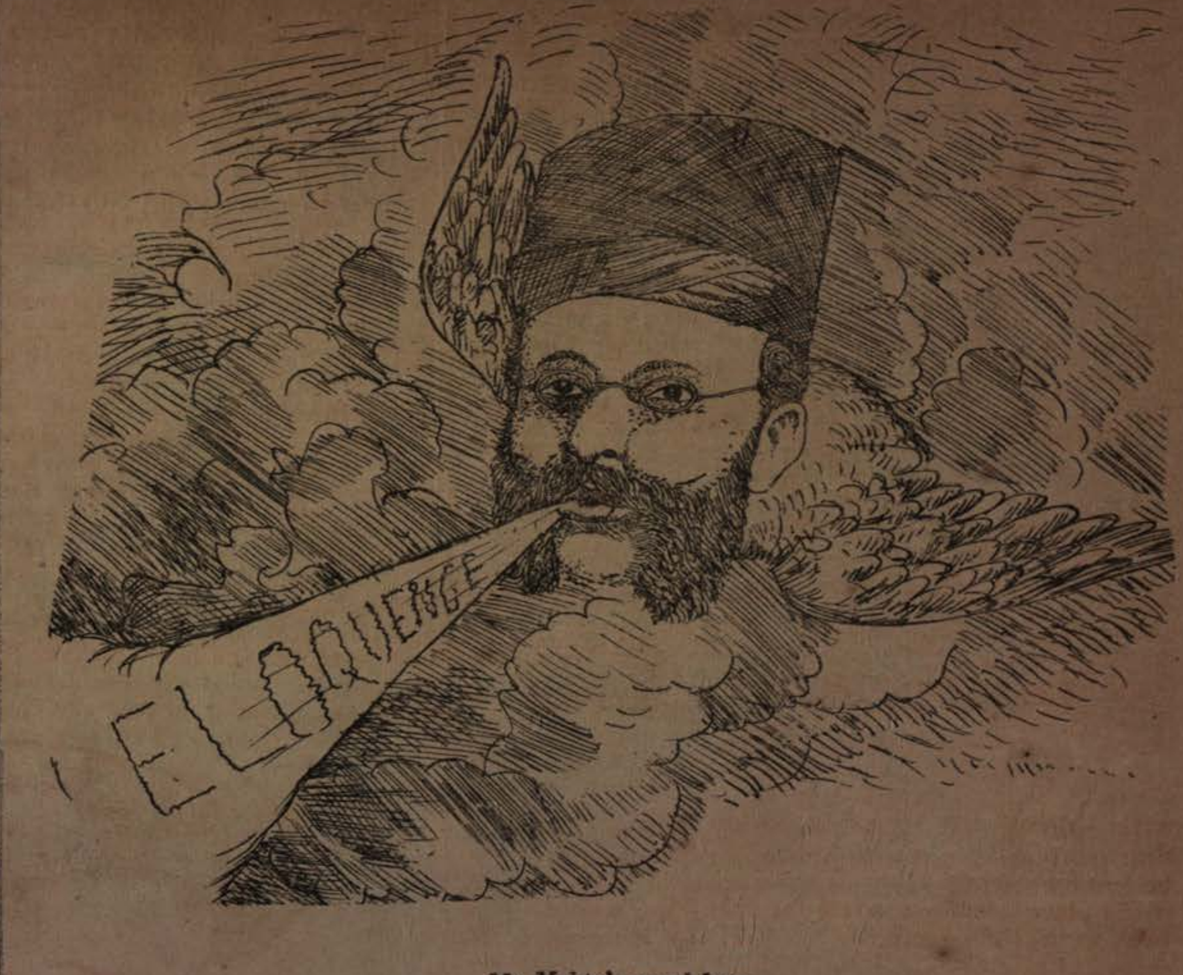
"Public gardens are a hot bed of ruffianism."

did not meet with some very strenuous opposition Mr. Vincent said that his experience of public parks in Bombay—witness the Northbrook Gardens, for one—was that they were a hot-bed of ruffianism, and that the respectable parties, for whom they were intended, shrank from them. But, contended the advocates of the conversion, must we, because a good thing is liable to be abused, turn our backs on it? Do not virtue and vice move hand-in-hand wherever we go? Why, Hyde Park itself, the resort of royalty and fashion, has its compliment of shady, hiding characters These *gentlemen*, wherever there is ever so little of a loop-hole, will smuggle themselves in, even in the teeth of the law. Use *moral* force then, and if that too fails to keep them out, suffer them rather



Fattening on spices, sugar and ghee.

than punish the innocent. Again, however objectionable may be the people who will get into the Park when it is an accomplished fact, they cannot be more of a nuisance to the public health, physically as well as morally, than the stagnant, disease-breeding, stinking water of the tank itself! This set Mr. Bomaster, one of the opponents of the conversion, on fire. "Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh," he cried, "do the waters only stink now, that there is all th s fuss about insanitation? If they stink at all, they have been stinking ever since I have begun to use my nostrils, and that is such a long, long time ago that it would be a pity to disturb the old order of things! And this water that you are going to remove, we shall all badly miss in the event of a fire."



Mr. Mehta's moral force.


"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

But despite this eloquent appeal, the judgement of the house was against Baboola tank, which stank too much to be allowed to stand any longer with impunity. So instead of this long-standing nuisance, we are going to see a blooming park, where, let us hope, the trees and flowers will be more like themselves than in many an existing municipal garden, and Mr. Mehta's "moral force" sufficiently strong to keep the air wholesome and pure.

Happy Singapore! Luckless Bombay! Immense gain on the one side, irreparable loss on the other! Our great Water Engineer, Mr. Tomlinson, expert of experts, whose place it is absolutely impossible to fill, who would get any day and anywhere, for the mere asking, any number of times the miserable pittance that we have been doling out to him for invaluable services which no amount of money can buy, was on the market and Singapore has picked him up with eager avidity. Served us right too! We did not know how to keep our *rara avis* in, and it has flown. Not however, without giving us the possible chance, if we had been wise enough to take it, of alluring it back to our golden cage. Mr. Tomlinson, prompted doubtless by due regard for our necessity and pitying our helpless condition, only wanted furlough buttered



Rara avis.

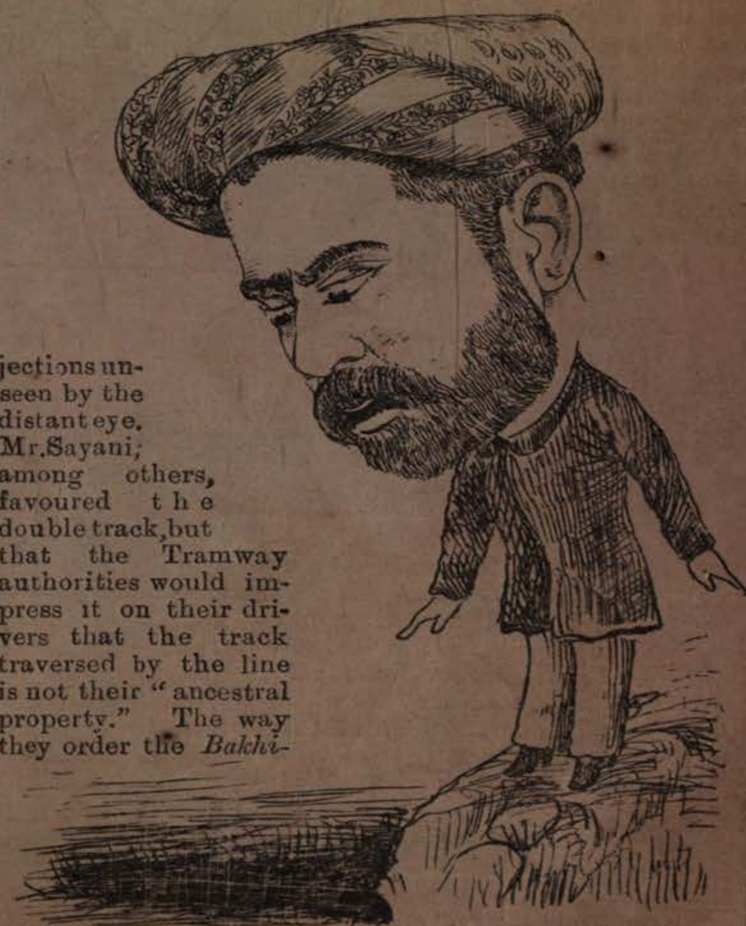
with furlough allowance, so that, if the climate of Singapore disagreed with him or its people proved to be less forbearing than we have been, in other words, if the place became too hot for him, he would come back to us, thus enabling us to play Singapore the same nasty trick that she has practised on Bombay. A very reasonable proposal, deserving to be treated in a reasonable, nay, a liberal spirit. But liberality in such matters does not appear to be among the Corporation's virtues, and while Mr. Hamilton was bubbling over with righteous indignation, we were asking if it was proper to allow furlough, and furlough allowance, to one who was earning his full salary elsewhere,



Not their ancestral property.

and if our Municipality was to be a "nursery" for preparing experts for other parts of the world! But if illiberal, we are not cruel. We granted Mr. Tomlinson his furlough *minus* the allowance. Too great a concession, as it was, as most of us thought, but "niggardly," "scandalous," "disgraceful," were the epithets that Mr. Hamilton thought it proper to pile upon us, and it is a wonder that, in his ungovernable wrath, he did not, after having exhausted his *polite* vocabulary, descend to slang and downright abuse! Our offence, however, must indeed be rank, to make a magistrate so lose his temper. Happily we did not lose ours, though we have lost Mr. Tomlinson. Some call it a good riddance, and wish Singapore joy of him.

I have already recorded my opinion that the Tramway line is a blessing, though perhaps a somewhat mixed one. Well, they are going to double the blessing, that is, in tramway parlance, to lay a double track on Kalbadevie Road. By all means, we can't have too much of it, said some; too much of a good thing is good for nothing, cried others. It will facilitate traffic, it will only impede it, were the conflicting opinions But there was clearly a perponderance of the first view, though of course the matter has to be looked at from the point of view of the inhabitants of Kalbadevie too. Being nearer the scene, they may find objections unseen by the distant eye. Mr. Sayani, among others, favoured the double track, but that the Tramway authorities would impress it on their drivers that the track traversed by the line is not their "ancestral property." The way they order the *Bakhi-*



Gaping wide!

walas away, (to their unsophisticated vision they are all *Bakhiwalas*) does sound at times imperious to a fault, but perhaps, from their singularly central position, they cannot resist fancying themselves "sole monarchs of all they survey!"

Talking of "ancestral property" reminds me of another instance brought to our knowledge by Dr. Ismail Janmahomed, the defaulters being ourselves, when we usurp public roads for digging purposes and leave them gaping wide for days and days together, so that carriages pass through with difficulty, lucky if unattended by accidents, and dwellers of houses and purchasers at the various shops have to go over breakneck passages to reach their destination! Thus, among other evils, tradesmen are deprived of their custom and doctors of their patients! No great hardship to the patients in some cases, for many a *malade imaginaire* would be all the better for going without his drugs or pills.

Mr. Cotton was right. Dr. Katrak has laid the Municipality, and for the matter of that, the public of Bombay, under deep and lasting obligation to him for the singularly able and lucid manner in which he has laid bare the manipulations of the clever but conscience-less adulterator, and explained how, by his crafty hands, rotten grain was turned into flour, dirty water and sugar and East Indian arrowroot compounded to look like milk, black sea-sand made to serve for tea dust, and burnt ashes of date-stones for coffee! "A horrible picture," as Mr. Bomaster said, "sufficiently vivid to spoil one's breakfast and dinner for days and nights together!" What the eye does not see, the heart does not feel, and where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. It would not be a bad thing at all to sit down to our meals in ignorance of the genesis of the bread, milk, tea and coffee that are set before us. The appetite would be undiminished and the digestion unimpaired! But this cannot be, now that the eye is opened, and it will not be labour wasted if the committee appointed by us to enquire into the question succeed in driving the ruthless adulterator out of the market and securing us a supply of pure and wholesome food that we can touch and taste in perfect confidence, and freedom from the haunting thoughts suggested by Dr. Katrak's researches. [*Hindi Punch*, 1-3-96.



POOR THINGS!

Mrs. Potiandass and Mrs. Shámlá Bhattani have been taken to an Evening Party on the Malabar Hill. Unacquainted with anybody and with the language indulged in by the major portion of the guests, they have to sulk on a sofa in a corner, their husbands being engaged in sweet talk with the ladies of other communities!

ગરીબ બીચારીઓ !

મીસીસ પોટ્યાંદાષ અને મીસીસ શામલા ભટ્ટાણીને મલબાર હીલ ઉપર થયલા ઈવનીંગ પારટીના એક મેળાવડામાં લઈ જવામા આવીછે. તેઓ ઠોરા સાથ ધક્કા કરતી ગાડીમાં ગઈ અને બંગલાની સીડીપર ચડી પારટીના દીવાનખાનામાં દાખલ થઈ. પણ નહી કોઈ ઓલખીતું મલે કે નહી કોઈ ગોટપીટ વાતચીત કરે તેની એ બીચારી ગરીબડી અલીઓને સમજણ પડે. આથી જ્યારે એક ખુનામાં પડેલા કોચ ઉપર મોંડે તાલાં મારી અને સુની સરવર જેવી હાલતમાં તેઓને ખુને પડવું પડયું છે, ત્યારે તેમના અન્યાઓ બીજી કોમની બાનુઓ સાથ મીઠી મીઠી વાતો કરવામાં રોકાઈ ગયા છે !

"OFF-SIDE."—"Pa," said Tommy Tucker, "am I descended from the monkeys?" "Not on my side of the house, darling," replied Mr. Tucker, with much positiveness.

NOT THAT KIND OF UNCLE.—Old Gent.: "Don't you know me, Willie? I am your father's uncle." Willie: "Are you the man pa goes to when he's short of money?



A HOLY WAR DURING THE *HOLI* HOLIDAYS.

[Numbers of places in the Deccan have already agreed to boycott imported cloth, and demonstrations against the cotton duties have been arranged for the *Holi* day.]

હોલીના તેહેવારોમાં એક "હોલી" (પવીત્ર) લડાઈ.

[મેનચેસ્ટરથી આવતું કાપડ નહી વાપરવાનો કરાવ દખણમાં ઘણે ઠેકાણે કરવામાં આવ્યો છે, અને દેશી કાપડ ઉપર નાખવામાં આવેલી જગાત સામે નાપસંદગી દેખાડનારા મેળાવડાઓ કરવા અને સરઘસો કહાડવાની ગોઠવણો હોલીના હીંગામમાં કરવામાં આવી છે.]

JUDGE: "What's the charge?" Policeman: "Drunk, your honour." Judge (to prisoner): What's your name?" Prisoner: "John Gunn." Judge: "Well, Gunn, I'll discharge you this time, but you must not get loaded again."



A *HOLI* MUD-SMEARING
OR, WHEN DOCTORS DIFFER——?

[*Vide letter of Dr. Rustomjee Nusserwanjee Khory in the Times of India of Wednesday last against Dr. K. N. Bahadhurjee and his "noisy clique."*]

એકબીજા સામે કાદવ ઉડારવાની હોલીમાં ચાલતી મજાહ!
જ્યારે ડાકટરો વચે મતફેર પડે ત્યારે, શું થાય?



FEMININE JEALOUSY AT EVENING PARTIES.

Meheroo—Do you see that Aloo? What a horrid thing she looks!

Peeloo—Why, her face resembles the picture of Venus we saw at the Art Exhibition the other day.

Meheroo—Yes,—with a thick plaster of rouge and powder on it!

ઇવનીંગ પારટીમાં બાનુઓની અદેખાઇ.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૪૧૭ મું.]



"TO TAKE, OR NOT TO TAKE,"
THAT IS THE QUESTION.

[Bai Dinbai Nusserwanjee Maneckjee Petit has consented to pay five lacs for a public Hall, provided that in the event of the cost exceeding that sum the Bombay Corporation find the remainder.]

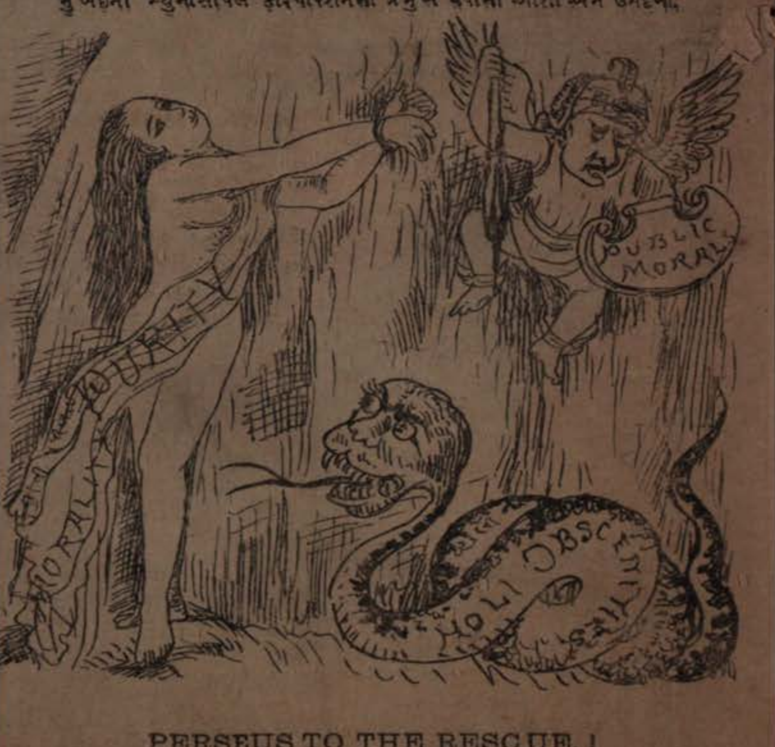
"લેઉં કે નહી લેઉં"?

[બાઇ દીનબાઇ નસરવાનજી માણેકજી પીટીટે એક જાહેર હૉલ બાંધવા માટે પાંચ લાખ રૂપ્યા આપવાને એવી શરતે કબુલ કીધું છે કે, જો એ રકમ કરતાં વધારે ખરચ થાય તો તે કારપોરેશને પોતાની ગીરેથી કરવો.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 45.
DR. COWASJEE HORMUSJEE, G. G. M. C.,
the President in prospective of the Bombay Municipal Corporation.

મી૦ પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૦ ૪૫.
ડાકટર કાવસજી હોરમજી, જી. જી. એમ. સી.,
મુંબઈની મ્યુનીસીપલ કારપોરેશનના પ્રમુખ થવાની આશા અને ઉમેદમાં.



PERSEUS TO THE RESCUE. !

(*A picture of the Holi season.*)

એનડ્રૉમીડાના બચાવમાં પીરસ્યુસ પેહેલવાન!

(હોલીના બાંડ રાગ અને ફાગની મોસમનું એક ચીત્ર.)



OIL ON THE *HOLI* FIRE.

Let the fire clear away all impurities and obscenities, all sorts of rank humbugs, and all cant and bunkum!

સળગેલી હોલીના કુંદપર તેલ !

હોળીના રંગમાં ભંગ મચાવનારી સઘળી અપવીત્રાઈ, સઘળી ગલીચી અને સઘળી ભાંડ વીદપા આ આગમાં ભસમ થઈ જાઓ, અને પ્રજા વગે ચાલતાં સઘળાં હડહડતાં હંબગો, સઘળા નીચ ઢોંગો અને સઘળી ઠાલી ભટાઈઓ ખાખ રાખ થાઓ !



TRYING IT ON.

Jari—(*A pupil of the Empress High School*) I will be an Empress one of these days.

Khorshed—Now don't be fool. Talk some sense, and leave aside that paper pattern-crown of yours.

Jari—Why, don't you see Mrs. Nanabhai is toiling and moiling day after day to make us all accomplished Empresses to rule our homes!

છોકરીઓની "એમપ્રેસ હાઈ સ્કુલ" ની ભવીષ્યની શેહેનશાહબાનુઓ.

જરી—(એમપરેસ હાઈ સ્કુલની એક છોકરી) હું તો બસ "એમપરેસ" થવાની, ને શેહેનશાહબાનુ તરીકેજ ઓળખ વાની.

ખોરશેદ—હવે એવું શેખચલ્લીપણું મુકી દે, ને કંઈ મજેહની જેવી સીઆન સલુકની વાત કર. માથાપરથી આ એ કાગજનું રમકડું તાજ ઉતારી નાખ ને કંઈ સલુક ધર.

જરી—તો કાંય વારું, હું તે શું શેહેનશાહબાનુ નથી થવાની એમ કંઈ તારા મનમાં બનમાં સમજેચ કે? જોતી નહી અમારી એમપરેસ સ્કુલની મીસીસ નાનાભાઈ અમે બધી છોકરીઓને પોતપોતાના ઘેરમાં રાજ કરતી "એમપ્રેસીસ" (શેહેનશાહ બાનુઓ) બનાવવા ને અજોર ને બજોર કેવી મેહેનત કરેચ ને કેવું તેલ કહાડેચ તે! અમે "એમપરેસ" સ્કુલની બધીઓ "એમપરેસ" જ થવાની ને અમારા ઘેરપર રાજ કરીને તેને રેાઆવવાની ને દીપાવવાનીજ, સમજી? ગમે તો તુને બી "એમપરેસ" થવા ગમતું હોય તો આવ અમારી "એમપરેસ" માં!



THE GOOD KHOJA GIRL'S PLEASING PASTIME.

A PICTURE FOR THE HALLS OF THE MEN OF LIGHT-AND-LEADING OF THE BOMBAY KHOJA COMMUNITY.

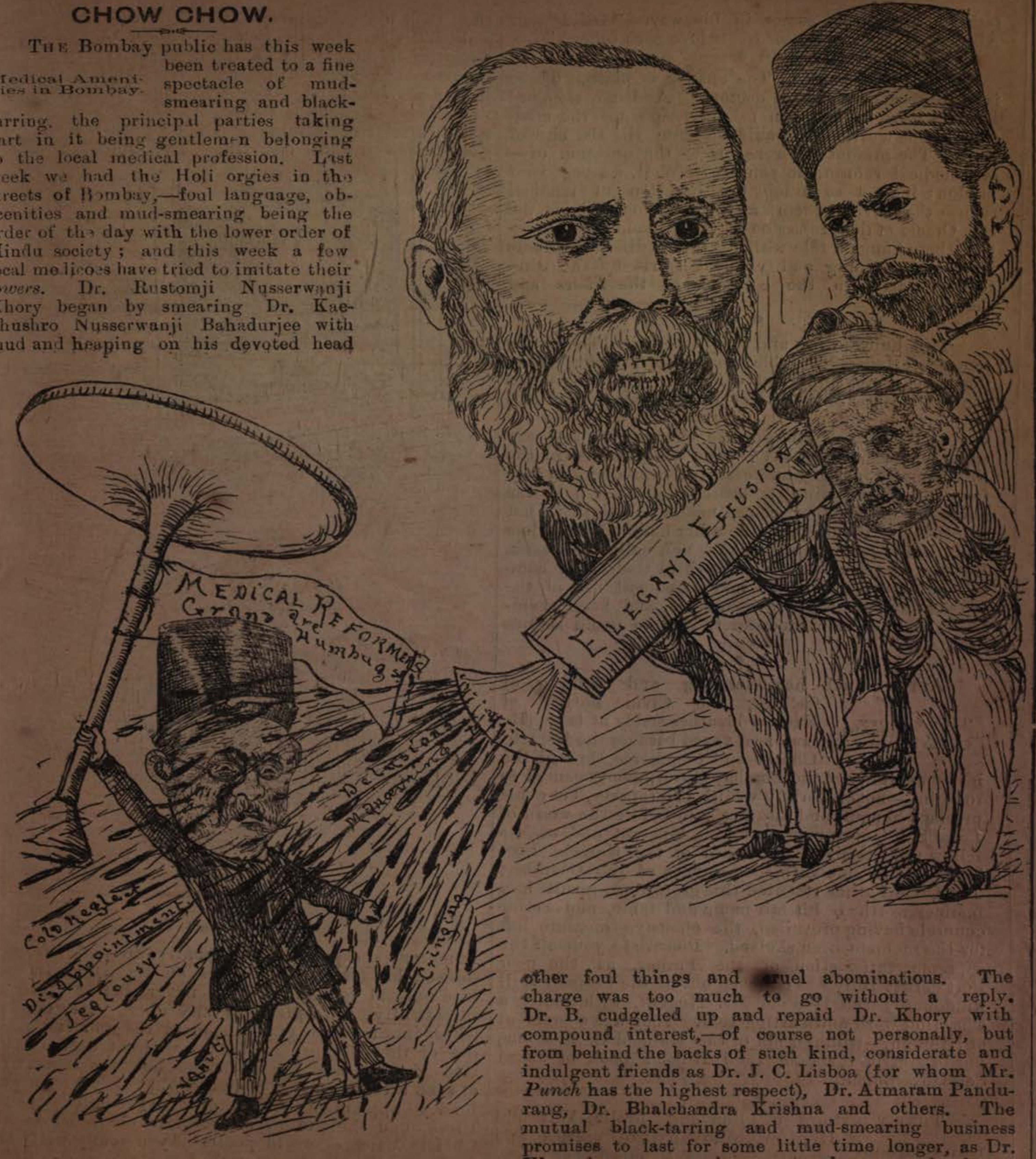
ભલી ખોજા પુત્રીની સુંદર રમત ગમત.

મુંબઈની ખોજા કોમના સરવે આગેવાન અને કેળવણી પામેલા ગ્રહસ્થોના દીવાનખાનાઓને શોભાવનારૂં એક ચીત્ર.

CHOW CHOW.

Medical Amenities in Bombay.

THE Bombay public has this week been treated to a fine spectacle of mud-smearing and black-tarring, the principal parties taking part in it being gentlemen belonging to the local medical profession. Last week we had the Holi orgies in the streets of Bombay,—foul language, obscenities and mud-smearing being the order of the day with the lower order of Hindu society; and this week a few local medicoes have tried to imitate their *lowers.* Dr. Rustomji Nusserwanji Khory began by smearing Dr. Kaekhushro Nusserwanji Bahadurjee with mud and heaping on his devoted head



Medical amenities!!!

other foul things and cruel abominations. The charge was too much to go without a reply. Dr. B. cudgelled up and repaid Dr. Khory with compound interest,—of course not personally, but from behind the backs of such kind, considerate and indulgent friends as Dr. J. C. Lisboa (for whom Mr. *Punch* has the highest respect), Dr. Atmaram Pandurang, Dr. Bhalchandra Krishna and others. The mutual black-tarring and mud-smearing business promises to last for some little time longer, as Dr. Khory is sure to make counter-charges and take to

task everybody that comes in his way. "Oh Father Abraham! How these *medicoes* love each other!"

* * *

But why all this? The answer is plain. There is a difference between doctors. And no wonder! Doctors have been known to disagree since the creation of the world, and would disagree till the end of time. The present difference is on the question of—of—medical reform, do you say?—Well, we beg your pardon; it's not so much the question of medical reform that divides them, as the question, Who is the Sir Oracle of the profession? And round this question there hangs a tale which is told in different colours with such carping and virulent spirit by the contending parties in the columns of the *Times* and the *Gazette*.

* * *

The humiliating and sorry spectacle these worthy representatives of a noble profession present before the puble is anything but edifying. The blasts and counter-blasts are worthy of Billingsgate. Can this out-burst of spleen and ill-humour be owing, by the way, to the sudden atmospheric changes we are now experiencing in Bombay? The temperature in the thermometre is rising and cases of heat-apoplexy are frequent. The brain gets heated and excited as the approach of summer comes nearer; and it is not surprising if the doctors, like other human beings, lose their heads and brains in this unusually hot week. But Dr. *Punch* would prescribe them their own common prescription, viz., to make frequent use of the ice-bag during the controversial-heat, and keep themselves cool and calm and quiet, just to avoid serious results.

* * *

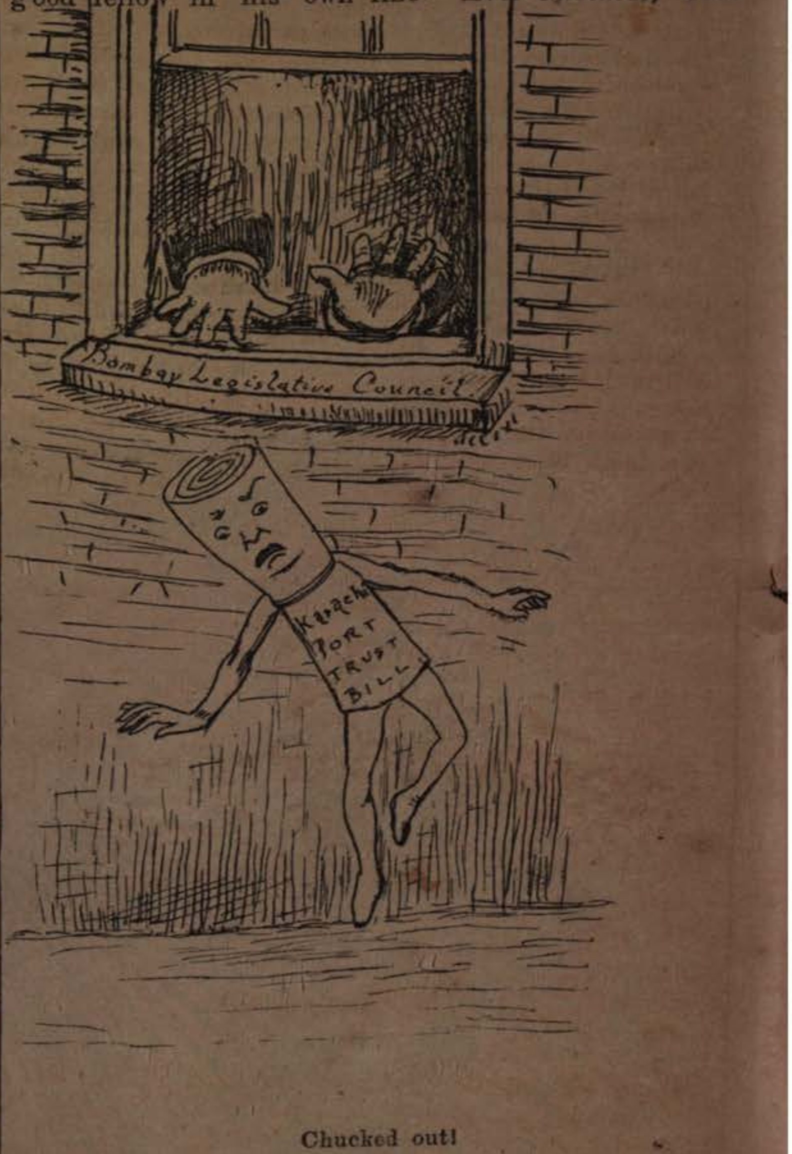
The victory of the Karachi Civic Father.

After much heart-burning and ruffling of feelings, the Civic Father of Karachi breathes freely at last. He had been vexed because the Karachi Chamber of Commerce, through the instrumentality of the Bombay Government, wanted to rob him,—not of worldly wealth or property, but of his precious honour, and disgrace him before the world of Local Self-Government as an incompetent and useless fellow unfit to sit on the board of the Karachi Port Trust side by side with the proteges of the Chamber. The Civic Father resented this gratuitous insult in a manner worthy of his fair name and fame, and better counsels having prevailed, the offensive measure has for the moment been shelved. Picture to yourself the supreme satisfaction of the Father, as the poor Port Trust Billy was chucked out of the Council Hall window by the Hon'ble Mr. Nugent, with many a consoling word and parting tear. That was a moment of triumph,—triumph not of the Karachi C. F. alone, but of all true lovers of Lord Ripon's boon of Local Self-Government.

* * *

Dave Carson.

That repertoire of Fun and Frolic, Wit and Humour, who in the sixties and seventies brought down the now-defunct Grant Road Royal Theatre and amused the Bombay play-going public with real mirth and pleasantries, and whose personation of the Bengalee Baboo is still a living memory,—that humourist has gone to his eternal rest, never to appear before an Indian audience with his irresistible "I very good Bengalee Baboo," and "kooch parwa nahin, good time coming." Dave Carson was a jolly good fellow in his own line. Ever mirthful, ever



Chucked out!

humorous, he imitated the native in real life, and showed his fancies and foibles on the stage in such true natural colours as have never before been so successfully attempted by any alien. He cracked jokes innumerable on the spur of the moment, made fun of the passing incidents without degenerating into ribaldry, and his witticisms on the stage were of such a cosmopolitan character that they were always loudly applauded and highly appreciated by the Press and the public alike. His death leaves the Christy Minstrel world poorer by a really witty and humorous minstrel.

* * *

"The Nag Phani."

Writes Mr. *Punch's* old friend Jálandhar Náth, now airing in the cool heights of Khandálá :—" The instinct of hero-worship led the French to dethrone great Orion from his high place among the blazing orbs of the heavens and to instal Napoleon in that constellation. Much the same sentiment is noticeable in the case of Nág Phani or the Cobra's Hood,—that weird scarp rising behind the Umbari hill at Khandálá, the outline of which has been likened to the Duke of Wellington's nose. It seems strange that in a land pre-eminently noted for hero-worship, the Mahratha patriots did not discern in the sharp cut outline of the rock the forehead and nose of their own hero, the great Shivaji, the founder of their empire,—the builder of hill-forts, who of all others deserved to be commemorated in durable rock."

***

"To an imaginative observer this well-known cliff presents more than one shape," proceeds Jálandhar Náth, "easily identifiable according to the position from which it is viewed. Seen from Kampholi, it is the original Nàg Phani, the cobra's deadly hood in the act of striking its victim ; from the Reversing Station, it presents the appearance of an Eagle's Head with the beak clear cut against the sky ; from the road



Peishwa's *pugdee*!

along Vágzái temple near Byramji Point, the spectator finds in profile Shivaji's Head,—or the Duke's Nose if you please,—in calm repose facing the firmament ; viewed from the Barrack grounds, and taking in the well-formed *base* on which the head rests, the whole is transformed into a Brahman turban—call it the Peshwa's Turban if you like."

***

And then our friend Jálandhar proceeds to draw the picture of this Deccani curiosity :—" The nose in this case is contracted into the crown or beak in front, the forehead into the rounded slope or back, and the base gives you the flat folds or the brim of the once wheel-like head-gear of the orthodox, now shrinking fast into the small paper-made-silk-lined *khokás* or fashionable turbans of Poona Brahman mashers. You have here, in the order of evolution, the reptile first, bird next, man last. This hill, for the fantastic shapes it assumes, forcibly reminds one of the juggler's trick with the folded paper, giving you a hat, an umbrella, a tent, a fan, and a dish from the same piece of crumpled parchment !"

***

The Bombarder-General in embryo.

The Hon'ble Mr. Setalwad's interpellations in the Bombay Legislative Council are so all-embracing, that almost every Government department seems to come within the range of his keen survey. He resembles the smart sprightly little boy, who, before taking to bigger weapons, tries his hand at a catapult and aims a stone at every glass window or glass house that he comes across. Of course, people standing at the glass window or living in the glass house don't at all like the catapultist, who leaves an unpleasant impression behind him. But all the same, the perfomances of Setalwad with his catapult have so far been of the best and most successful type. If he continues, he may safely expect one day to become a general terror in the vicinity of Officialdom, earning for himself the title of Bombarder-General.



The Catapultist.

A few mottoes.

HERE are a few Thoughts and Maxims from the French, suggested as mottoes for our Great Men and Small :—

"*The most wasted of all days is that on which we have not laughed.*"—The wisdom of which the sage, *Hindi Punch*, heartily acknowledges.

"*To demand nothing and to complain of no one is an excellent recipe for happiness.*"—Peculiarly suited to Indian wants. Indian saints are unanimous in prescribing this infallible remedy. Anglo-Indian bureaucrats largely advertise it; but the Indian National Congress fatuously rejects it, to the great detriment of the people's happiness.

"*Other times, other manners.*"—As a few courageous Hindu members of the Bombay Cosmopolitan Club coolv remarked, when dining not long since at the same board with Justice Budroodin Tyebji.

"*Great grief is silent.*"—Motto for Indians who are neither demonstrative nor liberal with their purse in commemorating departed worthies who deserve well of India.

"*Talkers are no good doers.*"—Motto for a small section of our Indian Political and Social Reformers.

"*'Tis true greatness not to do what you have a mind to, but to have a mind to do what you ought.*"—Motto for the majority of Indian leaders of progressive movements—especially Social Reform.

"*Cheapness brings ruin.*"—Lancashire's advice to the starving, ill-clad, Indian peasant, who is learning to resent the new tax on country-made cloth.

"*The doctor is often more to be feared than the disease.*"—The Re-actionist's motto for Madhav Baug and Reay Market protests against state interference in Hindu social customs.

"*You must not be too sure of anything.*"—Motto for Sir James Westland, the present Indian Finance Minister, when he chooses to bamboozle his critics by manipulating Famine Relief and Insurance figures.

* * *

GRATUITOUS impudence.

So the Municipal Water-Engineer wants a gratuity! He resigns, transferring all his expert experience and abilities to Singapore, and in return expects a trifle, some ten thousand or so, from the Civic Father. And well he may, for the Civic Father is grateful (great fool, indeed) and has not forgotten the Water-Engineer's kindness in leading him to the bottom of the Pawai tank to the tune of lacs! The Civic Father may be tempted to call this demand an impudent one, only fit for the waste-paper basket. But there are Mr. Vincent, Mr. Hamilton and other friends and admirers of the retiring Water-Engineer, who may be trusted to strain muscle and nerve to catch hold of the Civic Father by the throat and force out of his pockets a purse, sufficiently big to at once satisfy their idol—and their own propensities of being benevolent and charitable with other people's money.

* * *

The curse of Caste.

"How to distribute the good things of the world so as to liberate the lower classes from the vices and miseries of destitution," asked the Political Economists of Ancient India, pressed hard by the poverty question. "Divide Hindu humanity into four classes, with knowledge, power and privileges for the upper and ignorance and perpetual slavery for the lower, and the thing is done,"—was the answer. A well-known Hindu author thinks it was somewhat in this wise that the beautiful system of Hindu Caste came into existence, and that it was probably the best solution of the problem at the time. But pray, why not good for all time? It should be so even now, but that an alien and unsympathetic race of rulers have not the wisdom to incorporate into the Indian Penal Code some of the humane laws of Manu and Yadnyavalkya for keeping the vile Shudras under proper subjection, instead of placing him on a footing of equality with the twice-born Brahman, which the *mlechha* Government is everywhere attempting to do, to the great detriment of the masses in this country. Restore Caste to its prestine vigour and India's progress is ensured!

* * *

Mr. Sathe.

SPEAKING of Caste reminds us of a query put to us the other day by a correspondent. He wrote: "By the by, is the present Registrar of Native Publications bound to state his honest opinion about every work submitted to him? Suppose, as a true Brahman, he praised a new book in favour of Caste and Infant Marriage; would Government view with equanimity such opinion? If, on the other hand, he inveighed against the system in the remark column of his review or report, and got excommunicated into the bargain, would Government protect him?" We believe, he has the option of remaining "*choop*" in such cases.

FAIR TRADE.—Customer: "How much are these brushes?"—Shopman: "Eighteen-pence, sir."—Customer: "And these others?"—Shopman: "Two shillings, sir."—Customer: They look much the same. What is the difference?"—Shopman: "Much better quality, sir. This brush at two shillings is worth six of the others."—Customer: "You don't mean to say so?"—Shopman: "Yes, it is, sir, honestly."—Customer: "Ah! Then here's two shillings, and I'll take six of the others." [But the shopman doesn't quite see it.]

MANNERS, NONE.—A country doctor, passing through a suffolk village on his morning round, was hailed by a stalwart female, who shouted to him from her cottage door: "Hi! You got to come in and see the old woman."—"*Got* to come in!" said the doctor, pulling up. "Where are your manners, my friend?" "Oh, I forgot," amended the woman. "You got to come in and see *the lady*."

HOST: "Now, my boy, is there anyone in this room that you'd like particularly to be introduced to?"—Guest (after a hasty glance round): "No, thanks, old chap." [Exit hurriedly.]

GREEN: "I wonder who first started the word hello when talking through the telephone." Teller: "It must have been some one who saw how easily the syllables could be reversed."

TRUTH is mighty and will prevail; although, at times, sensational journalism seems to be getting the best of the argument.

PARKE (earnestly): "I tell you we've got a perfect gem of a servant—the best one we ever had." Lane: "How long have you had her?" Parke: "She came this morning."



THE MOTHER'S DELIGHT.

Hon'ble Mr. B-rdw--d—A fine chublby healthy child, and one I can love dearly.'

Mother—And who will surely prove the Mother's delight!

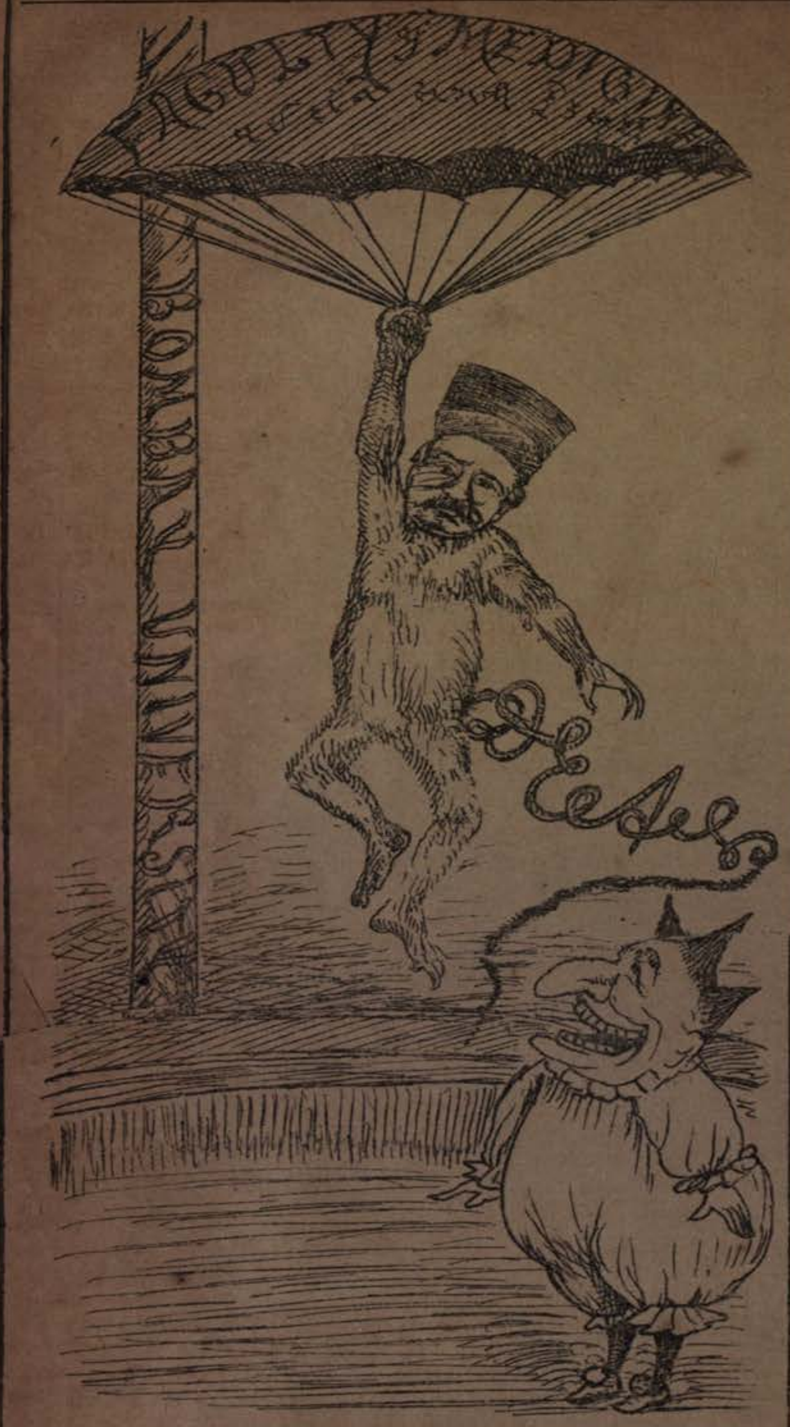
[The amended rules for the conduct of business at meetings of the Council of the Governor of Bombay for making Laws and Regulations have given general satisfaction.]

માતાનો હરખ.

આનરેબલ મી૦ બર્ડઉડ–કેવું મઝેહતું ગલગોટા જેવું તનદરોસ્ત ને આસુદું બચું છે! મને તો એ ઘણુંજ વાહાલું લાગેચ!

માતા–ખચીત, એ તો પોતાની માયનો જીવ ઠેરવીજ નાખશે અને તેનાં હઇયાં હંમેશાં હરખે હરખાઇજ જશે!

[નામદાર ગવરનરની ધારાસભામાં કામકાજ ચલાવવાને લગતા કાયદા કાનુનોમાં ઘટતો સુધારો કરવામાં આવ્યાથી તેઓ પરજાને બહુ સંતોષ આપનારા થઈ પડયા છે.]



A SURPRISING PERFORMANCE:

THE HOME PET OF PROF. FREDERICK (OF HARMSTON'S CIRCUS) OUTDONE !

[Dr. Cowasjee Hormusjee, G. G. M. C., has been elected a Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.]

એક વીચીત્ર હેરત.

હારમસ્ટનના સરકસવાળા પ્રોફેસર ફ્રેદરીકના પાળેલા વાંદરા ઉપર જબરો ચહડાવો !

[ડાકટર કાવસજી હોરમસજીને મુંબઇ યુનીવરસીટાની સેનેટની વઇદક ફેકલટીના એક "ડીન" તરીકે ચુંટી કહાડવામાં આવ્યા છે.]



THE LAST LUNAR ECLIPSE,

As seen through Mr. Punch's Telescope.

છેલું ચંદ્ર ગ્રહણ,

મી० પંચની દુરબીનમાંથી કેવું દેખાયું હતું ?



AMENITIES OF EVENING PARTIES.

Manek.—It's good you've put on your small wheel—your own native head gear.

Pandurang—And pray, what's there to criticise?

Manek—Nothing particular. Only with your borrowed dress it does look so ridiculously absurd. It has one redeeming point however and that is, it doesn't hide your nationality and set people wondering if you were a Mahomedan, a Jew or a convert !

ઇવનીંગ પારટીમાં જોવામાં આવતી રમુજો.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૧૧૭મું.]



AU REVOIR !

Miss Bombay—You have been a source of much amusement and delight to me, my dear, all the time you have remained in my company. When shall we meet again?

Miss Art Exhibition—About this time next year!

[The Eighth Bombay Art Exhibition, after a successful sessions, closed on Tuesday last.]

"પાછું ફરી જોતી જા !"

બાઈ મુંબઈ-(ચીત્રોનાં પ્રદરશનને) તું મારી સાથ જેટલો વખત રહી છે, તેટલો વખત તારાથી મને ગમત અને મોજમજ મળી છે, મારી વાહાલી. વળી પાછાં આપણે કયારે મળીશું ?

મીસ પ્રદરશન-આવતે વરસ આજ વખતે !



ON THE TERRACE.—THE FIRST WEEK AFTER MARRIAGE.

Dinai and Dady go on the terrace after supper to view the stars and planets.

Dinai—And where's Venus?

Dady—Just near me.

Dinai—(*After gazing here and there*) But where? I don't see it, love!

Dady—Just look about a couple of feet from me, dear.

Dinai—(*After trying again*) No, I don't find it.

Dady—(*Taking her hand*) Ah, my dear, look about yourself. You are Venus, the bright shining beautiful Venus on whom I am never tired to gaze!

[*We hope Dady's poetic effusion will last at least till the honeymoon is over.*

બંગલાની અગાસી પર-પરણ્યા પછીનું પેહેલું અઠવાડયું.

દીનબાઈ અને દાદી રાતે સાત વાગતે જમીને અગાસી પર હવા ધુરવા અને આકાશમાંના તારા જોવા ને ગણવા ગયાં છે.

દીનબાઈ-અને "વીનસ" (શુકર સેતારો) કહાં છે ?

દાદી-મારી નજીકમાંજ છે.

દીનબાઈ-(ઘાંકી ટાકી થઈને એમ તેમ જોયા પછી) પણ કાંહ ? કહી બાજુએ ? હું તો તેને જોતી નથી, લવ ?

દાદી-જરા તું મારી આગળથી બે ફુટ દુર જો, ડીયર ; તાંહ "વીનસ" છે.

દીનબાઈ-(ફરીથી એમ તેમ જોઈને) નહી, મને તો કંઈ જણાતું નથી.

દાદી-(દીનબાઈનો હાથ લઈને) અરે મારી ડીયર, તું પોતે પોતાનેજ જો ની. તુંજ "વીનસ" છે ;-તુંજ ચળકતી, પ્રકાશતી ખુબસુરત "વીનસ" છે. જેને ટીકી ટીકીને જોતાં મારી આંખ કદીબી થાકતી નથી, કે હું પોતે કદી કંટાળતો નથી !

[લગનની મહીનાની બારેમાર પુરી થાય તાંહ સુધીબી દાદીનો આ કવીતાઈ ઉભરો કંઈ નહી તો ચાલુજ રેહેશે કે ?

PUMPING EXTRAORDINARY,
OR, THE INTERPELLATIONS AND THE ANSWERS IN THE BOMBAY LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

નળમાંથી પાણી કહાડવાની અસાધારણ મેહેનત;
અથવા, મુંબઈની ધારાસભામાં પુછવામાં આવતા સવાલો અને આપવામાં આવતા જવાબો.

હમણા હમણા નળમાંથી જે પાણી મળે છે તે આગળની માફક ઠોળા બાળનારૂં અને સોય જેવી છુપી ધારનું નથી મળતું, પણ તેનો ઠીક ધોધ બાહાર પડે છે.



ઈવનીંગ પારટીમાં બાનુઓની અદેખાઈ.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૪૦૬મું.]

મેહેરૂ-પેલી આલુને જોઇ કે? રાણુ કેવી કદર બીહામણી જેવી લાગેચ!

પીલુ-કાંય વારૂં સું છે તેને? એનો ચેહેરો તો આપરે તે દાહારે આર્ટ એકઝીબીશનમાં વીનસનું પીક્ચર જોયું તેને આબેહુબ મળતો છે.

મેહેરૂ-હા-જ્યારે પાઉડરનો સપેટો ને ગોલાબી રંગનો તે પર સારી પેઠે લેપરો કીધેલો હોય ત્યારે તે વીનસને ઘણોજ મળતો આવેચ!

ઇવનીંગ પારટીમાં જોવામાં આવતી રમુજો.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૧૦મું.]

માણેક-તમારૂં આએ પઇડાં જેવું પાઘોટું ઠીક છે હો. તમે એ પેહેરી આવયા એ ઠીક કીધું.

પાંડુરંગ-પણ તેમાં તે ટીકા શાની કરવાની?

માણેક-કંઈબી નહી. પણ જોવની તમે આએ ભારૂતી યુરોપયાન દરેસ પેહેરયોચ તેની સાથે સાથે એ એવું બેઢંગું દેખાયચ કે બસ નહી. તોબી એક વાતે એ ઠીક છે. એથી તમારી નાતજાત ઘંકાઇ રેહેતી નથી અને તમે એક મુસલમાન છેઓ, કે યાહુદી છેઓ, કે વટલેત્ર છેઓ, તે વાંયે લોકોને તરેહવાર તરક કરવાની જરૂર પડશે નહી!

વાણીયા સ્ત્રી સુધારાના વરતમાન અને ભવીષ્યમાં એક ડોકયું.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૩૬મું]

(૧)

શામકોર-હું તો મારી મરજીમાં આવશે ત્યારેજ પરણીશ, અને કોઈ મુંઢ પઇશાવાળાને ભેજાંના શેર્ગીષ્ટને તો મારી આગળ ઉભો પણ રાખીશ નહી! તેવા મુવા મુંઢ ને પથરને શું કરે!

પ્રેમકોર-જ્યારે મારા પીતાએ તારા પીતા સાથ પરણવાનો મારી પર જુલમ કરયો, ત્યારે મને પણ એવીજ છુટ મળી હોત તો કેવું ઠીક થાત!

પ્રાણજીવન-હારે બહુજ ઠીક થાત તો! ને હમણા સુધી એ કાદ કોટડીમાં ઝુરી ઝુરીને એકલી અટુલી રખડી મરત! તારા જેવી ઓને ઉંચકી ઉપાડી જવાને લોકો કાંઈ અધીરાં પડતાં નથી હો!

પ્રેમકોર-ધીરેરે ધીરે, મારા ધણીજી, ધીરે! આજ ને કાલ તો તમ જેવા પગે પડી પડીને ને કાલાવાલા કરી કરીને પરણવા માગનારા ભીખારડાઓ ઢગલાબંધ ઉભાઈ જાય છે; ને આપણી શામકોર જેમ પોતાને લાયકના વર સાથેજ પરણવા માગે છે, તેમ કોણે ખબર, હું પણ મારૂે લાયકનો ને વધારે સારોજ વર મેળવત, ને તમ જેવાને આડી નજરે જોત પણ નહી!

(૨)

ત્રીભોવન-કાં દીકરી, પછે તારો શો વીચાર?

કમુ-મારો વીચાર તો એજ કે હમણાં પરણવુંજ નહી.

ધનકોર-પણ એવું સારૂં ઠેકાણું કોઈ બીજું ન મળશે હો!

ત્રીભોવન-હા, પઈસાવાળા ને વળી ખાનદાની છે!

કમુ-પણ તેના પઇસાને શું કરે,-આગ લગાડે?

ધનકોર-અરે રાંડ મુરખ, પઈસાને આગ શેની લગાડે? પરમેશ્વર ન કરે ને એમ સમજ કે તું વેહેલી રાંડી, તો તે તને બહુ બહુ કામ આવશે ને વાહાલા લાગશે! કાળ કેવી છે તેની કોઈને કાંઈ ખબર છે?

કમુ-વાત તો ખરી; આજી; પણ હું તો મારી મરજીનો પરણીશ ને મને ગમશે ત્યારે પરણીશ.

ત્રીભોવન-હાય હાય! આ પોરી તો ફાટી! આ શા કલ્યુગનાં કઊતક!

(૩)

હરજીવન-પણ આ પેમલાને થયું છે શું?

હરકુવર-તે બગલમહી કાલી કાગળની છત્રી ઘાલીને ને કમરે પોતયું વીટાળીને ઘી તેલની દલાલી કરે છે તે મને પસંદ નથી!

હરજીવન-પણ તો વીચાર કરને કે તારા મોટા દાદા તે આગળ શો ધંધો કરતા હતા? બંદરપર મોતીઆ ઉંચકતા હતા મોતીઆ! મરચાં ને અલસીની ગુણી ઉપાડતા ઉપાડતા તેમનો બરડો પણ બેવડ થઈ ગયો હતો!

હરકુવર-પણ તમે તો નથી ઉપાડતા ને? તમે તો આજ પાટલુન ને ડગલો ને નેકતાઈ ને કોલર ઘાલીને ફરો છો, ને મને બુટ ઈશટાકીન પેહેરાવીને ફેરવો છો ને મઢેમ પાશ ઇંગ્રેજી શીખવો છો. ત્યારે પછે એવા પેટપર પછોડી બાંધીને અને ગાગડ જેવું પેટ કાઢી ઘીવાળાની દુકાને બેસનાર સાથ મને કાં પરણવા કહો છો? હું તો મરી જઈશ, કુવો તળાવ પુરીશ, પણ એવાને અડકીશ નહી!

(૪)

મટલો-આ જોયું કે? દીકરીને મોટી કરવાનો આ લાભ જોયો? તને કહયું તે ન માનયું, પછે જો આજ તારી દીકરી મોટી થઈને શું કહે છે તે! બસ રાણ લેઈ બેઠી કે હું તો ન પરણવાની, ને પરણીશ તો મારે ગમશે ત્યારેજ પરણીશ!

કમલા-મને શી ખબર કે કલ્યુગમાં એવાં એવાં રંગ ને ઢંગ મચશે! અરે મારા વખત મહી એવું હોત તો કેવું ઠીક થાત! મારા બાપાએ પણ પરણવા માટે મારી મરજી પુછી હોત તો હું આજ કેવી નગરશેઠાણી થઈ હોત, કે રાજાની રાણી થઈ બેસત!

મટલો-નગરશેઠાણી ને રાણી તો નહી પણ કેડે છાણા થાપવા ને કચરો વાળવા જાત! સમજી? રાંડ વળી રશોઈયાની દીકરી, ને વાત ત્યારે મોટી લક્ષાપત્રાણીના જેવી કરે છે, હે'!

કમલા-એ તો તમે શેત ગાંઠીયાવાળાને ત્યાં આવી તેથી-બાકી હું તો બે ઘોડાની ગાડી મહી ફરવાને લાયક હતી!

ઈવનીંગ પારટીઓમાં જોવામાં આવતી રમુજો-નંબર ૩.

[જુઓ ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૭૭મું]

હીલ્લુ-ને આજે તારો વરકાંહ છે, મેહેરૂ? આયોબાયો નથી શું?

મેહેરૂ-(જેવણના ધણી ઉઘાડે માથે ને જાંગલાના દરેસમાં ફરે છે) નહી, નથી આયા. તે દાહારે ગુલેસ્તાનની પારટીમાં કોઈ મુઓ અદુખરો એવણને ફરંગ ગોટલા સમજયો ને રીફ્રેશમેંટ રૂમમાં રાખેલા કોઈ ફરંગી બોય હોસે, એમ ધારીને એવણને હાક મારીને કહયું કે "ઈદર આવ સીનોર પેદરો, અમારે વાસતે એક ગલાસ વોટર લાવ!" એવણને તેથી એવો ખભરાટ લાગો ને એવું મોહોત થઈ ગીયું કે બસ નહી! તે દાહારના એવણ ફફરેલા ચટકેલા છે તે કેઠે પારટી પ્રારટીમાં જવાજ માગતા નથી, કે રખે કોઈ વરી એવણને સીનોર પેદરો બેદરો સમજીને ફજેતી કરે ને "બોઓઓય, ઈદર આવ!" કરીને હાંકબાંક મારે!

માસીજીનાં લગન બીજીવાર કયારે થશે?

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૪૮મું.]

નીરદોષ બુચી-ને માયજી, ગુલ માસીનાં લગન વરી કાહારે પાછાં થશે?

માય-એ શું બકેચ તું! માસીનાં લગન તો કાલેજ રાતનાં થઈબી ચુકાં તે તું જાણેચ કેની! પછી તારે એવું આરૂં અતારૂં કેમ બકેચ?

ળુચી-તેા માયજી, મને બીજાં લગન આવા ગમેચ તે ! આ બેા દહારેા નાચવા કુદવા ને રમવા દેારવાની તેમાં કેવી મને મજાહ પરેચ !

કપેાળ જ્ઞાતના લગનનેા કેાલ તેાડવાના મુકદમા પછી.

[જુવેા ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૪૮મું.]

લીલા-ના, હું કાંઇ એવી ફાટી ફાટી વાત સમજવાની નહીં ! ને મને આમ દબરાવશેા તેા હું કાંઇ દબીશ નહીં ! હું તેા મારી મરજીમાં આવશે ત્યારેજ પરણીશ !

લીલાના બાપા-જો એક પણ શબ્દ વધુ બેાલીશ તેા આ તારેા જાનજ લઇ મુકીશ ! રાંડ ડાકણ !——રાંડ——

[લીલાના બાપાના ભાષણનેા બાકીનેા ભાગ છાપામાં છાપવા લાયક નથી]

(૨.)

પેમલી-હું તેા મેત્રીક થઇશ પછે પરણીશ !

શેામલી-ને હું તેા કેાઈ આલ-આલ-બલાડી (? એલ. એલ. બી.) થયલેા હેશે તેનીજ સાથે વરીશ !

કમલી-ને હું મેડીકલ કાલેજ મહી જઈશ, એલ. એમ. આસ. થઇશ, ને પછે એકાદ ડાકટર ચકરઘટી સાથેજ વરીશ !

પેમલી, શેામલી ને કમલીની મા-આ તારા બાપા જો આવી વાત સાંભળશે કની તેા ચેાટલેાજ ધરીને રેલી મેલશે હેા ! મુંગી મુંગી જઇને રસેાડું વાળેા, વાસણ માંજો, ને દળવા બેસેા !

(૩.)

ધનકેાર-આ કમળાએ તેા ઠીક બજાવી દીધી ! છાપે છાપે એનું નામ છપાઇ ગયું, ને દેશ પ્રદેશ એ તેા વીખયાત થઇ ગઇ !

પ્રેમકેાર-આપણ છેાકરીએા માટે એણે તેા નવેા રસ્તેા ઉઘાડી આપયેા ! મને પણ બાપા અંગ્રેજી શીખવા મેાકલે તેા કેવું મજાહનું !

પ્રેમકેારના કાકા-હા, તને અંગ્રેજી શીખવેને, કે રાંડ વટલી જાય ને પરણવા કહે તેા ઘુમટેા તાણી લાધણ કરવા બેસે !

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

WOMAN OR WIDOW.—Considerable amusement was causeg at the last meeting of the Fulham Guardians by the readinp of a letter from a penniless but aspiring bachelor. "Gentlemen," he wrote, "I take the liberty of writing to you, but the fact is, I am trying to emigrate to the Chilly Island, where a good opening is offered for one willing to work, but you must be married. Have you in charge any woman 20 to 35 years, or widow, who would marry me and go out there?"

"This new light they have discovered that enables one to take a photograph of a man's bones without skinning him will be a terrible factor in the wars of the future," said Wilkins. "Take a bearer of a message, for instance; he is captured, and, after the old-fashioned methods, swallows the paper; out comes the photographer, takes his internal picture, reproduces the swallowed message, and there's all the poor messenger's devotion gone for nothing."

SPURIOUS PATRIOTISM.

'Tis easy Armenia's woes to rehearse,
To call us a cowardly nation,
The Sultan to curse in passionate verse,
And give him a warm situation.

But you who are gifted with wisdom Socratic,
Do proclaim your wise methods, we pray,
'Tis no use to wander in pathways erratic,
Have you anything useful to say?

When Europe declines to join in the fray,
Should England begin it unaided?
If so, you might kindly point out the way,
Before you the nation upbraided.

By what aerial machines could we go,
To the people whose cry reaches God?
We feel deeply, as you, their dire woe,
And in view of their sufferings are awed.

But those sufferings we know would soon be increased
If our efforts to help them were vain;
How sad should we feel if they were not released,
And we only had doubled their pain.

The present fashion of women's sleeves is the most effectual ever devised to promote mutual helpfulness between fellow-creatures. No woman can put her jacket on satisfactorily without some friendly hand to stow her sleeves. Polite contemporary gentlemen, who affect ladies' society and lend a hand where it is needed, are making satisfactory progress towards qualifying at the close of Lent for situations as ladies' maids.

CHEEK.—Horty (coldly): "I see you've got my umbrella that I lent you about six months ago, and I'll thank you to return it."—Coole: "Certainly not: It's more mine than yours now."—Horty (indignantly): "What do you mean, sir?"—Coole: "Why, I've had it re-covered, and several new ribs put in!"

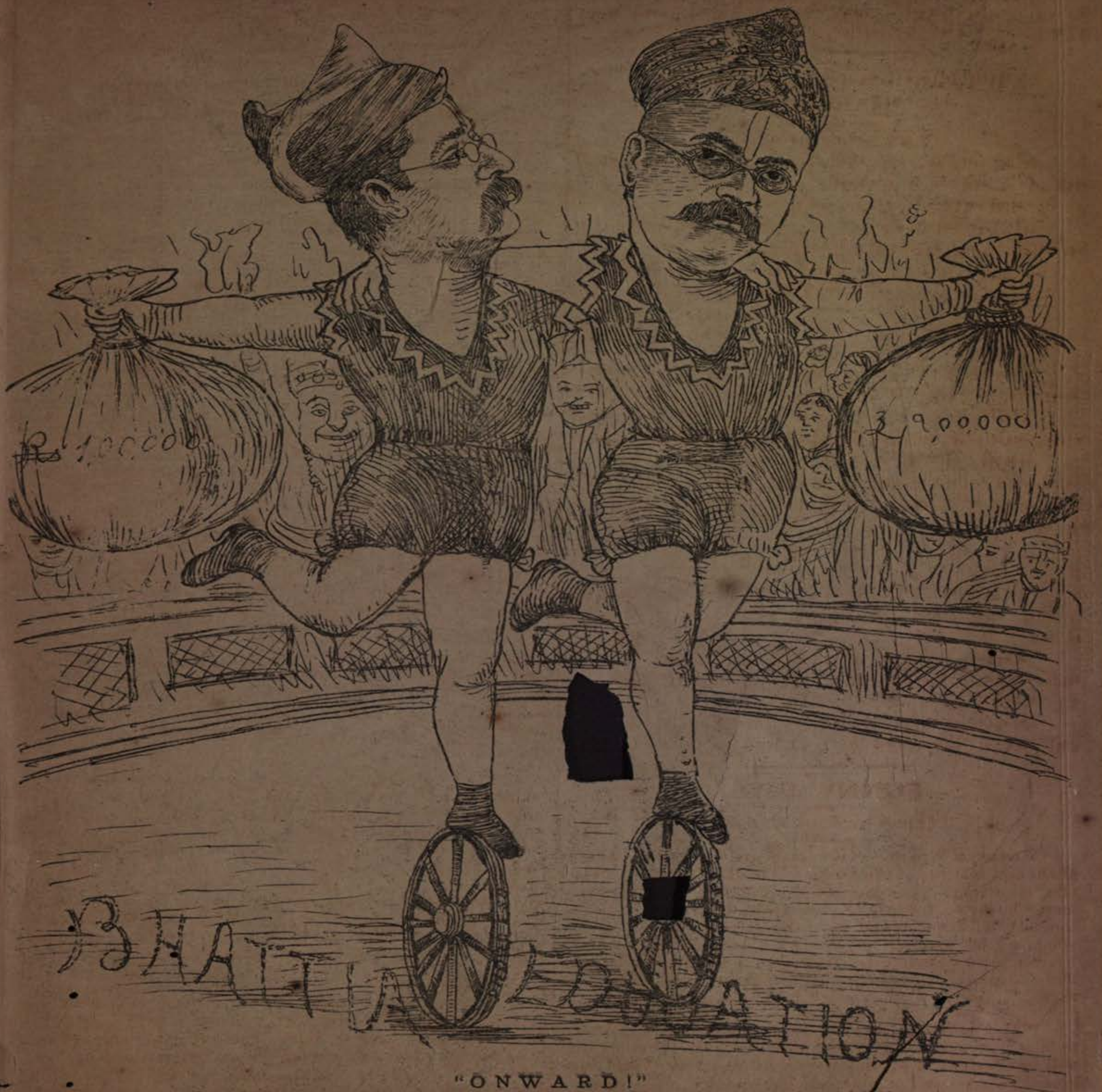
OVERHEARD IN A 'BUS.—Quarrelsome party (after altercation about seats, to fellow-traveller): "What is your opinion of the matter?"—Fellow-traveller: "I think you are an ass to take notice of such a trivial affair."—Q. P.: "Well, what do you think of him?"—F. T.: "He must be an ass to take notice of an ass like you." [Both left pondering.]

"You'll plaze lave your umbrela or cane at the dure, sor," said the new Irish attendant at the picture gallery. "Very proper regulation," said the visitor; "but it happens I have neither." "Then go and get one. No one is allowed to enter unless he laves his umbrella or cane at the dure. You may read the carrd yourself, sor."

"Dr. Jarley is simply wrapped up in his profession." "I should say he was. Why, they do say that when he proposed to Madge Willoughby he never squeezed her hand once, but kept his thumb on her pulse all the time."

"It seems to me that you are writing a good many mother-in-law jokes," remarked the critical friend. "Yes," replied Merriman; "if the market for them holds out I'll be able to pay back some of the money my wife's mother was kind enough to lend us when we went to housekeeping."

COMPLIMENTARY.—Doctor (to patient): "It's a great wonder to me, my dear sir, that you've ever pulled through this illness."—Patient: "So it is to me, but my wife would insist upon calling you in."



"ONWARD!"

OR THE GREAT KHATAU BROTHERS ON THE WHEEL OF PROGRESS.

A PERFORMANCE HIGHLY APPLAUDED AND GREATLY APPRECIATED BY THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC ALIKE.

[Messrs. Goverdhandass and Mulraj Khatau Makanjee, the well-known Bhatia merchants and mill-owners, have paid a lac of rupees for founding a boarding school for the poor boys of their community.]

"આગળ વધો !"

અથવા, વધારાનાં પઈડાંને આગળ ગગડાવવાની ખટાઊ ભાઈઓની સાનંદાશ્ચર્ય પમાડનારી કસરત.

છાપા અને પ્રજાએ એકસરખી રીતે શાબાશીના આવાજ, તાલીઓના ગગડાટ અને હુરરેના પોકારથી વધાવી લીધેલી.

[મુંબઈના જાણીતા ભાટીઆ વેપારીઓ અને મીલ માલેક મેશર્સ ગોવરધનદાસ અને મુળરાજ ખટાઊ મકનજીએ પોતાની કોમનાં ગરીબ છોકરાંઓને કેળવણી આપવા માટેની એક બોરડીંગ સ્કુલ સ્થાપવાનાં સ્તુતીપાત્ર કામ માટે રૂપીઆ એક લાખની કીમતી સખાવત કરીને



HIS LONG WAITED FOR PREY !

[*With apologies.*]

Amidst reeds the Tiger has been crouching for days, and at last he finds his prey!

[Famine has appeared in the North-west Provinces, and Government have been compelled to open relief works for the poor.]

આખરે · શેકાર હાથ લાગો !

દીવસો સુધી શેકાર પર તરાપ મારવા માટે ઘાસમાં ભરાઈ બેસવા પછી આખરે વાઘને પોતાનો શેકાર હાથ લાગો છે !

[વાવ્ય પ્રાંતોમાં દુકાળે દેખાવ દીધો છે, અને ગરીબો માટે મદદનાં બાંધકામ ઉઘાડવાની સરકારને ફરજ પડી છે.]

FOOD ADULTERATION IN BOMBAY,—NO. 2.



Shendiarao—(*To his milk man.*) You wretch! You *bhrashtachari*! What did you mean by making me swallow horse-dung and other abominations in the milk you gave me! You——you——!!! [*The rest is too nasty to go in print!*

મુંબઈમાં ખોરાકીની ચીજોમાં ચાલતી ભેળસેળ—નાο ૨.

શેંડ્યારાવ—(પોતાના દુધવાળાને) અરે બાનકોટી! અરે લુચા ચોર! અરે ભ્રષ્ટાચારી! મલા જે દુધ તું દેતો ત્યાંત તું ઘોડયાચી લીદ આણી અસ્યાચ દુસરયા મલીન જીનસા મીલવુન દેતો! તું તુઝયા મનાંત સમજતો તરી કાય! અરે તુઝયા——અરે તુઝયા——તુઝયા———!!!
[શેંડીયારાવની બાકીની ભાષા એવી બીભત્સ છે કે તે છાપામાં જવા લાયક નથી।



A CLEAN SHAVE!

How the poor Indian taxpayer has, been fleeced of half a crore of rupees for the satisfaction of Lancashire!

કેવું માથું બોડી નાખ્યું!

લેનકેશીયરને સંતોષ આપવાને ખાતર ગરીબ બીચારા હીંદી કરભરનારનું અરધા કરોડનું માથું કેવી રીતે બોડી કહાડવામાં આવ્યું છે!

I HAVE before me a letter from a Persian friend, a gentleman of some literary note in his own country, who informs me that he is learning English by the aid of a small text-book and a dictionary, without any other instructor, and he adds: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come to the America and go on the scaffold to lecture."



"I SAY, COME DOWN!"

Turkey—I say, Leo, you've been on the Camel for an unusually long time; now you had better come down!

[*Leo pretends not to hear the call of Turkey.*

[The *Times'* correspondent at Constantinople telegraphs that, in reply to the Sultan's invitation to regularize the situation in Egypt, Lord Salisbury has stated that the suggestions of the Turkish Ambassador are too vague. The Sultan has, therefore, appointed a Commission to formulate concrete proposals.—*Telegram.*]

"એઈ, કાકા હેઠે ઊતરો!"

ટરકી-એઈ કાકા લીયો, આ મીસરી ઊંટ ઉપર તમે ચહડી બેઠા તેને હવે ઘણો વખત થઈ ગયો; હવે મુંગા મુંગા હેઠે ઉતરો!

[ટરકી શું કહે છે તે જાણે સાંભળતાજ નહી હોય એવું કાકા લીયો ડોળ ઘાલે છે.

[લનડન ટાઈમ્સનો કાન્સ્તાન્તીનોપલ ખાતેનો ખબરપત્રી તાર મારફતે ખબર આપે છે કે, ઈજીપ્તનો કબજો ઈંગ્લંડને છોડી જવા અને તે માટેનો બંદોબસ્ત કરવા તરકીના સુલતાને મોકલાવેલાં નોતરાંના જવાબમાં, વડા પ્રધાન લારડ સાલસબરીએ એમ જણાવ્યું છે કે, સુલતાન તરફથી જે દરખાસ્તો તેના એલચીએ રજુ કરી છે તે ઘણીજ અનીશ્ચીત છે. સુલતાને તે ઉપરથી એક નક્કી યોજના તઈયાર કરવા માટે એક કમીશન નેમ્યું છે.—તાર.]

CHOW CHOW.

Alexandra Girls' School. If departed spirits could occasionally revisit the scenes of their earthly labours, the late Mr. Manockjee Cursetjee's soul would have been filled with wondering delight at the brilliant and picturesque spectacle presented on Tuesday last by the pupils of the Alexandra Native Girls' English Institution, which he founded some thirty years ago, and at the rich intellectual treat afforded on the occasion. During its long and chequered existence the Institution has seen many reverses. In its earlier days it had to make a stand against prejudices and calumnies, for some of which, perhaps, it had to thank its own inherent weakness, no less than the unreasoning opposition of not a few Parsee parents, who shuddered at its name and recoiled from it as they would from a serpent. This opposition of bigotry and blind orthodoxy, during the sixties and seventies, was so violent that it was impossible to foresee at the time that the school would carry its existence close to the end of the century. But time has worked wonders. The prejudices of the sixties and seventies slowly melted into thin air during the eighties, and in the nineties we have the most happy spectacle of numbers of Parsee girls enriching themselves intellectually at the portals of the Institution. The life and vigour, now stirring in the bosom of the Institution, reflect credit on the present management, and Miss Matilda Hunt, the Lady Superintendent,—by no means a mean huntress herself in the pursuit of knowledge and higher education—deserves all the encomiums showered on her accomplished head. Mr. C. M. Cursetji and Miss Serene Manockji Cursetji,—worthy children of a worthy sire—have shown by their zeal and industry to promote the objects of the school, that the mantle of the founder has deservedly fallen on their shoulders, and it goes without say that they will leave no stone unturned to patiently, steadfastly and consistently carry out all the objects and plans which he had in view, when thirty-three years ago he began the social innovation for the mental and moral equipment of the future mothers of the Parsee race.



Full of life and vigour.

* * *

The Moral of the Surat Fire. Will the late calamitous fire at Surat, which burnt down about a hundred houses and caused the deplorable loss of seven lives, open the eyes of the Civic Father of the place and rouse him from his deep

lethargy? Perhaps not, for the series of conflagrations in the past, which have earned for Surat the unenviable name of the City of Fires and robbed it of its ancient splendour, appear to have been lost upon him. His fire-extinguishing appliances are far from perfect; his water-cart system is scandalous; and his water-supply, to say the least, is a disgrace and a shame, the whole being strangely out of keeping with the present advanced times! And yet he has the impudence to boast of his appreciation of the boon of local self-government! Impertinent brag from one who can allow his water-scheme to sleep the sleep of death for years, and view with supreme indifference, and quietly put up with, the vexatious delays and hitches in its way caused by some know-nothings and selfish, conceited busy-bodies! It seems there is a screw loose somewhere, and a little tightening up is very urgently required. The C. F., judging from his past history, will hardly stir unless goaded and pressed from without. Energetic means are necessary to make him move on, and the apathetic Suratees, who have put up with his idiosyncracies and his foibles too long, must now muster up courage and strike terror in his heart.

***

The Sour-faced Year.

THE New Year of the Dakshini Hindus begins to-day and Mr. *Punch* wishes the the Maharashtra all the joys of it!

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Mr. Punch: (*To Shak* 1818)—Come, my honey. What do they call thee? There is wisdom in thy face.

New Year.—My name is *Durmukhi* or Sour-faced.

Mr. Punch.—And so thou seemest from thy countenence—Wisdom and Melancholy combined. What's thy mission?

New Year.—To sojourn for a year in your midst and to be serviceable to the people of this land. Could you tell me, Sage, how I might do it?

Mr. Punch.—Easily done! Work like the good, useful and busy bee—sucking not the honey but the bitter essence of folly, melancholy and sorrow from every man, woman and child over whom the shadow of thy wings may fall, and please them all the sweeter for thy present visit after sixty years. *Durmukhi* thou art; then fulfil thy short destiny on this earth, drink deeply of the bitter draught of melancholy, even as the great Shiva, or Nilkanth the blue-throat, drank the fatal poison, and leave Hind's children in better humour and good cheer.

***



The Sour-faced Babe.



A somersault in mid-air!

Lucky Mr. Tomlinson!

AT last Thursday's meeting of the Bombay Civic Fathers, Mr. Leo surprised the audience by turning a double somersault in mid-air, scattering to the wind his own consistency and sound practical common sense! Thanks to this daring feat, Mr. Tomlinson, the never-to-be had-the-like-of-him-again water engineer, has his last days in the People's Palace made merry and gay. He seems at this particular moment to be in the good graces of Dame Fortuna, who has smiled sweetly on him and made him roll in riches over which he would have hardly dreamt to lay a finger. Lucky Mr. Tomlinson! Good tumbler and tripper Mr. Leo! [*Hindi Punch*, 15-3-96.

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 5th March.—The unseemly scramble for the Standing seats in our gift has come to an end. There were four places and seven candidates, and the seven fought hard and long. For days and nights before the election, we corporators had not known a moment's rest or a wink of sleep, so pestered had we been with petitions from genteel beggars, eager to secure their thirty rupees a week. To sit in the Corporation is an honour only, to be on the Standing Committee means both honour and profit, and it is not in human nature to resist Mammon's call. Persons, indifferent to Corporation meetings, have been known to travel long distances simply to put in an appearance on Standing Committee days, and to pocket—not earn—their fees. There are not wanting some, however, who honestly and truly earn them, and it is satisfactory to find that, despite undue and back-stairs influences, we have been able to return tried and trusty men, who give us conscientious work for our money. The result of the election is, on the whole, as much a gain to them as to us, for we have proved our appreciation of sterling worth. A result so momentous that I am tempted to drop into poetry to record it.

Hail! V. Gas of Goa, first to stand!
Kabraji, second of the glorious band!
Rahimtula, hurra, takes the third place,
Sanitation Katrak ends the race!
In the running, there were three more,
But only these, the chosen four;
Disappointment weeps a silent tear,
Balked of fifteen hundred a year!



"Quite good to eat!" (With apologies to Mrs. Andrew Ker.)

Gutter business! Is it properly and efficiently supervised, and are we sure that the pipes are duly laid? The city swarms with excavating operations, and complaints having arisen as to the inconvenience caused to the public, they are being hurried up in some places. Expeditious work is good, but not at the cost of efficiency. It is all underground, and once the earth has closed over it, it will be impossible to judge of its value. Therefore, said Mr. Leo, let us find out all about it, while we may. A report from the gutter engineer will suit us nicely, a report in detail stating the names of the officers who are supposed to supervise, the time and manner of supervision, if the materials used are of the right sort and if the proper gradient is observed. The contractors, added Mr. Leo, are all honest men of course, but as the custodians of the public morals, we must not put in their way the temptation to "do" us. Therefore, let us have the report, echoed several voices after Mr. Leo. With only one dissentient, Mr. Hamilton, who thought it needless. It is the business of the Executive Engineer and why should we meddle with it? Again, what, strange inconsistency! Only the other day, we were complaining that the gutter works were progressing at snail's pace and causing endless annoyances. To-day, we fear they are being hurried over! The worthy magistrate did not see that hurrying often spelt inefficiency!



"All to please the Corporation!"

Unpassed items! What a shame! People wanting money of us, and having to knock at our doors for months before they get paid! The Municipality, said Mr. Leo, ought to pay as promptly as the Bank of Bombay! Of course, it ought, with all the "phenomenal" wealth it has been heaping up for years!

Dr. Bhalchandra wanted an extra ten thousand for the Health Department, and Mr. Dew wanted to know the reason why. "Oh, it is only because the Standing Committee, when passing the last year's estimates, were anxious to curtail, and the Commissioner curtailed accordingly," answered Mr. Seraph, "all to please the Corporation!" "This must not be," retorted Mr. Leo, "to curtail only to please and secure votes, and then come and say the curtailment was ill-advised! What is necessary, must be done in the first instance. False economy, with a personal object in the back ground, is culpable and the Standing Committee deserves a whipping!" Whether they got it or not, I did not stay to enquire, but the extra was of course allowed. [*Hindi Punch*, 15-3-96.



"The Standing Committee deserves a whipping

HARGRAVES: "You know that time I was so sick last summer? I just heard that the doctor gave me up once." Ferry: "I heard that he gave you up twice." "Twice?" "Yes. The second time after he had been trying to collect his bill."

SHE KNEW IT.—He: "I'd have you know I'm a self-made man."—She: "I saw you make a donkey of yourself yesterday."

A MINING ITEM.—New Chum: "And how am I to know when I'm getting near the gold?" Old Digger: "Well, just keep on digging till yer pick gets yaller like mustard, and you can reckon you are coming on it."

BOBBY: "Popper, what does the paper mean by the women of the hour?" Mr. Ferry: "I guess it means the woman who says she will be ready to start in fifteen minutes. An hour is about as near as she comes to it usually."



AMENITIES AT EVENING PARTIES.—NO 2.

Jar.—Who is that Goanese Feranghi talking with that Parsee woman?

Jamshed.—Don't you know him? He is her husband!

Jar.—Who is she? And who is he?

Jamshed.—Who's she? I'm surprised at your ignorance! Not to know Ratal, the fair singer! And her husband is Rustom, the fellow who has been to England, and having eaten the regulation dinners at Lincoln's Inn, thinks he has earned the right to make himself ridiculous!

Jar.—Oh, indeed! Well whatever he may have done to his brains, he has succeeded admirably in changing his exterior, so that our Goanese butler Pedro may well claim kinship with him! See, how *education* transforms some fellows! Perhaps, he has forgotten his mother-tongue too! One comfort, though. His mother isn't likely to know him again, as he is!

ઇવનીંગ પારટીઓ આં ત્નેવામાં આવતી રમુજો.—નંબર ૨.

જર—પેલી પારસણ સાથે વાત કરેચ તે ફરેંગ ગાટલા કાણ, જમશેદ?

જમશેદ—અરે તું ઓરખતી નહી! એ તેા પેલી જાણીતી રતઇને તેનેા વર રૂસ્તમ છે!

જર—નકરો મુવેા જણે અ.પરા ફરંગી બટલર પેદરેાનેા ભાઇ!



POOR CONSOLATION.

"My dear girl, wake up! These tears are unavailing. Take a good lesson from the calamity and muster up all your courage to find out ways and means to fight against a repetition of it!"—Yours sorrowfully, *Punch.*

[A calamitous fire occurred at Surat on Sunday the 8th March last, destroying about a hundred houses and property worth about a lac, and burning to death persons.]

નીરજીર દીલાસેા!

"મારી પ્યારી પુત્રી, જાગરૂત થા! એમ રડવામાં કાંઈ વળવાનું નહી. તારીપર ગુજરેલી આગની આફત ઉપરથી કાંઈ સારેા ધડેા લે, અને ફરીથી એવી આફત ઉભી થાય તેા તેની સામે બાહાદુરીથી લડવા માટેના ઉપાયેા યેાજવાને હીમત ધર!"—લા૦ તારે માટે દલગીર, પંચ.

[ગઈ તા૦ ૮ મી મારચે સુરતમાં એક ભયંકર આગની આફત વરસી હતી, જેમાં આસરે એકસેા ઘર નાશ પામ્યાં હતાં, આસરે એકાદ લાખની માલમતાને નુકશાન પુગું હતું, અને સાત માણસેા બળી મુવાં હતાં.]



A NEW HOLI ORGIE IN BOMBAY.

Drs. Lisboa and Atmaram.—Ah you little brat! Trying to bespatter your elders and superiors, eh! Then take this and this!

મુંબઈમાં હોળી પછીનો નવો રંગ !

ડાકટરો લીસબોઆ અને આતમારામ—અરે પોરીયા ! તારા વડાઓ ને તારા કરતાં મોટાઓને કાદવ કાદવે છાંટી નાખવા નીકળ્યોચ નહી હં ? ત્યારે તો લે આએ ને ચાખ સવાદ પુરેપુરો !



BEFORE STARTING FOR THE PARTY.

Mrs. Shendiarao—But where would be the harm if you allowed just a wee bit of your *Shendi* to peep out of your Mogul cap? It will serve to show your nationality, which at the moment is somewhat misleading, and people might say I was going awaywith Aga Ismael of Shiraz!

[*Mr. S. serenely puffs away.*]

પારટીમાં જવા આગમચ.

મીસીસ શેંડ્યારાવ—પણ હું એમ પુછું કે તમારી મોગલ કેપમાંથી જરા સેહેજ તમારી શેંડીને બાહાર લટકતી દેખાવા દેશો તો તેમાં નુકસાન શું જવાનું છે જે? તેથી તો ઉલટું તમારી ખરેખરી જાત નાત દેખાઈ આવશે અને લોકો તમને કોઈ ઈરાની મોગલ સમજવાની ભુલ નહી કરશે! હમણા તો મને લાગેચ કે લોકો એમજ સમજશે કે હું કોઈ શીરાજના આગા ઈસમાયલ સાથે કેઠે નાહાસી જાઉંચ!

[મી॰ શેંડ્યારાવ થંડે કલેજે સીગારનો ધુમાડો ખેંચ્યા જાય છે।



THE BOMBAY HORSE SHOW.

MR. PUNCH'S BEST COUNTRY-BRED IN THE SHOW,

that carried the palm, and won the prize offered by the Sindhi public.

[Mr. Narayen Ganesh Chandavarkar has been elected president of the Provincial Conference to be held at Karachee at the end of this month.]

મુંબઈમાં ઘોડાઓનું પ્રદરશાન.

પ્રદરશાનમાં મી॰ પંચે દેખાડેલો સરવેથી ઉતમ દેશી ઘોડો,

જે સરસાઈમાં પેહેલે નંબરે આવ્યો છે અને સીંધી પ્રજા તરફનું ઈનામ જીતી ગયો છે.

[ચાલતા એપ્રીલ માસની આખેરીએ કરાંચી ખાતે ભરવામાં આવનારી પ્રાંતીક કનફરન્સના પ્રમુખ તરીકે મી॰ નારાયણ ગણેશ ચંદાવરકરને ચુંટી કાહડવામાં આવ્યા છે.]



Mr. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS—No. 46.
SIR ARTHUR HAVELOCK.
The New Governor of Madras, (arrived in Bombay on the 14th March last per s. s. Peninsular.)
Coming events cast their shadows before.

મીo પંચનાં ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાo ૪૬.
સર આરથર હેવેલૉક,
મદરાસનો નવો ગવરનર,
(ગઈ તાo ૧૪ મી મારચે સ્ટીમર પેનીનશુલર મારફતે મુંબઈ આવી પુગેલો.)
ભવિષ્યના બનાવો પોતાનો પડછાયો અગાઉથીજ દેખાડતા આવે છે.



THE MARCH WINDS OF BOMBAY.

Their impudence knows no bounds. Their first victims are the fair ones to whom they show scant respect day or night, whether at the Apollo, the Back B ıy, Chowpatty, Scandal Point, or M ıhaluxmee Vellard !

મુંબઈમાં માર્ચ માસના પવનના સપાટા.

નખોદ જાય એના પવનનું ! શું એની સોખાઈ છે ! નાજુક પંથનીઓ તરફ તો તે બેહાઈથીજ વરતે છે, અને તેઓની કસીબી લાજ કે શરમ રાખ્યા વગર, દીવસે કે રાત્રે, એપાલોપર કે બેકબેપર, ચોપાટીપર કે સ્કેનંડલ પોઈંટપર, જ્યાંબી તેઓ હોય ત્યાં તેમની તરફ તે સેહેજબી માન કે મરયાદા બતાવતોજ નથી ! અને એવી પાક બેહાઈ અને સોખાઈ છતાં, કોઈની મગદુર નથી કે તેને જરા કબી સજા કરી શકે !

'ARRY AN' OOM PAUL.—First 'Arry : "I sy, if that chap Kruger comes over, you'll give 'im a welc me, eh ?"—Second 'Arry : "'Course I will ! As a true Brittun I should 'old out my fin to 'im and sy : 'Ul' man ! give us your '*and* !'" ("Your Rand" was 'Arry's meanin'.)

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 9th March—A very Irish business in connection with the laying of double Tram lines on Kalbadevi Road. Mr. E. Rahimtula thought, Mr. Bomaster thought, I thought, and I daresay several others, both in and out of the Corporation, thought, that when we last accorded our sanction to the double track, it was an understood thing that it should be further reconsidered in the event of the Kalbadevites coming up to us with their objections and grievances. But we were wrong. They did come up, the poor fellows, brimful of objections, but all we could do was to send them about their business, their only consolation being that they will repose in paper in dusty security among the archives of the proudest Municipality in India. But really now, isn't it unfair that people should be invited to speak, and when they do speak, asked to hold their tongues? Opinions are divided on the double line. Some say that the double line is a double blessing, but if the Kalbadevi folk are of the opposite opinion and think that the double line is a double curse, they should at least be given a fair hearing. "It must not be," said Mr. Leo, and as if to emphasise the position, planted himself firmly on the ground. "It must not be," echoed Mr. Dew, who would appear to have lately taken to playing second fiddle in the Council Hall. "It must not be," repeated Mr. Leo, "for don't you know, gentlemen, that your resolutions, once made, are as irrevocable as the decrees of fate. We have resolved to allow the double track, and it shall be laid, all Kalbadevi banded against it notwithstanding.

> '*Our* resolution's placed, and *we* have nothing
> Of woman in *us*. Now from head to foot
> *We* are marble—constant.' "

Thus in all the strength of conscious power Mr. Leo, and we applauded, half credulous, half convinced. But all at once, as if struck by a second thought, "stop," said he, "let me know who is responsible for this cart-before-the-horse business? Why was the matter brought before us, without consulting Kalbadevi first? It is against the Act, and again I ask who is answerable for this reversal of the right procedure?" It was not the proverbial echo that answered *who*, in this instance, but the amiable Dr. Bhalchandra, who explained that the Commissioner did not like to trouble Kalbadevi to state her objections, if any, if the Corporation was not inclined to grant its sanction. Very kind of Mr. Snow, I am sure. So the sanction was first sought and obtained, with the result that poor Kalbadevi finds herself out of court. "That was wrong," remarked Mr. Leo, "and henceforth let the Act be strictly followed." In the earlier portion of these notes, I have said that the Kalbadevi people had only one consolation. Here is another. They have been the means of benefitting the public at large, for though they have got the double lines—hard lines, they would call them—the fiat has gone forth that whenever a double track is to be laid in any quarter, timely notice of it shall first be given to the concerned parties.

Another case of hard lines. The Government and ourselves are at variance in respect of certain land held by us from them. "Give us more rent," say the Government, "or vacate bag and baggage." This is



Hard lines.—Kalbadevi dismissed.

the old, old story of the grasping landlord and the helpless tenant. We are, however, tenants in a different sense from ordinary tenants, and the Government might well show us greater consideration. We are going to look minutely into the question, with the aid of a committee, appointed by Mr. Leo, and of counsel, whom the committee is authorised to consult, if necessary. "Where was the necessity of it," asked Mr. Vincent, "when another committee had already done the same work, and had consulted our own solicitors too?" "A solicitor's opinion is one thing and counsel's opinion another," retorted Mr. Leo. But to his surprise, which he was at no pains to conceal, he saw that Mr. Vincent refused to recognise any difference, believing that solicitors and counsel were birds of a feather, with nothing much to choose between them. However this may be, let us hope that a better feeling will prevail between the Government and ourselves on the *ground* in question, and that mutual

concessions in a friendly spirit, rather than the strict letter of the law—whether interpreted by solicitor or counsel—will settle the question. It would be unseemly for either party to ask like Shylock, "Is it so nominated in the bond ?"

Hard lines once more. Our primary schools are scandalously located, and the secretary of the Joint Schools Committee has written to us to enquire if the fund, which we started some little time ago, was substance or shadow, and if we would let him use some of it for building two schools. "With all our hearts," said Mr. Leo, "if Government would only co-operate. Let us ask them if they would." And we are going to.

Thursday, 12th March—The last meeting was full of Mr. Leo. To-day it was the same, and always famed for performing wonders, he surpassed even himself. He got the better of us before we knew where we were. All in connection with Mr. Tomlinson, our great water-engineer, whom we thought we had previously got rid of. It will be in the recollection of my readers that we refused his application for furlough with allowance, and we believed we had silenced him. But some people are irrepressible, especially those whose impudence knows no bounds. Said Mr. Tomlinson to himself, "Ho, Ho, my Fathers, is that your little game, and do you think you can shake me off so cheaply ? You refuse me my allowance, do you ? Well, bother the allowance. Pay me my gratuity, and let me see how you evade it." Gratuity to a deserving man, one who has served us so well, so faithfully, so honestly, so efficiently &c. &c. &c., said Mr. Vincent, echoed by Mr Sundernath Khote. All honour to them, for so upholding the



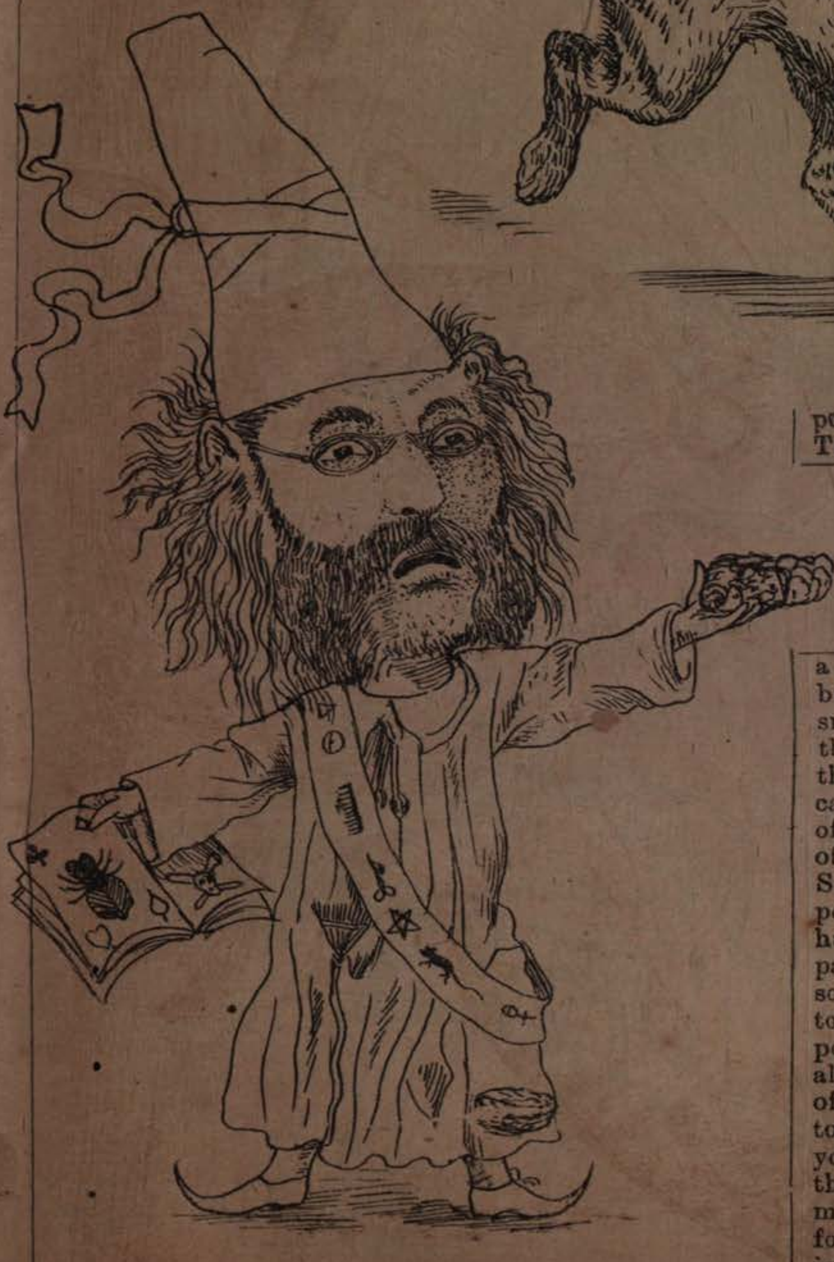
Performing wonders!

virtues of a "gentleman of Mr. Tomlinson's candour and straightforwardness!" "It is not a question of virtues," argued Mr. Leo, "we are all virtuous, all gentlemen of 'candour and straightforwardness,' our officers too, and no one individual has the special monopoly of any particular virtue. The proper way to look at the question is *my* way. When the furlough question came up last time, we refused to import into it any controversial matters or acrimonious observations. Let us eschew all bitterness this time too." And forthwith Mr. Leo, with his wonderful magic



Pet Tom.

powers, placed before us a big lump of sugar. There could be no bitterness there, and it so made our mouths water, that we soon became so many lumps of sugar ourselves. Sweet and soft! "Look here, gentlemen," continued the magician, followed as usual by his constant and never-failing echo, Mr. Dew, "this is what Mr. Tomlinson wants before shaking hands with us for ever and a day. Only Rs. 10,000! A large sum by itself, but nothing in comparison with his virtues! You smile at *virtues*, and wonder that I should bring them in, so soon after having told you to dismiss them from your minds. But let that pass. You cannot expect me to be bound by the same rules of conduct that I lay down for others. A matter of Rs. 10,000 is all that Mr. Tomlinson wants. Suppose we pay him that, what will be our position? Nothing worse than what it would have been, if Mr. T. had only had a little more patience. If he had but served us a little longer, some two months more, he would have been entitled to Rs. 6,000. Again, there is his contribution to the pension fund, Rs. 3,000. And 6,000+3,000, as you all know, gentlemen, make 9,000! A simple question of arithmetic! So that, at the most, we have only to find a beggarly 1,000. Therefore, gentlemen, open your purse-strings and your heart-strings, and vote the Rs. 10,000 with a good grace! To a *virtuous* man!" The charm of Mr. Leo's eloquence and the force of his wonderful logic seemed to go home to us in spite of ourselves. "IF *he had but served us an-*



The Magician with a lump of sugar.

other two months." A very large *if*, as it appeared to me and to Mr. Bomaster too, for he taxed Mr. Leo with change of front. Change of front! Shirt-front perhaps!



Changing front, eh?

No great matter! We are all changing something every day in this chameleon world! And Mr. Leo only laughed! Laughed at Mr. Bomaster, with unmistakable broadness, and fired into Mr. Hamilton, with unflinching severity! Into Mr. Hamilton, who had used "abusive" language on the last occasion, and would use it again, where necessary, regardless of president or councillors! It was an exciting skirmish between these two limbs of the law, but I have no room to describe it in detail. Those who know the two combatants, need not be told how tough the fight was. In the end, we, who would not pass the furlough allowance, voted the gratuity, only Rs. 10,000, but two of us having the courage of their opinions and voting against it, Mr. *Shroff* and *Mr. C. N. Wadia.* If possible, Mr. Editor, print these names in letters of gold! Mr. Tomlinson has reason to be grateful to us, for we have rewarded his "candour" right royally, and at parting and away in Singapore, he may well sing:

"Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The big big piece of gratuity."

Good bye to our worthy President, going home on leave, and *au revoir!* [*Hindi Punch*, 22-3-96.



Good-bye!



A WARNING VOICE.

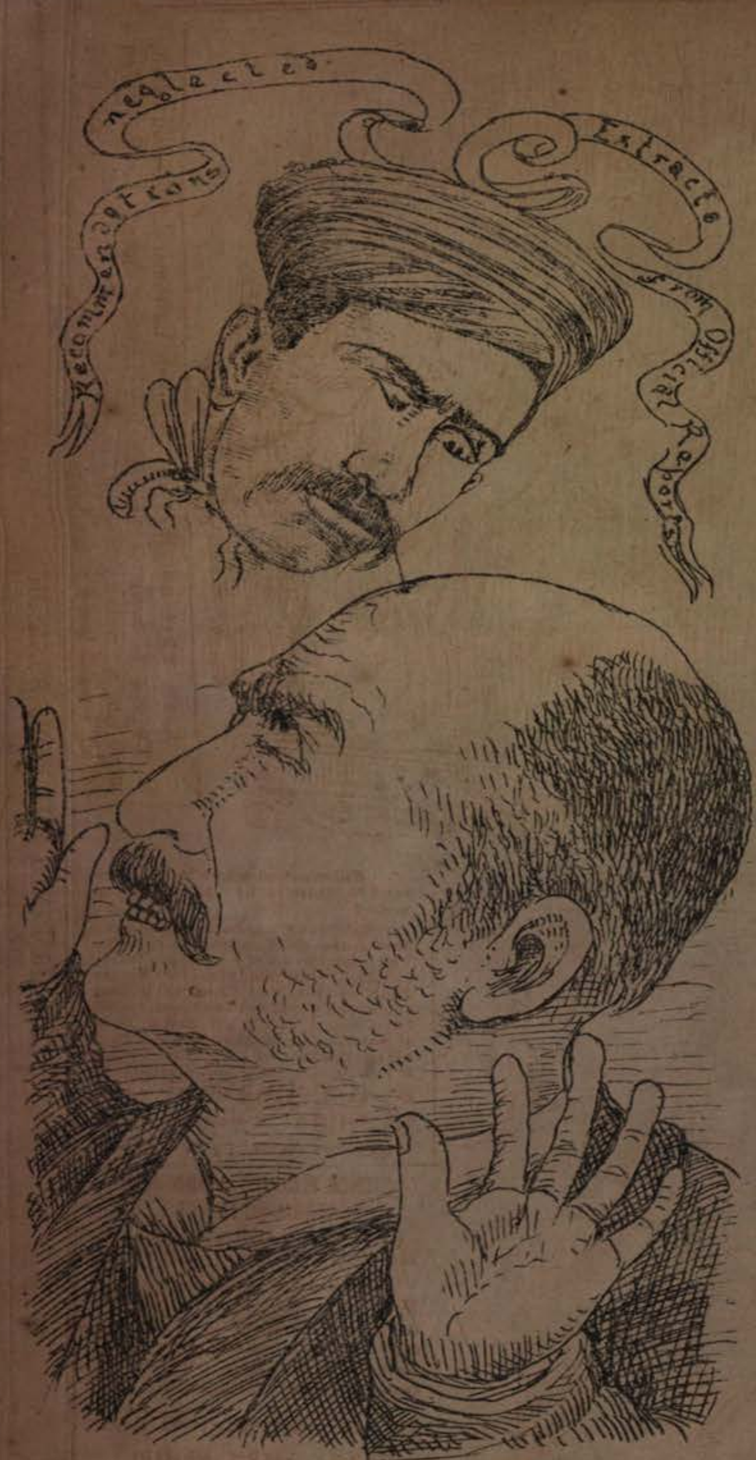
Shade of General Gordon—Remember Khartoum, 5th February, 1885! Remember Mahadi!

[The British Government is sending out an expedition to Dongola, with a view to the reconquest of Soudan, a formidable task against which a warning voice has been raised.]

એક ચેતવણીનો આવાજ.

મરહુમ જનરલ ગોરડનનો ઓલો—યાદ રાખ, ખારટુમ તારીખ ૫ મી ફેબરવારી ૧૮૮૫ નો દીવસ યાદ રાખ! યાદ રાખ મેહાદી!

[સુદાનને ફરીથી જીતવાની નેમથી અંગરેજ સરકાર ડોનગોલા ખાતે એક લશકરી ચઢાઈ મોકલવાની તઈયારી કરે છે, તે ભારે જોખમભરેલાં કામ સામે આસપાસથી ચેતવણીનો આવાજ ઊઠાવવામાં આવ્યો છે.]

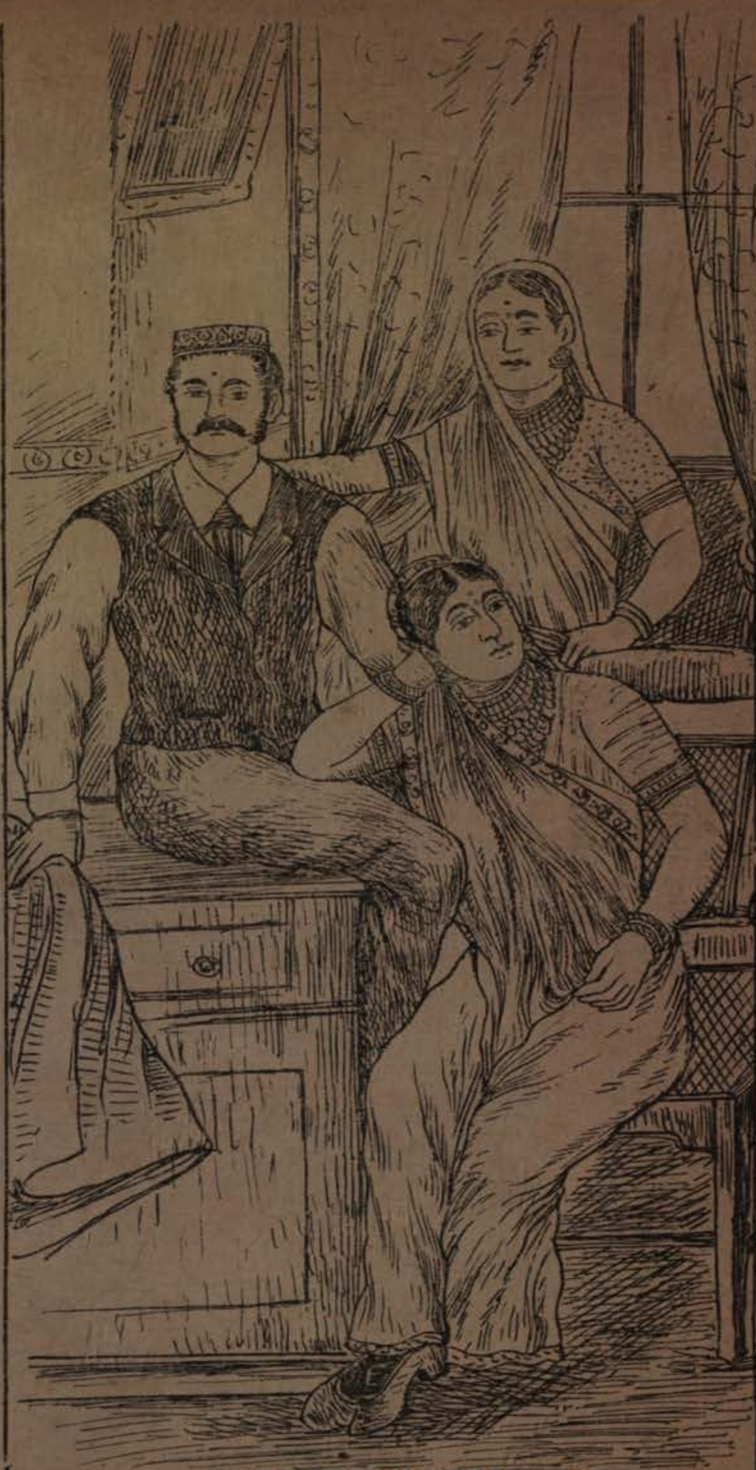


THE MOSQUITO IN THE COUNCIL HALL.

[" Some people there are whom a quotation startles like a sudden bite of a mosquito."—*Mr. Justice Jardine on Anglo-Indian Poetry.*]

ધારાસભાના દીવાનખાનામાં ચટકા મારનારૂં મછર.

[" કેટલાંક લોક એવાં હોય છે કે જાણે એક મછર એકાએક ચટકો મારયાથી તેઓ જેટલાં ચોંકે તેજ પ્રમાણે એકાદ પુસ્તકમાંનો ઉતારો જોતાં કે સાંભળતાં તેઓ ચોંકે છે."—" એંગલો-ઈંડીયન કવીતા " ઉપરના મી૦ જસ્ટીસ જારડીનનાં ભાષણમાંથી.]



BANNIA SOCIAL REFORM.

Shamkore—I will marry when I like, and am not going to throw myself awa on an idiot, overburdened with riches but sadly lacking brains.

Premkore—I wish I had that option when my pa forced me to marry your pa!

Pranjivan—Oh! I daresay! And remained in single blessedness—cursedness rather! People are never in any hurry to pick up such as you!

Premkore—Gently, gently please! Cringing, fawning beggars by the dozens can be had any day, and I might have suited myself much better, who knows, just as dear Shamkore is going to do!

વાણીઆ સ્ત્રી સુધારાના વરતમાન અને ભવીષ્યમાં એક ડોકયું.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૪૩૭મું.]



AMENITIES AT EVENING PARTIES.—NO. 3.

Hilloo.—And where is your husband? Hasn't he turned up to-night?

Meheroo (*Whose husband goes bare-headed and in European dress*).—No. The other day at the Gulestan party somebody mistook him for Signor Pedro of Goa, and thinking he was one of the waiters in the refreshment room, asked him to get him a glass of water! The incident has so ruffled his temper that he hasn't the courage to face another such humiliation!

ઇવનીંગ પારટીઓમાં જોવા માં આવતી રમુજો નાે૦—3.

[વધુ માટે જુવેા પાનું ૪૧૮મું]

KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.—English Customer: "Me good fellah, let me look at some of your English running-shoes." Clerk: "You mean English walking-shoes, do you not?" Customer: "No, me good fellah, I want 'em for me brother in Venezuela."



SIGNOR ELGINO'S WONDERFUL PERFORMING HORSES.

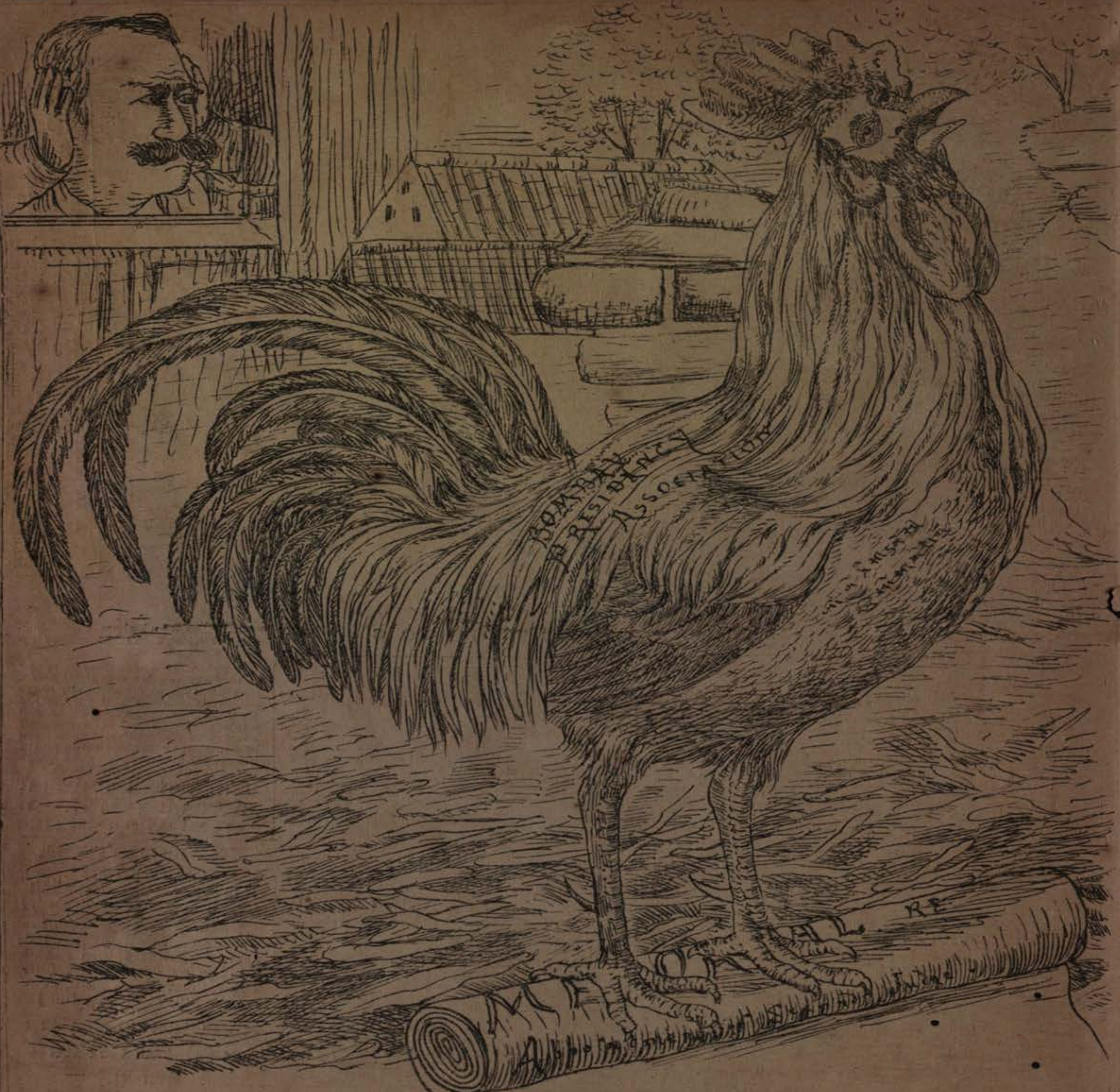
(*An equine exhibition shown at the Viceregal Circus, Calcutta.*)

[In the present sessions of the Viceregal Legislative Council several Bills have been passed into law, notably the Jury Bill, Legal Practitioners' Bill, Volunteer Bill, and Excise Bill.]

સીનેાર એલગાઇનેાના હેરત ભરેલી કસરત કરનારા ઘેાડાઓ.

(કલકતા ખાતેના વાઇસરીગલ સરકસમાં જોવામાં આવેલેા ઘેાડાનેા તમાસેા.)

[વાઇસરૉયની ધારાસભાની આ વેળાની બેઠકમાં કેટલ ક ધારાના ખરડાઓ પસાર કરવામાં આવ્યા છે, જેમાં જુરીને લગતા, કજીયા દલાલેાને લગતા, વાલન ટીયરેાને લગતા અને એકસાઇઝને લગતા મુખ્ય છે.]



THE CROWING COCK.

Loud as the bird crows, it's hardly likely that the sound will have any effect on the official Rip Van Winkles, so deaf are they to the cry for justice and fair play!

[The Bombay Presidency Association has submitted a Memorial to the Bombay Government with regard to the appointment of Mr. N. C. Macleod, a junior European barrister, to act as second judge of the Bombay Small Causes Court, thus doing injustice to the other Judges of the Court.]

કોમડાની કુકરેકુઉઉક.

મરઘો ગમે તેટલો મોટેથી કુકરેકુઉઉક કરે ને વાસે, પણ તેથી ભર ઊંઘમાં પડેલા સરકારી રીપ વેન વીંકલોની ઊંઘ ઉડે અને તેમની પર કાંઈ અસર થાય એમ લાગતું નથી, કેમકે ઇનસાફ અને વાજબીપણાના પોકાર સામે તેમના કાન બેહેરાજ રહે છે.

[મુંબઈની સ્માલ કાઝ કોરટના બીજા જડજના કામચલાઉ ઓધાપર મીο એન. સી. મેકલાઉડ નામના એક જુનીયર યુરોપ્યન બારીસ્ટરને નેમીને એ કોરટના બીજા જડજોને જે ગેરઇનસાફ મુંબઈ સરકારે કર્યો છે, તે સામે મુંબઈની પરેસીડનસી એસોસીએશને એક અરજી સરકાર ઉપર મોકલી છે.]



IN SEARCH OF A DRIVER FOR THE GAEKWADI GODHA (BULL).

"Come on! Come on! A nice opportunity to take up the whip and drive the *godha*!"

[The Dewanship of Baroda, goes a-begging. Mr. Justice Ranade having declined it, it is now being offered to the Hon'ble Dewan Bahadur S. Sreenivasa Reghava Iyengar, C. I. E., who has sent his brother to Baroda to settle the nature of the terms, &c., before final acceptance.]

જોઈયે છે,–ગાયકવાડી ગોધા માટે એક હાંકનાર!

"આવો! આવો! ચાબક પકડીને ગોધાને હાંકવાની ઉમદા તક છે, માટે કોઈ હુશીયાર હાંકનાર આવી જાઓ!"

[વડોદરાની દીવાનગીરી માટે શોધેલો દીવાન હજી કે જડતો નથી. મી॰ જસ્ટીસ રનાડેએ તે લેવાને ના પાડયા પછી મદ્રાસવાળા ઓનરેબલ દીવાન બહાદુર શ્રીનીવાસ રાઘવ આયનગર સી. આઈ. ઈ॰ ને તે આપવાની માગણી કરવામાં આવી છે. તેઓએ તે કબુલ રાખવા અગાઉજ ચોકસ શરતો નક્કી કરવા માટે પોતાના ભાઈને વડોદરે મોકલ્યા છે.]



LANCASHIRE SPINNING

"The fateful threads of woven fire that connects error with retribution."—*Sesame and Lilies: Ruskin.*

[The boycotting movement is firmly spreading in different parts of India.]

હાથનાં કીધાં હઈડે વાગે, અને કરે તેવું ભરે;

અથવા, લેનકેશીયરે હીંદી કાપડ ઉપર જગાત નખાવવાની પાપી ભુલ કીધા પછી તેને તેનાં ફળ કેવાં મળવા લાગયાં છે?

[દેશી કાપડ વાપરવાની અને મેનચેસ્ટરનું કાપડ ઉદ્યોગમાંથી બાતલ કરવાને જાગતી હીલચાલ



WATERING THE PLANT.

The garden of Bhattia education was all dreary, but they have just planted a few shrubs, and have begun watering them in right earnest. Their labour promises to bear sweet flowers.

[A Fund has been started for the encouragement of education among the Bhattia community of Bombay, the prominent contributors among others being Mr Lakhmi dass Khimjee, Messrs. Govardhandass and Mulraj Khatau Makanjee, &c.]

ભાટીયા કેળવણી બાગમાં પાણી સીંચતા માળીઓ.

ભાટીયા કેળવણીનો બાગ સઘળો વેરાન હતો, પણ હમણા થોડાક બાહોશ માળીઓએ તેમાં નવા રોપા રોપ્યા છે અને તેમને ખુબ ઉલટ અને ઉમંગથી પાણી સીંચવાનું શરૂ કીધું છે. તેમની મેહેનતનાં મીઠાં ફુલ ઉગી નીકળવાની આશા છે.

[મુંબઈની ભાટીયા કોમમાં કેળવણીને ઉત્તેજન આપવા માટે એક ફંડ ઉભું કરવામાં આવ્યું છે, જેમાં મુખ્ય રકમ ભરનાર ગ્રહસ્થોમાં મીઃ લખમીદાસ ખીમજી, મેસર્સ ગોવરધનદાસ અને ખટાઉ મકનજી તથા બીજા સાહેબો છે.]



EARNEST PREPARATIONS FOR HOISTING THE NEW YEAR'S FLAG.

GOODI PADWA, DAKSHINI NEW YEAR, SHAKA 1818, DURMUKH-NAM SAMVATSARE : SUNDAY, 15TH MARCH, 1896.

[THE cause of Hindu female education, advocated by Dewan Bahadur Manibhai Jashbhai, in the Arya-Mitra Mandal *melas*, is considered by several as the one pressing need of India, and they are seriously thinking of taking it up.]

ગુડી પડવો : નવાં વરસની ગુડી (વાવટો) ચહડાવવાની ઉલટમંદ તઈયારીઓ.

ગુડી પડવો, દક્ષણી નવું વરસ, શાકે ૧૮૧૮ દુરમુખનામ સંવતસરે : રવીવાર, તા૰ ૧૫ મી માર્ચ ૧૮૯૬.

[આરય મીત્ર મંડળ તરફથી કરવામાં આવેલા મેળાઓ હજુર હીંદુ કોમની સ્ત્રીઓને કેળવણી આપવાની બાબત વીશે દીવાન બહાદુર મણીભાઈ જશભાઈએ જે ચરચા ઉભી કરી છે તે ઉપર ઘણાઓનું ધ્યાન ખેંચાયું છે, અને હીંદુસ્તાનની એક મોટી હાજત તરીકે એ બાબત ગણીને તે ગંભીરાઈથી ઉચકી લેવાનો તેઓ વીચાર ચલાવે છે.]

CHOW CHOW.

Penetralia of Urbs prima in Indis. HIS EXCELLENCY the Governor has made himself personally acquainted with the penetralia of the First City in the Empire. The experience he has obtained must be edifying as conveying home to H. E. the idea how the poor, ill-clad, ill fed portion of the population lead their wretched lives from day to day, and how the proud Municipality of *Urbs prima in Indis* neglects its first duties in regard to cleanliness and sanitation. While passing through wretched lanes and bylanes, across pools of foul stagnant water rank with the most abominable odours, H. E. must have found it difficult to realise that he was in the midst of the glittering city of Bombay, possessing a phenomenally rich Municipality with an army of sanitary officers and engineers. Rather must it have appeared to him to be a far away wretched village where Sanitary Science was unknown and Cleanliness was a negligible quantity. Our slums are a standing reproach, a disgrace and a shame,—the living and stinking monuments of the gross negligence and carelessness of the City Fathers. If H. E. were to go *incognito* like Haroun Al Raschid of renowned memory, he would learn more of the inner life of the inhabitants of the slums, and realise that much as our boasted Municipality has accomplished, more yet remains to be done to place the sanitation of the city generally and of its darkest nooks and corners especially on a satisfactory footing:—



JUST LIKE HAROUN AL RASCHID.

" All that glitters is not gold ?
Have you not heard that told ?
H. E., in the midst of our slum,
" Just so," says he, and looks glum !

* *
*

Wasted Researches. WRITES Mr. *Punch's* old friend Dr. Mákhmár :—Don't you think, Mr. *Punch*, it is mere waste of breath, time, energy and research when not even a dozen doctors think it worth their while to attend the lectures of Dr. Kantak? What a dreary spectacle the hall of the Framji Petit Laboratory presented on Tuesday when I peeped in to hear what Dr. K. had to say on the Therapeutics of Native Drugs. The number of those who were present could be counted on my fourth finger, and the president felt the dismal gloom so overpowering that he quietly took a sound nap in his chair. Others yawned, and the whole affair was so inexpressibly discouraging, that I envy the poor lecturer's patience and his unruffled equanimity at this slight appreciation of his arduous labours. I was nearly tempted to order out a few patients from the adjoining wards to make the scene a lively one. As it was, it resembled an affair by the grave-side. The silence that prevailed in the Hall was the silence of the grave. Perhaps Dr. K'.s brother doctors and colleagues were more worthily engaged in other branches of medical research. We have been lately treated to some very choice passages in medical mud-smearing, in which some of my professional brothers have surpassed themselves. But that exhibition being now over, what, I wonder, keeps them away

from taking part in the Lord Reay Lectures? Is it because they think Dr. K. is merely recapitulating the old, old story? Or is it because each considers his neighbour to be the greatest duffer and the grandest humbug the world has ever produced?

***

A modern heroine.

THE following has been fired off by an enthusiast in the cause of social reform: Mr. *Punch* readily finds room for it as a safety-valve for the writer's feelings:—The name of Bai Kamlavati must henceforth loom largely in the history of Social Reform in this country. The courage this young Hindu lady has shown in sticking to her resolve to remain single for some years more and to prosecute her studies unhampered by the cares of a married life, shows at least that some of the women of India are not lacking in virtues other than those for which they have hitherto received credit. Pre-eminently meek and obedient, they can at times rise to the dignity which graced the heroines of India in the chivalric times gone by. Bigoted orthodoxy will have none of State legislation to root out the evil custom of early marriage. An irony of fate impels orthodoxy in this case to extort from Justice Candy a ruling which has almost the same force as an Act of the Legislative Council. It is a dagger of bright gold, pleasant to the sight, which lovers of the old order may kiss and clasp to their bosom; but for all that it is a deadly weapon. Hindu parents, beware how you involve your offsprings into betrothals before they arrive at the age of discretion and become consenting parties to the contract!

***

The Fort High School.

MR. PUNCH has lately been treated to a round of school exhibitions, but none has surpassed in excellence the one at the Town Hall the other day, when the young boys of the Fort High School gave a very vivid account of the excellent training they receive at the hands of their Principal, Mr. Framjee Bomonjee Master. His Excellency the Governor was present to certify to the good work of this unassuming, quiet young gentleman, who seems to have devoted his whole life to the moulding of the character of the Young Bombay of the present day. The task seems to be very congenial to Mr. Master, whose masterly ways of making his school a model one, won the approbation and appreciation of the brilliant audience that gathered at the Town Hall on Friday week. The one great object he has set to himself in teaching the young is—"Quiet work," free from fussy ostentation; and in doing so, he wins the approbation of all who appreciate solid work.



A two-edged sword that cuts both ways.

***

The Watch-dog of the Corp.

THE following certificate was found in Mr. *Punch's* letter-box:—

"This is to certify that the bearer

Mr. G. W. Roughton served me from April 1895 to March 1896, during which period I found him a very capable man, regular in attendance and attentive to his duties. He worked very faithfully, honestly and zealously, always actuated with the best of motives and anxious to advance my interests, and he has given me the completest satisfaction. Above all, what endeared him most to me were his independence of character and his straightforwardness. I part with him with a sigh.

CIVIC FATHER.

Bombay, People's Palace, March, 1896.

* * *



Turkey's Wrath!

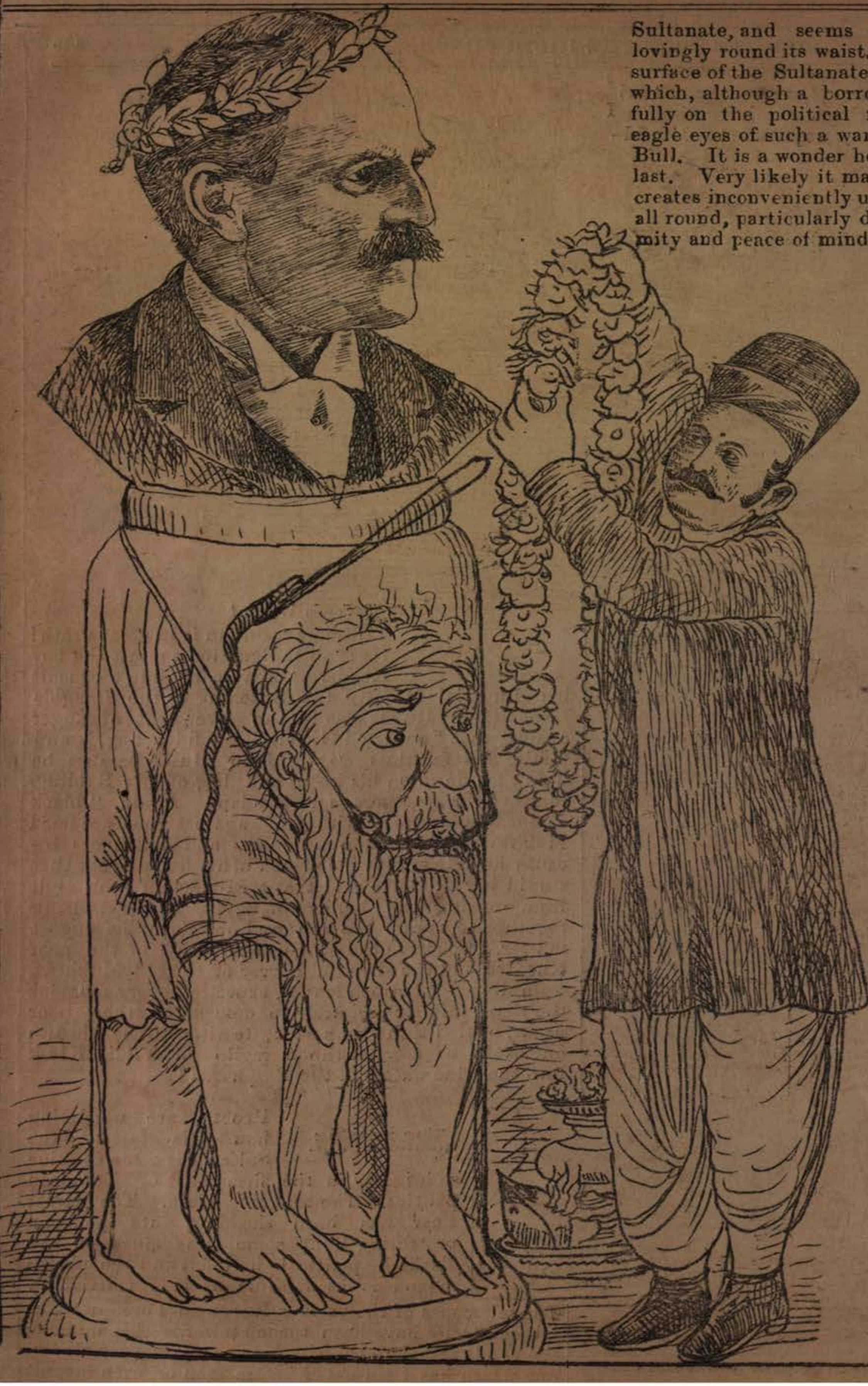


The faithful watch-dog of the Corp.

The Sultan's Wrath. THE mighty Sultan is in great wrath! He is all indignation against the boy Khedive, because he didn't consult his Imperial Majesty the Suzerain *re* the Dongola Expedition. He is also in the fever-heat of anger against that "accursed Giaour," "infidel hog," and "false and faithless dog" John Bull, because he didn't go down on his knees and beg of his Sublime Majesty the passport for Soudan! Again, "black choler fills his breast with ire" against that accursed Mukhtar Pasha, whom he curses and denounces because he didn't, with the clench of his fist, prevent that stupid boy Khedive and that arch-Shaetán John Bull from crossing the borders of Egypt, and conspiring together to thwart the aims and objects of his august master. Conceive the dire consternation of the poor Khedive and the dreadful horror of the old Mukhtár, trembling like aspen leaves, expecting every moment the sharp shining scimitar to descend on their poor necks, or tied tight in a sack, fearing to be thrown out of the windows of the seraglio of Yildiz Kiosk into the blue waters of the Bosphorus!

* * *

The passing phenomenon. PEOPLE are wondering how His Majesty the Sultan has come to shine so brightly in the firmament of European politics. The reason is plain. The Great Bear has been shedding its powerful protecting light some time since on the Turkish political horizon, and the phenomenon is as sublime as it is marvellous. Tde telescopes of the various European Foreign Office Observatories have been turned towards this miracle, the result revealed thereby being most wonderful, and one which has been never before seen or even dreamt of. The Great Bear is drawing a closer circle round the



Sultanate, and seems to spread its hugging arms lovingly round its waist. It thus sheds, all over the surface of the Sultanate, a halo of shining lustre, which, although a borrowed one, reflects very powerfully on the political firmament, dimming even the eagle eyes of such a wary and close observer as John Bull. It is a wonder how long this phenomenon will last. Very likely it may be a passing one, but still it creates inconveniently unpleasant and awkward effects all round, particularly disturbing John Bull's equanimity and peace of mind.

* * *

Mr. Acworth's marble effigy.

So Mr. H. A. Acworth, the late Municipal Commissioner of foibles innumerable, is to be perpetuated in marble in the Council Chamber of the Bombay Civic Father. His toadies and sycc—we beg pardon, his friends and admirers, who raised a fund to keep his memory green, have not thought it desirable to keep themselves in the background, but are bent upon a public and lasting display of their folly. In this, they seek the support and co-operation of those very corporators whom Mr. Acworth led by the nose and who are flunkeys and *johukums* to the backbone. These gentlemen will doubtless rise superior to the occasion, and with one loud huzza join in raising the marble effigy in the People's Palace, there to worship it with cocoanuts, flowers and red powder as a household god. It might, perhaps, be suggested that coal-tar would be a more fitting offering. In these days it is not uncommon to find a vandal loitering before these marble effigies and disfiguring or blacktarring them for the fun of the thing. It would be much better, under the circumstances, if the Civic Father were asked to mount guard over the effigy himself, or provide a care-taker against any possible mischief.



SEIZING ITS PREY;

OR, THE GOUD SARASWAT BRAHMIN FUND IN THE JAWS OF LITIGATION.

[The party strife raging in the Goud Saraswat Brahmin community of Bombay has reached its culminating point, the parties having chosen to seek redress at the hands of a legal tribunal. A suit has been filed in the Bombay High Court by Wasudeo Gopal and others against Shamrao Narayen Laud and others, calling upon them to render an account of the funds and restraining them to deal with the properties of the caste.]

સરપના સપાટામાં સપડા યલો શેકાર !

અથવા. કજયા લડાઈના ડાચાં તળે કચડાઈ ચાલેલું ગઉડ સારસ્વત બ્રાહમણ ફંડ.

[મુંબઈની ગઉડ સારસ્વત બ્રાહમણ કેમમાં પડેલાં તડ વચ્ચે જે ટંટો ચાલે છે તે એટલી હદ સુધી વધી ગયો છે કે, તેઓએ હવે ન્યાયની અદાલતનો આશરો લેવાનું પસંદ કરયું છે. વાસુદેવ ગોપાલ અને બીજાઓએ શામરાવ લાડ અને બીજાઓ સામે મુંબઈની હાઈ કોરટમાં ફરીઆદી નોંધવી એવો દાવો કરયો છે કે, ન્યાતને લગતાં ફંડનો હીસાબ તેઓ પાસે અપાવજો, અને ન્યાતની મીલકતનો વહીવટ ચલાવતાં તેમને અટકાવજો.]



AN EXTRAORDINARY MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

The patient has been suffering long, and stringent measures seem to be necessary.

[The Bombay Presidency Association has decided to call a public meeting to memorialise the Secretary of State for India on the separation of the civil branch of the Medical Service from the military. The agitation is due to the exertion of Dr. K. N. Bahadhurjee and others.]

એક વીચીત્ર વઈદક તપાસ.

ઘણો લાંબો વખત થયો દરદી હેરાન થયા કરે છે. અને તેને માટે સખત ઉપાયોની હવે જરૂર દીસે છે.

[મુંબઈની પરેસીડંસી એસોસીએશને ઠરાવ કરયો છે કે, સરકારી વઈદક ખાતાના લશકરી તથા શેહેરી પ્રતને લગતા ભાગ જુદા પાડવાની જરૂર વીષે હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાના પ્રધાનને અરજ કરવા એક જાહેર સભા બોલાવવી. ડાકટર કે. એન. બહાદુરજી અને બીજાઓની મેહેનતથી એ હીલચાલ ઊભી કરવામાં આવી છે.]



Innocent Girl—And when will aunty Gool be married a second time, mamma?

Ma—What nonsense! She was only married last night,—you know. But why do you ask?

I. G.—Because I want the fun of another marriage! So jolly to be playing and enjoying oneself all the day!

માસીજીનાં લગન બીજી વખત ક્યારે થશે?

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૪૧૮મું.]



AFTER THE KAPOLE BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

Lila—No, I won't stand any humbug! No bullying for me! I will marry when I like?

Harkison—(*Father of Lila*) One word more, and I'll take the life out of your d——!!!

[*The rest is too dreadful to go in print.*

કપોળ જ્ઞાતના લગનનો કોલ તોડવાના મુકદમા પછી.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૪૧૮મું.]

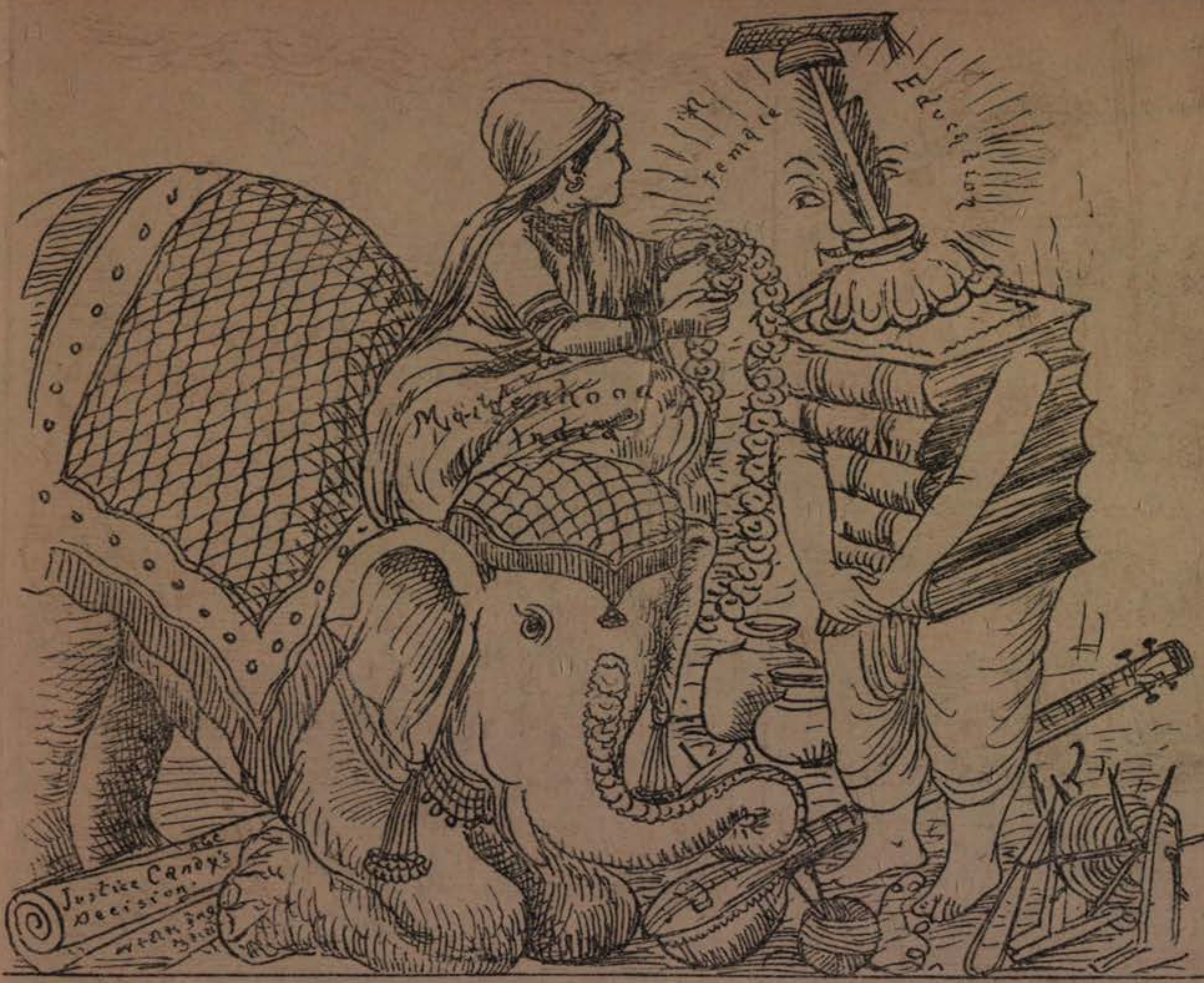


THE SHADOW IN MADRAS.

[The Moplah outbreak in the Madras Presidency has been fruitful of grave results, fanaticism, carnage, and rapine being rampant. Some 80 persons have been killed and a Hindu temple has been plundered.]

મદરાસમાં ડરામણા રાક્ષસનો ઓલો.

[મદરાસ ઈલાકામાં મોપલાઓએ જે ભારે તોફાન મચાવી મેલયું છે, તેથી ઘણાં ગંભીર પરીણામ નીપજ્યાં છે. ઝનુન, લુટફાટ અને ખુનામરકીનું થોડો વખત ત્યાં રાજ ચાલયું છે, જેથી ૮૦ માણસો મારયા જ્વા ઉપરાંત એક હીંદુ દેહરૂં લુટાઈ ગયું છે.]



PRELIMINARY *SWAYAMVARA* FOR THE PRESENT DAY HINDU MAIDENS.

[The suit in which Mr. Purshotamdas Tribhovandas sought to have his marriage with Bai Kamalawanti, daughter of Mr. Purshotamdas Munguldas Nathoobhoy, performed before the close of the month of Vysak 1952, has been decided by Mr. Justice Candy. The lady, who is now in the sixth standard, being unwilling to marry before she has matriculated, the marriage contract has been set aside and in consideration of its non-performance, the defendant has been orderd to pay to the plaintiff the sum of Rs. 1,000 by way of damages, instead of the larger sum of Rs. 25,000 originally claimed, in addition to being saddled with the costs of the suit.]

આજની હીંદુ છોકરીઓ માટે શરૂઆતનો સ્વયંવર.

[મી૦ પરશોતમદાસ ત્રીભોવનદાસે, શો૦ પરશોતમદાસ મંગળદાસ નથુભાઈની દીકરી બાઈ કમળાવતી સાથનાં પેતાનાં લગનની ક્રીયા સંવત ૧૯૫૨ ના વઈસાખ માસની આખેર આગમચ કરાવવાનો જે દાવો ઊઠાવ્યો હતો, તેનો ચુકાદો નામદાર જડજ મી૦ કેનડીએ આપ્યો છે. એ બાઈ અંગ્રેજી છઠા ધોરણનો અભ્યાસ કરે છે અને મેટ્રીકની પરીક્ષા પસાર કરયા આગમચ પરણવાને ના પાડી બેઠી હતી. લગનનું સાટું તે રીતે તેઓએ રદ કરાવવા માગ્યાથી વાદીએ રૂ ૨૫,૦૦૦ ની નુકસાની માંગી હતી, પણ નામદાર જડજે રૂ ૧,૦૦૦ નુકસાનીના અપાવ્યા છે અને તે ઉપરાંત મુકદમાનો ખરચ અપાવ્યો છે.]



THE MODERN PROMETHEUS; OR, THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE BOMBAY COTTON TRADE.

[Speculation has been very rife in the cotton trade at present, doing immense harm to bona-fide traders and merchants.]

Prometheus was a brother to Atlas. He surpassed everybody in cunning and even ridiculed the gods. Jupiter, who was much irritated against him, ordered Mercury to tie him to a rock and place a vulture to feed upon his liver, which was never diminished though continually devoured.—*Classical Dictionary.*

આ જમાનાનો પ્રોમીથ્યુસ; અથવા, મુંબઈના રૂના વેપારની હમણાની હાલત.

[પરોમીથ્યુસ એટલાસનો ભાઈ થતો હતો. હુશીઆરીમાં તે દરેક જણને માહત કરતો અને દેવતાઓની વઢીક તે મશકરી કરતો. જુપીટર તેની સામે ઘણો ખીજાઈ ગયો અને તેણે મરકયુરીને હુકમ આપ્યો કે એક ખડક સાથે પરોમીથ્યુસને બાંધો, અને તેનાં કલેજાનો ભક્ષ કરવા એક ગીધને ત્યાં રાખવું.—કલાસીકલ ડીક્સનરી.]



THE WAR OF EXTERMINATION AGAINST THE INNOCENTS;

OR, DUDHA THE DEMONESS.—(A HOLI LEGEND.)

[" No sooner did they see Dudha than they rushed at her with their flaming torches, and raised a din of curses—such curses! . . . There were but two alternatives now before her. To submit to death by fire, or death by shame. She chose the former. "—" The Unholy Holi:" *Times of India,*]

નીરદોષો સામે તેમને જડમેખથી ઊખેડી નાખવાની ચલાવવામાં આવતી લડત;

અથવા, રાક્ષસણી દુધ–(એક હોલીની કથા.)

["દુધને જોતાંવાર પોતાની બળતી મશાલો સાથે તેણી તરફ તેઓ ધસ્યાં, અને તેણી સામે ગાળોનો વરસાદ વરસાવવા લાગ્યાં–તેબો કેવી ભયંકર ગાળો ! .... હેવી માટે એ પ્રસંગે બેમાંનો એકજ ઇલાજ પસંદ કરવાનો રહ્યો હતો : આગમાં બળી મરવા તઈયાર થવું, અથવા નીરલજ ગાળોના મારથી મરવું. તેણીએ પેહેલો મારગ પસંદ કર્યો હતો."–"અપવીત્ર હોલી": ટાઈમ્સ આફ ઈનડયા.]

ÆRIAL FLIGHTS; OR, THE WONDERS OF THE RENOWNED ARTISTES ELGINO AND W[illegible] THE FLYING PTRAEZE.

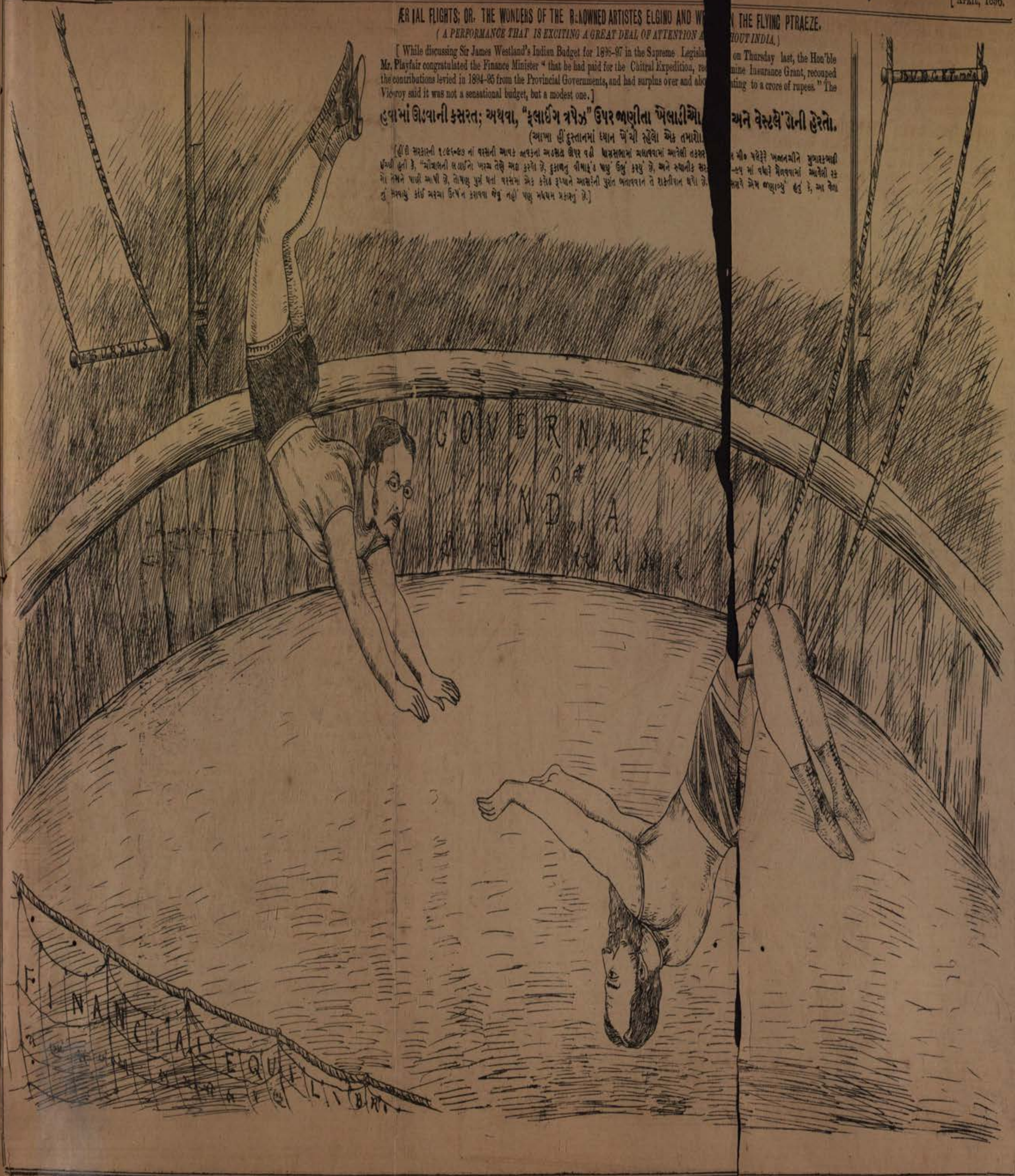
(A PERFORMANCE THAT IS EXCITING A GREAT DEAL OF ATTENTION [illegible]OUT INDIA.)

[While discussing Sir James Westland's Indian Budget for 1896-97 in the Supreme Legisla[illegible] on Thursday last, the Hon'ble Mr. Playfair congratulated the Finance Minister " that he had paid for the Chitral Expedition, re[illegible]mine Insurance Grant, recouped the contributions levied in 1894-95 from the Provincial Governments, and had surplus over and abo[illegible]nting to a crore of rupees. " The Viceroy said it was not a sensational budget, but a modest one.]

હવામાં ઊડવાની કસરત; અથવા, "ફ્લાઈંગ ત્રપેઝ" ઉપર જાણીતા ખેલાડીઓ[illegible] અને વેસ્ટલેંડની હેરતો.

(આખા હીંદુસ્તાનમાં ધ્યાન ખેંચી રહેલો એક તમાશો.)

[હીંદી સરકારની ૧૮૯૬-૯૭ નાં વરસની આવક અવકના અડસટ્ટા ઉપર વડી ધારાસભામાં ચલાવવામાં આવેલી તકરાર[illegible] મી. પલેફેરે ખજાનચીને મુબારકબાદી દેઈ હતી કે, "ચીત્રાલની લડાઈનો ખરચ તેણે અદા કરેલો છે, દુકાળનુ વીમાફંડ પાછું ઉભું કરયું છે, અને સ્થાનીક સર[illegible]-૯૫ માં વધારે મેળવવામાં આવેલી રકમો તેમને પાછી આપી છે, તોપણ પુરાં થતાં વરસમાં એક કરોડ રૂપીઆને આસરેની પુરાંત બતાવવાને તે શક્તીવાન થયો છે.[illegible]સરે એમ જણાવ્યું હતું કે, આ બેજાનું સરવયું કાંઈ સરયા ઉત્પંન કરાવવા જેવું નહીં પણ મધ્યમ પ્રકારનું છે.]



CHOW CHOW.

A Khandala Yarn.

WRITES Jálandhar Náth: "Yes, it is a lovely place this,—quiet, restful and fit for reveries, but for the occasional plaintive wails from the whistles of the patient and toiling engines as they pull and push their heavily-weighted train of cars,—now skirting, now surmounting and now gliding snake-like through dark tunnels, but ever climbing or leaping down the side of the Ghauts—a height of two thousand feet from the burning plains below to the cool summit of Khandala. Somehow I cannot get over the fancy when I compare the peculiarly shrill sound or mournful tone of these steam whistles,—as I hear it reverberating throughout the hills here,—with the shriek for help of a woman in distress. This may be due, perhaps, to my habit of thinking of the train in motion as a living organism with the Engine-Driver for its brain. I know the Driver will not relish this idea. He loves to call the engine his horse :

'Put forth your force, my iron horse, with limbs that never tire,
The best of oil shall feed your joints and the best of coal your fire;
* * * * *
Like foaming wine it fires my blood to see your lightning speed.
Arabia's horse ne'er matched your pace, my gallant steam-born steed !"

This is all very well ; but until he makes the whistle to neigh and to snort, instead of to shriek, I will not change my opinion.

* * *

I WAS speaking of reveries awakened by the contemplation of the charming prospect over here. It is to Hanumán, the Wind God's son, the leader of Shri Rám's army of the south, that we are indebted for the picturesque and stunning mountain sceneries which appeal so powerfully to our imagination. I have this on the authority of a venerable matron of this village. Rám, Lakshman and many of the chiefs of the monkey warriors lay wounded or dead on the battle field, and the demons were on the point of gaining the day when king Jámbaván called Hanuman to his side :

'Go forth,' he cried, 'O strong and brave,
And in their woe the Vánars save.
* * * * * *
Save Raghu's noble sons, and heal
The deep wounds of the winged steel.
High o'er the waters of the sea.
To far Himalaya's summits flee.
* * * * * *
Upon that mountain's lofty crest
Four plants, of sovereign powers possessed,
Spring from the soil, and flashing there
Shed radiance through the neighbouring air,
One draws the shaft ; one brings again
The breath of life to warm the slain ;
One heals each wound ; one gives anew
To faded cheeks their wonted hue.
Fly, chieftain, to that mountain's brow
And bring those herbs to save us now.' *

So far the dame's account agrees with the great epic poem of India : for the rest she is responsible.

* * *

THESE medicinal herbs, she says, were to be found only in a sequestered part of the great mountain. Hanumán, in the twinkling of an eye, reached the spot, but his memory played him false : he was no botanist; he got

* Griffith's Ramayana.



THE IRON HORSE.

rather mixed about the description of the plants. Warriors and Wind-Gods are no crammers. "Action" is their watchword. (I hope we had more of it in these degenerate times—I mean *action* not *cramming*.) No time was to be lost. Hanumán set to work. He tore from its foundations a huge block of



HANOOMAN'S WORK.

the giant hill with its flora and fauna, and placing it all on his ample shoulders, shot back through space and soon arrived at the scene of carnage. The requisite plants were at once selected:

> 'The wondrous herbs' delighted scent
> To all the host new vigour lent.
> Free from all darts and wounds and pain
> The sons of Raghu lived again,
> And dead and dying Vánars healed
> Rose vigorous from the battle field.' *

* * *

BUT what has all this to do with the prospect at Khandala? A good deal. The grey-headed matron assures me that during the flight back from the snow-clad Himalayas there were drippings from the uprooted mountain and large fragments of rock dropped and lay scattered over the surface of the continent: these have since struck root and grown up to their present size. This is how Nag-phani slowly raised its hood, and Ram-shayia or Ram's bed-and-pillow—bearing the impress of the hero's head—came to stand in their places. Such was the case with Rajmachi or the royal terrace with its two peaks standing like sentinels. The Bhoma Umbri range, lying prostrate like a whale to the south of the station, is said to tell the same tale. By the by, the graceful furrows on the back of the whale were ploughed by the fingers of the Pàndavas—the eternal cave diggers: this I had from a *dhangar*. So you see, these hills, ravines and gorges, which hold one in raptures and strike the imagination with terror at the thought of the mighty convulsions of nature, have a fairly tale of their own for the simple, unsophisticated villagers of Khandala! And what is Science but a Fairy Tale more enchanting and transcendental?

* * *

As I have said, this delightful place is for reveries. Even on dark nights, with the light of the glittering stars, I love to loiter near the brow of the jagged and wooded ravine ere I retire to rest. Four rounds of big crackers are fired and flung into the gaping pit every night, and the loud reports echo and re-echo through the entire length of the yawning chasm like volleys fired from a hundred muskets. This clears the coast of hungry beasts of prey who prowl about the neighbourhood, and I am left undisturbed to my thoughts except for the sough of the leaves, the piping of insects and the occasional feminine screech of the steam whistle, as the groaning

* Griffith's Ramayana.



The mighty convulsions of nature.

and labouring train either emerges out of or enters the tunnel under Vagzai temple.

***

THE Military Manœuvres round about the Bhoma hill lasted here for five days, during which the stillness and calm repose of Khandálá was more or less disturbed. Meanwhile, I saved my ammunition—I mean my crackers. Modern rifles and machine guns could fairly be depended on for scaring away the enemy. I hate noise. Then why fire crackers? Well, I believe in the potency of noise, but only "as a necessary evil," as the non-bellicose Marwadis say whenever they win or lose in a quarrel wherein the tongue more than the fist, plays the principal part and no tooth is lost or head broken. I have not unfrequently seen my educated and club-patronising countrymen freely indulging in noise and scoring best in billiard on tournament days! Even the learned and eloquent President of the last Indian National Congress acknowledged its sway when he said at Poona that by noise the Hindus may yet hope to win the battle of Social Reform! So to the ear is the deafening roar of thunder ere it opens the sluices of the rolling clouds above and floods the parched earth below with the refreshing and vitalizing element.

***

THERE is a legend of Khandálá—(*Khand*, fragment, uneven ground, and *áli*, a row or range), a land of rugged hills and deep ravines; but about it *anon*."



Jalandhar Nath in reverie.



Non-bellicose Marwadis.

The Gujerati Hindu Girl.

THE Gujerati Hindu girl is placed at a considerable disadvantage as compared with her Parsee sister, who has hardly any caste customs to impede her onward path. The former is surrounded by a Himalaya of social customs and prejudices, while the latter is free. It may be quite preposterous, under the circumstances, to expect the Gujerati Hindu girl to run neck and neck with her Parsee sister in the race of progress and education. All the same, whatever efforts that she may be making towards bettering her mind have the full sympathy of Mr. *Punch*, who was agreeably surprised on Monday last to see her at Sir Mungaldass' House displaying her talents and showing what mental and moral progress she has been able to achieve under circumstances quite the reverse of hopeful. The education she is receiving at the Sir Mangaldass Nathoobhoy Gujerati Hindu Girls School does credit to the managers, to the noble aims and objects of its late-lamented founder, and to the hopes of all earnest workers in the cause of female education. So opines Mr. *Punch*, who has nothing but the best wishes for the future of the oldest institution of its kind among the Gujerati Hindus.



ONWARD!

* *
*

A street tragedy.

ONE half of the world does not know how the other half lives—or sleeps. Those who

repose on beds of down can hardly realise that hundreds, nay, thousands in our proud city are nightly stretched on the flinty road-side. Two such unfortunates, after a hard day's toil which perhaps scarcely yielded the wherewithal to keep body and soul together, (if such people have souls) lay asleep in the open in that "very gentlemanly" quarter known as Kamateepoora, locked in the arms of Morpheus—we were going to say—but we will not mock their indigence, when a victoria with its full load came driving in the self-same direction. Its full load? We should say, more, for it contained two over the regulation number. There were four "gentlemen" inside, and one "gentleman" on the box by the side of Jehu! All Englishmen or Europeans, too, with the exception, of course, of the driver! These Englishmen and Europeans are all "gentlemen" until proved otherwise, and even thereafter, according to the ethics of some journalists! Now within an inch of the poor sleepers' lives, the next moment over their unconscious bodies, the mad victoria rolls its giddy course. All their fault. Some say they were sleeping in the middle of the road, the fools; others that they were on the road-side where no carriage has business to be. But no more had the sleepers, wrong either way. If people will be perverse, they must take the consequences. A hue and cry was raised, for the honour of humanity, people ran in hot pursuit, the yellow-turbaned bobby too perhaps forgot for the moment his innate awe of the whites, but fast as they all ran, faster still rolled the victoria with its gentlemanly load! *Fouette, cocher*—the horse was lashed, and a hopeless distance was soon placed between our gentlemen and the mob. To return to the sleepers:—one was in mortal pain with sufficient vitality left in him to feel it! The other was sleeping the sleep of ages, never more to see the light of day! What matters a human soul more or less in this teeming world? Nor driver nor "gentlemen" are to be seen any more! The latter have been exhorted in the papers to appear and show their credentials, and by way of encouragement, are told that they have nothing to fear, for who is mad enough to believe that it was their fault. Still no appearance! Gentlemen, of course, but decidedly nervous!

***

LET no one run away with the notion that the dead has been kicked into the gutter, uncared for. The morgue received him with due honours and the "crowner" himself performed his obsequies. An accident, of course! All fires, in Bombay at any rate, are due to spontaneous combustion, and all persons, who get killed by being run over, are the victims of accident! The driver was of course sober, or the "gentlemen" would not tolerate him. Were they drunk themselves? What a question! Were the street-lights dim, if not extinct? Perhaps so. Was the moon up? Was bobby asleep along the entire route between the starting-point of the victoria and the scene of the accident, that he did not notice, and stop, the overloaded conveyance, or that he neglected to teach the rule of the road (the art he seems to be most proficient in at fashionable quarters) to the erring Jehu, supposing for a moment that he did err, or to the erring gentleman on the box, again supposing for a moment that he had usurped the reins and was larking? But why multiply questions? After all, it is only a poor worm put out of the way, a mere drop in the large ocean of humanity, a wretch slaving perhaps only for his own miserable self, perhaps also for some dependent at a distance! In the latter case, our "gentlemen" may be trusted to come out of their hiding-place to wipe the tear of sorrow from the survivor's eye. *Hindi Punch*, 5-4-96.

"હવે તો ઘણીજ માખ મારવી પડેચ, ડીયર !"

[જુવો ચીત્ર પાનું ૪૬૨મું.]

કેકી—આજે તો કેલી બેજ ઘરાક પીઠામાં આયાતાં, ડીયર ! હમણા તો ઘણીજ કરકાકરકી ચાલેચ હું !

માકી—પણ મુવા તમારી બાજુએ બધા ઘણા સરખા મા ખમારો ઉભઈજ જાયચ તે ! મુવું નહી તો તમારૂં પીડું એ અવરદસા જગા પરથી ખાલી કરીને બીજે કેડે કાંય નહી જતા ?

કેકી—જાંહ જાઉંચ તાંહ ચાર આંગળનું નસીબ આગળ ને આગળજ ! કંઇ નસીબજ બરોબર નહી ચાલતુંની !

માકી—પણ તારે નહી તો કંઇ બીજી લાઇન પકરો ? દાંતની લાઇન લેઓ કે આંખની લાઈન લેઓ. કેહે કેહેજે કે બીજા આ દાંતમાં ને આંખમાં ખુબ કમાણી કુટી કહારેચ !

કેકી—અરે તું બધી એ સીરે પોહોરની ટોપ સમજયાજ કરરે ! ડાકટરના ધંધામાંથી બધો રસકસ હવે તો જતોજ રહયોચ !—આહા ! મારીબી કાંહ કમબખતી લાગી કે ડાકટર થયો ! તેનાં કરતાં હજી પાંટી લઈને હેલ કરતો હોતે તે વધારે પરવરતે, કે દરરોજ કંઇ નહી તો રૂપયો આઠ આના મળતે ! પણ આએ તો આઠ આનાની કમઈ ને ચાર રૂપયાનો ખરચ !

માકી—જો તમે મારૂં નાદાનનું માનતા હોય તો માનો ને મુંગા મુંગા સરજયન ડેનટીસ્ટ ને ઓફઠાલમીક સરજયનનું પાટયું ભપકામાં દવાખાનાપર લગરાવી દેઓ, કે દરરોજે કંઇ ને કંઈ તો કમાણી થસે ?—બધાં ઘરાક પાસે કનસલટેશન ફીના પાંચ ને દસ રૂપયા મુકાવો એટલે બસ ! પછી દરરોજ એકબી ઘરાક આયું તો ઘણું થઈ ગીયું !

કેકી—તું વાત કેહેચ તે તો બધી ખરી, પણ હમણા ડેનટીસ્ટોનો સું દુકાળ છે જે ! ધગલે ઘેર તો બધા ઉભઈ જાયચ ! ને વરી આંખના ડફરો (? ડાકટરો) કાંહ થોરા છે જે ! તે લોકબી હમણા બજારમાં ધુમ નીકળવા માંડયાચ !

માકી—તારે હવે સું કરસો ! ગમે તો ડાકટરનો ધંધો છોરીને હજામનો ધંધો પકરો ! એકુ હેર કર્ટીંગ સેલુન ઉઘાડસો તો તેમાં હજી તમે વધારે કુટી કહારસો ! જોવની પેલો કાલબાદેવી પરનો ટોમ કેટલી બધી કમાણી કરેચ ? ગમે તો તેની સાથ ભાગયા થાઓની !

કેકી—પણ પછી આએ ડાકટરની સનદને સું કરૂં ? ઉકાળીને પીઉં ?

માકી—સું કરવા? મુંગા મુંગા તમારા નામનાં પાટીયાંપર લખજો કે "મી૦ કેકી કોરાવાગાજી ઠઠેગીયા, સરજન બારબર," એટલે બસ !

CONJUGAL AMENITIES.—Husband (savagely): "Didn't you promise to obey me at the altar?"—Wife (surveying him critically): "Well, you *may* be the man I promised to obey, but if so you've altered for the worse both in looks and manners to an extraordinary and bewildering degree!"

આપણા વઈદક ડફરો.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૭૨ મું.]

મીસીસ પેસી–સું જી ! તમે મને કોટથી ગરાંડ દોલ વેર ત્રામમાં લેઈ જવા માંગોચ, ને પછી તાંહથી ભારેની વીકટોરયા કરીને વાલકેસર જવાનો કંઈ તમારો વીચાર છે કે?

ડાકટર પેસી–હા, ડીયર,–થોરા ગારી ભારાંના પઈસા બ ચાવવા—

મીસીસ પેસી–જાવ, જાવ ! તમારો સકાર બરે તમારો ! એવી મુઈ હલકી પીજારડી રીતે જવા વગર કંઈ જીવ રરેચ બરેચ કે ! હું કંઈ એમ એવી ભામટી ભુમતી રીતે જવાની નથી ! મરી જાઉં તો હું કભીબી ત્રામમાં બેસવાનીજ નહીં ! ને વીકટોરયા જેવાં ખરખરયાં દરદરયાંમાં હું કભીબી આવો દ્રેસ કરીને જાઊંજ નહીં ! મુગા મુગા કમુને તાંહથી નહી તો જામાજીના તબેલામાંથી બે ઘોરાની લેનડો મંગાવો, નહી તો હું કંઈ પારટી બારટીમાં જતી નથી !

ડાકટર પેસી–પણ, બે ઘોરાની ગારીમાં જવા જેટલા ગ જવામાં પઈસા નથીની, ડીયર ! આજનો દાહરોજ એવો કમબ ખત છે કે બસ નહીં ! આજે તો પીઠામાં એકબી ઘરાક આયું નથી !

મીસીસ પેસી–હરવાયારે તમે ધુરપર લીપરૂં ડાકટરના થતા ! તમારા જેવા ડફર મારે નસીબેજ કાંહ બાકી રેહી ગીયાતા !

વેલાતી "ચીઝ" ને બદલે મરાઠી "ચીંચ" (આમલી) !

[વધુ માટે જુવો ચીત્ર પાનું ૪૭૪ મું.]

ઠેકાણુ : આફીસ. વખત : બપોરના ટીફીનનો.

ગોપીનાથ-(દરવાજે) જાઓ, ધરસે થોરા "ચીઝ લેકર આ ઓ,–જલદી કરો !

[અરધા કલાક પછી દરવાન એક થાલી ભરીને તાજી આમલી લઈને આવયો, કેમકે શેઠજીના ખાનગી ઓરડામાં સંતાડેલાં વેલાતી "ચીઝ" ને બદલે રાં ધણીમાં રાખેલી "ચીંચ" (આમલી) શેઠજીએ મંગાવી હશે, એમ સમજવાની મીસીસ ગોપીનાથે [ભુલ કીધી હતી ! ! !

પરણ્યા પછીનો પેહેલો મહીનો પુરો થયા બાદ.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૮૧ મું.]

બાત્રીસ વરસનાં બુચીમાય–બોલોની બમનશા, લવ. હવે કેહોની. આપરે પણ્યાં ને વર બઈએર થયાં, પછી આપરી વચેની કોઈબી વાત છુપી રાખવાની તે કેવી હોય ! બોલો ડીયર, તમારી ઉમર સું ?–જો ખરેખરાં તમારાં વરસ કેહેજો હં !–કેહોની–તમને કેટલાં વરસ–હમણા તમને બેતાલીસમું ચાલેચ કે ?

[ખાંધપર એક હાથ વીંટાળીને બીજે હાથે ગાલ પસવારે છે !

બેતાલીસ વરસના બમનશા–અરે નહીરે,–અરે નહીરે, ડીયર, નહી ! અ–અ–અ–એ–એ–હું બેતાલીસ વરસનો દેખાંઉ ચ બી ?–હેહેહેહેહેહે ! બેંતાલીસ વ–ર–સ !–એ કોણે તુને બેંહેકાવી ? મને બેતાલીસમું બેસવાને હજુ બીજાં દસ વરસ જોઈસે ! હજી તો મને બત્રીસમું ગીયે મહીનેજ બેઠું, તે તું જાણુતી નહી કે ?

[બમનશા શેઠ બગદાદથી હમણાજ આવીને બીજવર પરણ્યા છે–તેવણે પોતાની ઉમરમાં બરાબર એક દાહેકાનુંજ ગાબડું મારયું છે !

માથેરાનની સેહેલગાહે નીકળવા આગમચ.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૮૧ મું.]

ગુલાબ–ને તમો માથેરાનનો ડુંગર ચઢશો ત્યારે શા પર બેશસો ? ટટુપર કે ?

મદન–નારે, ગધેડા પર !

ગુલાબ–આ તમે શું બોલો છો ! આમ બોલીને તમે પોતે ગધેડા ન થાઓને તો ! તમે ગધેડે બેસીને ડુંગર ચઢશો તો મારૂં તો નહી મોહોતનું મોહોત થઈ જશે જો, ને મને તો કેઠે પણ મોઢું દેખાડવું ભારી પડશે !—આ તમે સમજયા કે ?—માટે ગધેડે બેસવાની અટકચાલી કાંઈ કરશો બરશો નહી હો !

મદન–અરે તું ગભરાઈશ નહી રે, મારા પ્રાણ ! માથેરાનનું સરવેથી અછુ ટટુ ગધેડાં સરખુંજ હોય છે !

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

WAS SHE MAKING HIM AN APRIL FOOL ?—The captain : "*That's* a handsome woman ! Is she unmarried ?"—The belle : "Oh, yes (captain indulges in pleasing reflections) : she's been unmarried several times *!*" [Collapse of pleasing reflections.]

HELPING ON THE CAUSE.—Clerk : " Pardon me, sir, but you forgot to put a stamp on this receipt. " Business Man (ardent Protectionist) : " I did it purposely. I'm trying to keep down the revenue to bring discredit on this blessed Free Trade Government. "

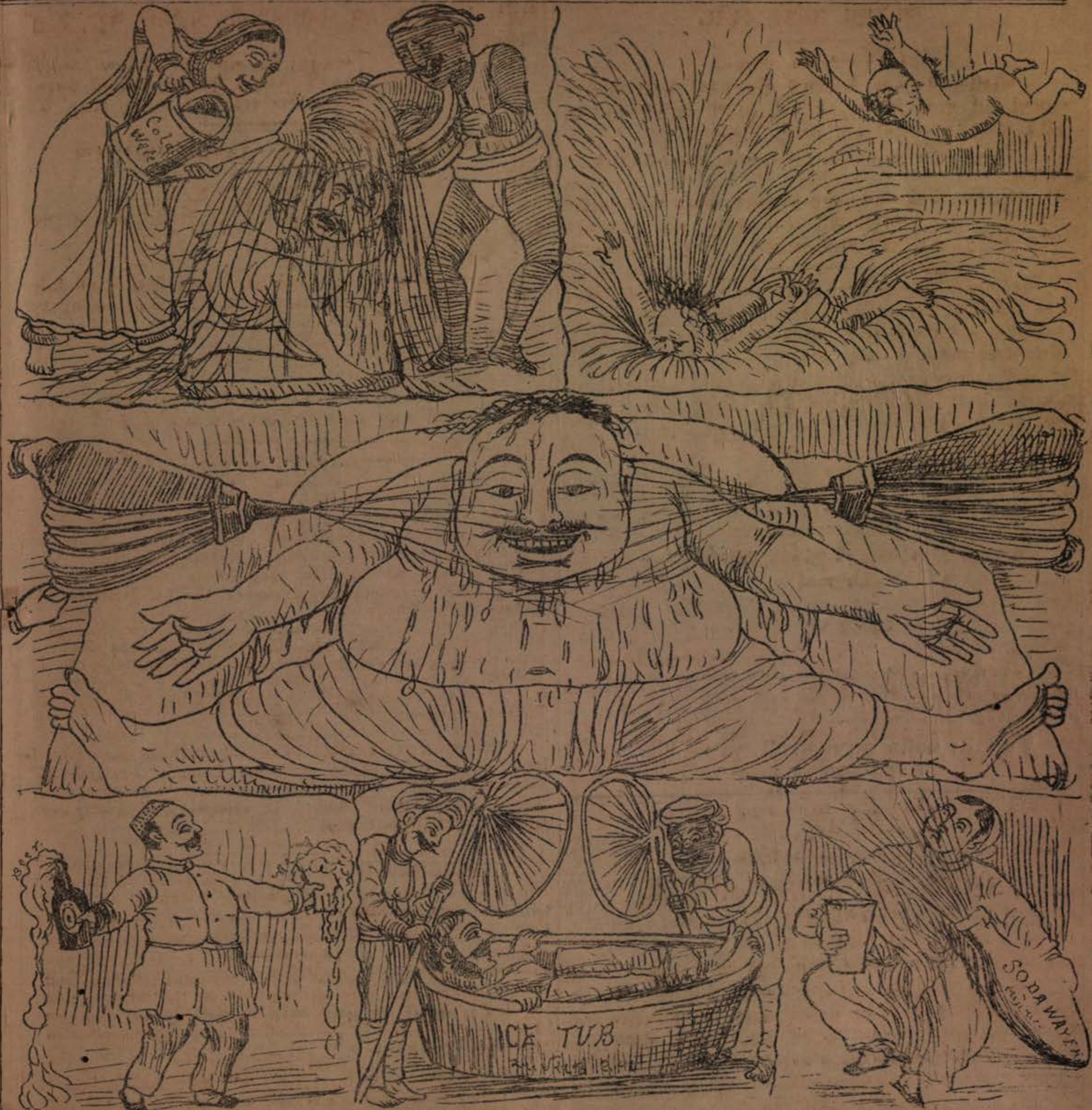
THE WRONG QUARTER.—Selector : " There won't be a bite o' grass for the winter—this 'ere drought 'll ruin me. " Rain-making Parson : " I fear, my friend, you have not looked above for aid. " Selector : " Well, no—we mostly get our rain from the nor'-west. "

A SCOTCH BAILIE, anxious to get away from the court-house, summarily dismissed, with the following caution, a boy brought before him for breaking a window : " Gang awa' this time. I dismiss ye wi' an admonition; but the neist time mind ye, the sentence will be double. "

AN IMPROVEMENT.—Professor (reading) : " 'Dropping the reins, Mr. Flood assisted his wife from the carriage, and together they entered the store.' Can any little boy improve upon this sentence ?" Bright Pupil : " The reins descended and the Floods came."

THE CANNIBAL CHIEF : "We will open the ceremonies by stabbing the victim, then each in turn will drink his life's blood as it pours forth." The Victim : " It looks as if I am to be stuck for the drinks ! "

AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION.—" You mustn't be saucy, Fanny," said the maiden aunt to the little girl. " No one will love you if you are." " Were you saucy when you were a little girl, aunty ?" asked the guileless child.



THE OPPRESSIVE HEAT IN BOMBAY AND HOW IT IS MITIGATED.

મુંબઇમાં પડતી સખત ગરમી—તે ટાળવાના કેવા કેવા ઉપાય થાય છે તે તો જરા જુવો!



Keki—There were only two patients today at the dispensary. Bad luck!
Maki—But why don't you take up dentistry or ophthalmy? You can charge five and even ten rupees, and then one patient a day would suffice!
Keki—B■ there are dentists by the score, and the market is getting over-stocked with ophthalmic duffers also!

"હવે તો ઘણીજ માખ મારવી પડેચ, ડીયર!"

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનુ ૪૫૯મું.]



THE BIG COCK AND THE LITTLE COCK.

[The Bombay Presidency Association has solicited Government to give authoritative publicity to the rules and orders which now govern appointments to the posts of the Bombay Small Causes Court Judges.]

મોટો કુકડો અને નાનો કુકડો.

[મુંબઈની સ્માલ કાઝ કોરટના જડજોની નેમણુક કેવા કાનુનોપર કરવામાં આવે છે, તે સતાવાર પ્રસીધ કરવાને પરેસીડેનસી એસોસીએશને મુંબઈ સરકારને અરજ કીધી છે.]



THE INDUSTRIOUS AND ZEALOUS FLOWER-GIRL OF BOMBAY.

How rich and sweet-smelling is the bonquet she has made with her own hands!

[It speaks highly to the credit of the Bhattia Mitra Mandal of Bombay, that the fund started under its auspices for the encouragement of education among the Bhattia community has climbed up to the decent figure of Rs. 20,000.]

મુંબઈની ઉદયોગી અને ખંતીલી માળણ.

તેણીએ પોતાના હાથે કેવો કીમતી અને મીઠા વાસથી ભરપુર સુંદર તુરો બનાવ્યો છે!

[મુંબઇના ભાટયા મીત્ર મંડળને ભારે સાબાશી ઘટે છે કે, ભાટયા કોમમાં કેળવણીનો પ્રસાર કરવા માટે તેની સાહેતા હેઠળ જે ફંડ ઉભું કરવામાં આવ્યું છે, તે વીસ હજાર રૂપયાના સુંદર આંકડા ઉપર ટુંક વખતમાં ચહડયું છે.]

"WELL, ma'am, so you want me to start him in life as a pugilist. What makes you think he's suited for it? Does he fight?"—"Oh, no: James is a good boy, but 'e *writes such a beeutiful 'and!*"



PARTING TEARS!

(Dr. Bhalchandra, the Chairman of the Standing Committee, bidding farewell to Mr. Javerilal Umiashanker, the retiring member.)

છુટા પડતી વખતનાં આંસુ !

(સ્ટેન્ડીંગ કમીટીના પ્રમુખ ડાકટર ભાલચંદ્ર, ઓધો છોડતા મેમબર મી० ઝવેરીલાલ ઉમ્યશંકરને છેલ્લી સલામ કરે છે!)

A TREMENDOUS HIT !!

The joy of Mrs. Shendiarao knows no bounds, as she discovers the novel idea hit upon by her beloved lord (too fond of going in society in European dress) of showing his nationality by allowing a wee-bit of his *Shendi* to protrude from behind!

એક જબરી તાલ !

મી० શેંડયારાવ યુરોપ્યન દરેસમાં ફરવા હરવાને શોકીન હોવા છતાં પોતે વટલેલ ક્રીસ્તાંઉ નથી એમ દેખાડવા માટે એક એવી નવીન તાલ શોધી કહાડે છે કે જેથી તેમની શેંડી પછવાડેથી થોડી બાહાર લેવટાની માફક લટકતી દેખાય છે. તેમની આ હેરતભરેલી તાલ ઉપર મીસીસ શેંડયારાવ ફીદા ફીદા થઈ જાય છે અને તેમની ખુશાલીનો કાંઈ પારજ રેહેતો નથી.



DEATH IN THE ICES!

OR, THE REAL ICE-CREAM VENDOR IN THIS PRESENT HOT WEATHER.

(A timely warning to persons too fond of the cheap ices that are sold in the streets and in third rate shops.)

આઈસક્રીમ કે મોહોત-ક્રીમ!

આ ગરમીના ઉકળાટમાં આઈસક્રીમ બનાવનાર અને વેચનાર ખરેખરો ધણી.
(મુંબઈના મોહોલ્લે મોહોલ્લે અને ત્રીજા વરગની દુકાનોપર વેચાતાં સસતાં આઈસક્રીમના શોકીનો માટે એક વખતસરની ચેતવણી.)



THE POOR WIDOW'S TEARS !

MR. MADHAVADASS RAGHUNATHDASS,

the friend, guide and champion of the Hindu Widow.

Born, August, 1830. *Died 26 th March 1896.*

ગરીબ બીચારી વીધવાનાં આંસુ !

મી૦ માધવદાસ રૂગનાથદાસ.

હીંદુ વીધવાના મીત્ર, રાહબર અને પેહેલવાન.

જનમ, આગસ્ટ, ૧૮૩૦. મરણ, તા૦ ૨૬ મી મારચ ૧૮૯૬.



OMINOUS HOOTING!

THE BIRD OF ILL-OMEN PERCHED ON HIND'S TREASURY CHEST.

[Grave rumours about the employment of Indian troops in the Soudan Expedition have been current some time since, and extreme anxiety is being felt in regard to the burden of expenses falling on the Indian Treasury.]



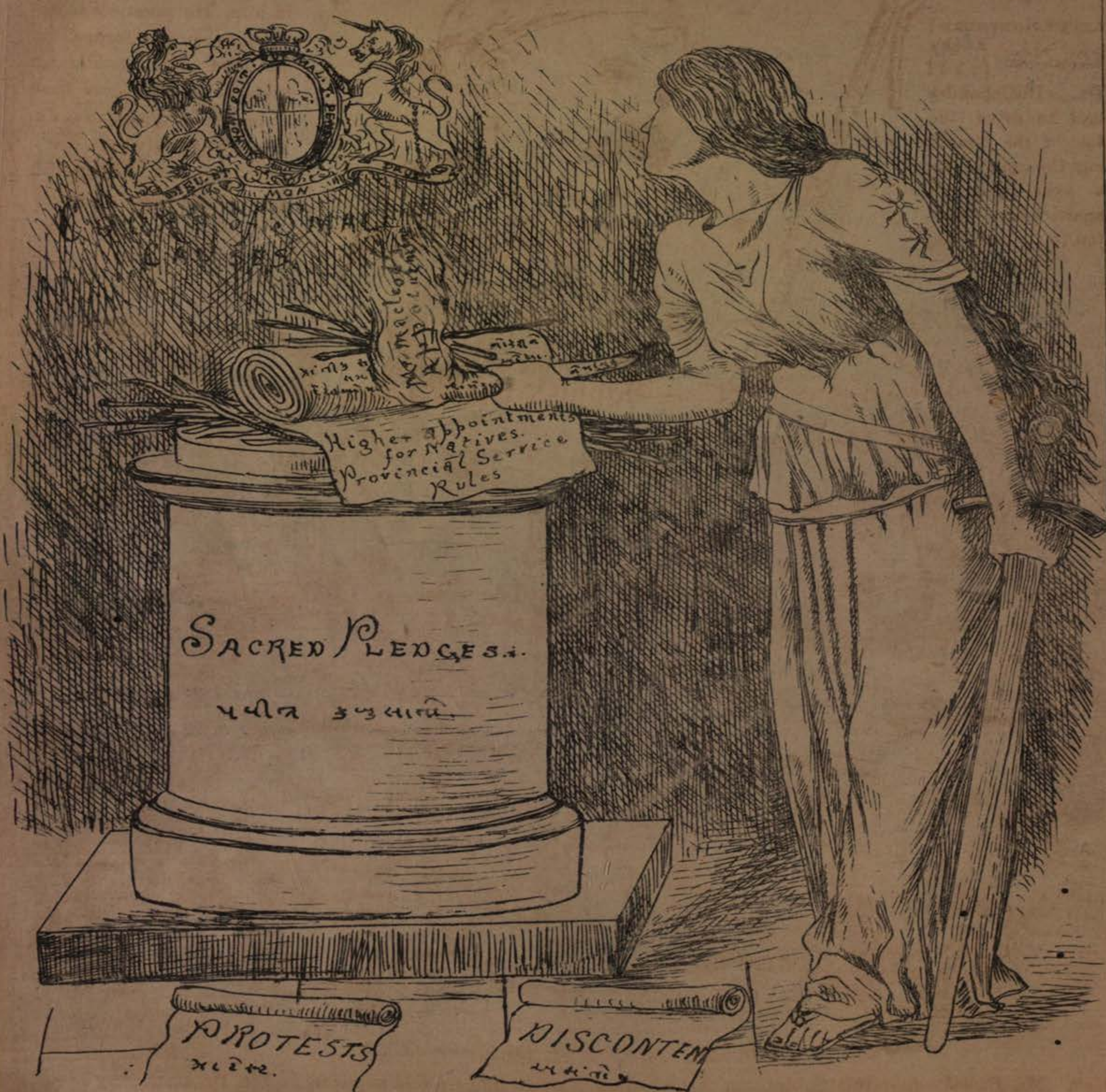
ઘુવડની અસુભસુચક ચીચયારી !

હીંદની તીજોરી પર ચહડી બેઠેલું અવરચાં મોહડાંનું પક્ષી !

[સુદાન ઉપર મોકલવામાં આવતી ચહાઈમાં હીંદી લશકરને કામે લગાડવાને લગતી કેટલીક ગંભીર અફવાઓ કેટલીક વખત થયો ચાલે છે, અને તેથી તેના ખરચનો બોજો હીંદી તીજોરી પર પડવા વીષે અત્યારથીજ બહુ ચીંતા બતાવવામાં આવે છે.]

THE TORCH OF JUSTICE; OR, INCENDIARISM WITH A VENGEANCE!

[In reply to the memorial of the Bombay Presidency Association protesting against the appointment of Mr. Macleod as Second Judge of the Bombay Small Causes Court, the Bombay Government says that the appointment in question has been recommended by this Government with a due sense of its responsibility after very carefu consideration and in view of the public interest, and that His Excellency in Council sees no sufficient reason for reconsideration.]



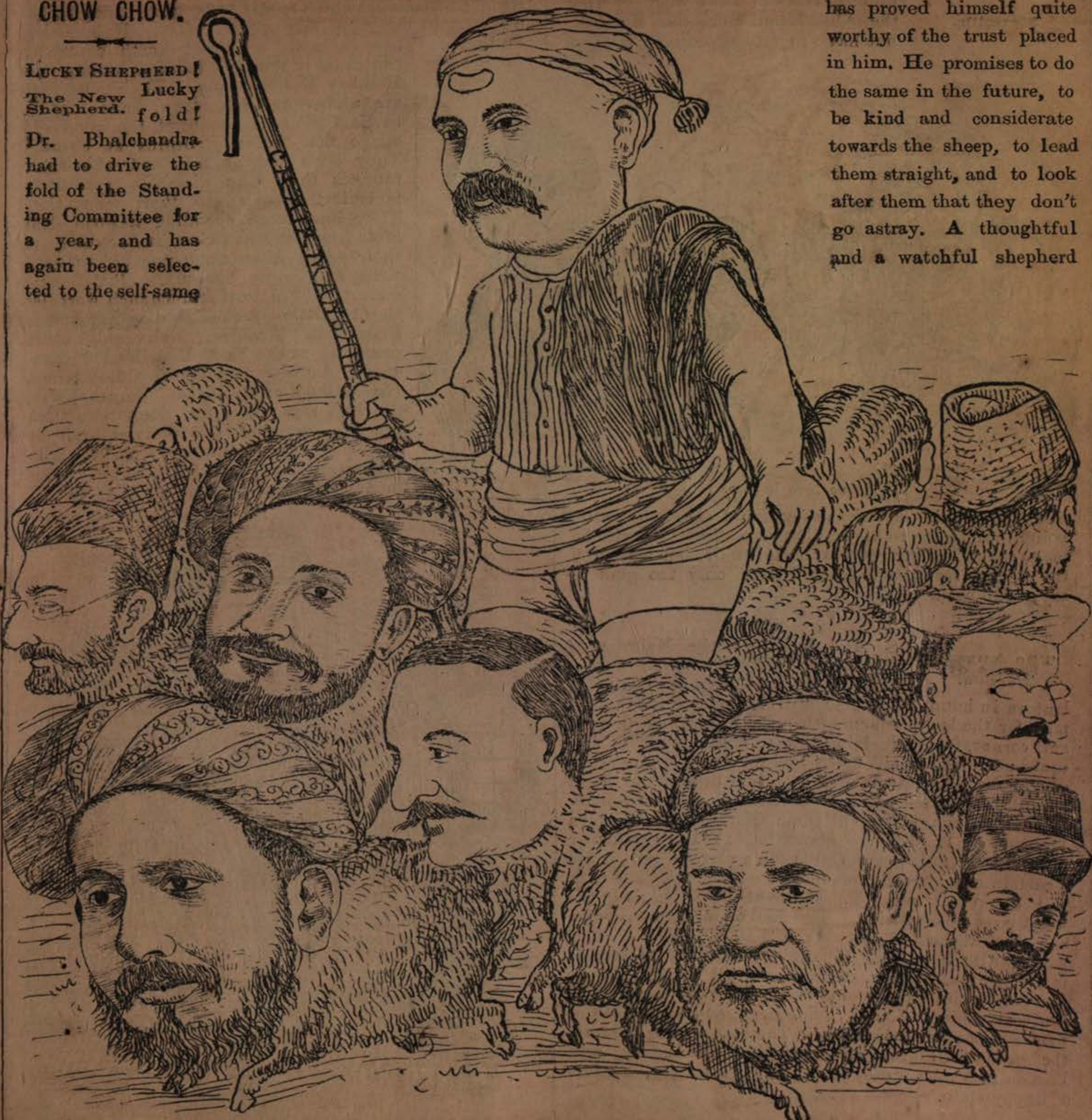
ઈનસાફ દેવીની મસાલ—આગ લગાડીને બાળી મુકવા માટે તે કેવી કામે લાગે છે!

[મુંબઈની સ્માલ કાઝ કોર્ટના બીજા જડજ તરીકે મી૦ મેકલાઉડ બારીસ્ટરની કરવામાં આવેલી નેમણુક સામે મુંબઈની પરેસીડનસી એસોસીએશને જે અરજી કીધ હતી, તેના જવાબમાં સરકારે જણાવયું છે કે તેણે એ નેમણુક કરવામાં પોતાની જવાબદારીનો ઘટતો વીચાર કરી તથા બહુ સંભાળ રાખી તેમજ પ્રજાના લાભ ધયાનમાં રાખ કામ કર્યું છે.]

CHOW CHOW.

The New Shepherd.

LUCKY SHEPHERD! Lucky fold! Dr. Bhalchandra had to drive the fold of the Standing Committee for a year, and has again been selected to the self-same task. Mr. *Punch* congratulates him on his selection. He has acquitted himself very well in the past, and has proved himself quite worthy of the trust placed in him. He promises to do the same in the future, to be kind and considerate towards the sheep, to lead them straight, and to look after them that they don't go astray. A thoughtful and a watchful shepherd is all that the fold requires, and in Dr. Bhal. they have certainly found one.



LUCKY SHEPHERD! LUCKY FOLD!

Manelik.

POOR ITALIANS! They went to lick the Abyssinian Emperor Manelik, but have in return received many a



"Me ne lavo le mani!"

lick at his hands—*mani*, as they would say,—the result being mainly due to his manly proceedings. It will be long ere the Italians get clear of the affair, but we fancy the officials responsible for it will be only too glad to say, "Me ne lavo le mani"!

* * *

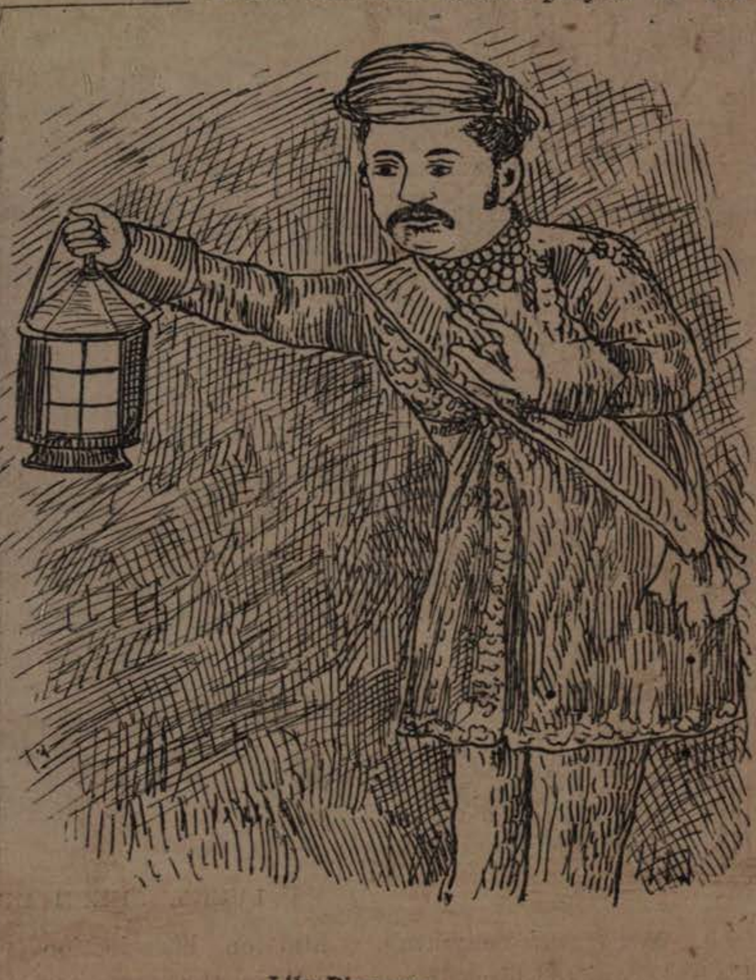
The Augean Stable of Baroda.

So His Highness the Mahraja of Baroda has after all found a new Dewan. Like Diogenes, with a lantern in hand, he had been in search of an honest man for the last twelvemonth. He hunted every nook and corner, from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, but could not find one till he carried his lantern the other day to the Benighted Presidency, and brought to light a gentleman drudging in a corner of a government office at Madras. This gentleman, Mr. Srinivas Raghava Iyengar, C. I. E., has consented to be the driver of the Gaekwaree *godhá* (bull) for a certain period for a certain consideration on certain conditions. The task will be no easy one. The stable of the *godhá* is in the worst possible condition. The foul odours of corruption and the filthiness of party strife that pervade the place will require herculean labour for cleaning them. It is a veritable Augean stable and will require to be drained by the waters of the rivers Diplomacy and Statesmanship, Sound Judgment and Discretion, before it becomes habitable. The stable once cleared, the *godha* will grow in strength and beauty, and Baroda may once more, after years of misery, become a happy state.

* * *

Islam Female Education.

BEEBEE SAHEB MRS. BADRUDEEN TYABJEE deserves the thanks of the Islamites for championing the cause of Islam female education, which seems to be quite a negligible quantity in the every day affairs of our Mahomedan brethern. There is hardly anything worth deserving the name of female education among the Bombay Mahomedans. Their charities are numerous, but they have hardly realised the true worth of the good old adage that "charity begins at home." They have not at all been charitable towards their own girls by profusely lavishing money on their education. They have been spending a good deal after feasts and nautches, and never spare their purse when the object is to gain titles and empty honours. But female education! Fiddlesticks! To such worthies the neat little speech of Beebee Saheb Mrs. Badrudeen Tyabjee, delivered while presiding at the Prize Distribution ceremony of the Jairajbhoy Peerbhoy Khoja Girls School at "Goolshan" the other day, provides rich food for deep reflection. For the sentiments contained in it, it should be read and re-read by all true Islamites. It teems with noble sentiments and with fervent prayers to all



Like Diogenes.



READY TO VIE WITH HER PARSEE SISTER.

True Believers to assist in the amelioration of the mental and moral condition of the Mahomedan girls. Would that the Beebee Saheb's words of wisdom and truth, uttered in her own sweet, sonorous Urdu, had the effect of awakening all dormant Islamite hearts to a true sense of their duty towards their female kind!

* *
*

The J. P. Khoja Girls' School. WHEN the prospects of Islam female education are anything but pleasing, it is extremely gratifying to find at least one educational institution for the Khoja girls prospering in our midst, thanks to the generosity of the benevolent founder and donor—Mr. Jairajbhoy Peerbhoy. The young minds are there receiving the blessings of primary education, and what with the help of the Joint Schools Committee and Mr. and Mrs. Noormahomed Jairajbhoy Peerbhoy's kind and continued assistance, the school has been able to pull its existence through a dozen years, and is now budding and blossoming in lovely maidenhood under the fostering care, guidance and superintendence of its

head mistress Bai Gulab Kahandass. Mrs. *Punch* was made very happy at the lovely bright sight presented by the young charge of Bai Gulab at "Goolshan" on Monday evening. Their intelligent rosy faces told their own tale. They showed that they were quite prepared to vie with their Parsee sisters if their fathers, brothers and future husbands gave them the opportunity. Would that the day came soon!

***

The widow's champion.

Bigotry and Blind Orthodoxy, the advocates of the most heinous, cruel and barbarous custom of shaving the poor Hindoo widow and condemning her to life-long disfigurement, are having a very hot time of it at the hands of Mr. Vinayak Dadajee in the columns of the *Bombay Gazette*. They are hewed and hacked in a manner worthy of a true and earnest social reformer. The poor persecuted widow, forced to yield to a cruelty unheard of in any civilised country, sadly needs a few more earnest, honest workers of the stamp of V. D.!

(*Hindi Punch, April 12—4—96.*)



THE SHAVING OF THE POOR HINDU WIDOW!

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND *ON THIS.*

In Memoriam.—"I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that locker of yours?" "Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive?" "Yes, sir, but his hair is all gone."



OUR MEDICAL DUFFERS.

Mrs. Pesi—What! You want to take me from the Fort to Grant Road in a tram-car, and thence in a hack victoria to Malabar Hill? Do you?

Doctor Pesi—Yes, dear, just to save—

Mrs. P.—No such degradation for me, if you please. I must have a landau and pair from Cummoo or Jamasjee's stables, if at all I am to go to the party!

Dr. P.—But I can't afford the luxury, dear! There hasn't been a single patient today!

[*"Ah! you medical duffer!" mutters Mrs. P.*

આપણા વઇદક ડફેરો.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૪૬૦ મું.]

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—Old Chap: "No, sir; the Japanese are an inferior race. For example, how would you like one for a brother-in-law?" Young Chap: "Well, you see, a good deal would depend upon how the relationship was formed."



THE FISHERWOMAN ON THE CHOWPATTY BEACH.

Fishewoman—How long are you going to be in providing me with a suitable market place, you old fool? Look sharp, will you?

[After the delay of years the Corporation has resolved to build a market at Chowpatty.]

ચોપાટીનાં દરયે કીનારેની માછણ.

માછણ–મેલ્યા નાસકા! માજી સાઠી તું બાઝાર કવાં બાંધનાર? લવકર કર, નાહીતર તુઝયા ડોચકા માઝી માંસયાનીજ ફોરૂંન તાકું!

[વરસો સુધી ઢીલ કરયા પછી ચોપાટી ખાતે એક બજાર બાંધવાનો કારપોરેશને ઠરાવ કીધો છે.]



THE IDOL OF THE BOMBAY MONEY MARKET.

THE *DEVI* (GODDESS) MOST FERVENTLY WORSHIPPED NOWADAYS BY ALL CLASSES AND CREEDS.

મુંબઈનાં નાણાં બજારની પુંજાની પુતલી.

સઘળા વર્ગ અને સઘળા ધર્મવાળાઓ તરફથી હમણા કેટલાભારે ભકતીભાવથી આ દેવીને પુંજવામાં આવે છે!



THE KAMLAVATI OF THE FUTURE.
AS DREAMED BY OUR ARTIST
(Presented to all lovers of Hindu Female Education.)
ભવીષ્યની એક કમલાવતી.
અમારા આરટીસ્ટે સ્વપનામાં તેણીની જોયલી મુરતી.
(હીંદુ સ્ત્રી કેળવણીના સઘળા સુભેચ્છકોને ભેટ.)



"KINDNESS TOWARDS ANIMALS."
(AN ESSAY WITHOUT WORDS.)
"જાનવરો તરફ માયાળુ રેહેવા વીશે."
(શબ્દો વીનાનો એક રેસાલો.)



THE MEHTA-JEE AND THE PUPIL;
OR, HOW THE POOR CIVIC FATHER IS TREATED WHENEVER SOMETHING IS TO BE DRAWN OUR OF HIM.

મેહેતાજી અને નીશાળયો;
અથવા, જ્યારે શેહેરીબાવા પાસેથી કાંઇ કહડાવવાનું હોય છે ત્યારે તે બીચારાને કેવી મોજ ચખાડવામાં આવે છે.

BENEVOLENT OLD GENTLEMAN: "Now then, little boy, what do you mean by bullying that little girl? Don't you know it's very cruel?"—Rude little boy: "Garn! wot's the trouble? *She's my sweetheart!*"



THE DEMON HOVERING OVER BOMBAY.

[The small-pox epidemic in the city has carried away no less than 373 souls within the last fourteen weeks.]

મુંબઈપર ભમતો ડરામણો ખવીસ !

[ગયાં ચઉદ અઠવાડયાંમાં સીતલાએ મુંબઈમાં ૩૭૩ માણસોનો ભોગ લીધો છે.]



A SUBSTITUE FOR CHEESE.

Place: Office. *Time*: Tiffin hour.

Gopinath—(*To durwān*) Fetch me some cheese from the house,—sharp!

[The *Derwān* after half an hour brings a plate full of fresh tamarind,—the lady of the house having mistook the Marathi word *cheench* (*tamarind*) in the kitchen for the English *cheese*, hidden in the shethjee's toilet room!!!

વેલાતી " ચીઝ " ને બદલે મરાઠી " ચીંચ " (આમલી) !

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૪૬૦મું.]



THE MANCHESTER MILL-OWNER'S INDIAN SLAVE.

Condemned to carry the immensely heavy burden on his head for having dared to compete with him.

(*With apologies to the Zanzibar boy slave.*)

મેનચેસ્ટરના મીલ માલેકનો હીંદી ગોલામ.

મીલ માલેક સામે હરીફાઈ કરવાની તેણે સોખાઈ દેખાડયાથી, ગરીબ બીચારાને માથા પર આવો જબરો ભારી બોજો લઈને ફરવાની સજા કરવામાં આવી છે.

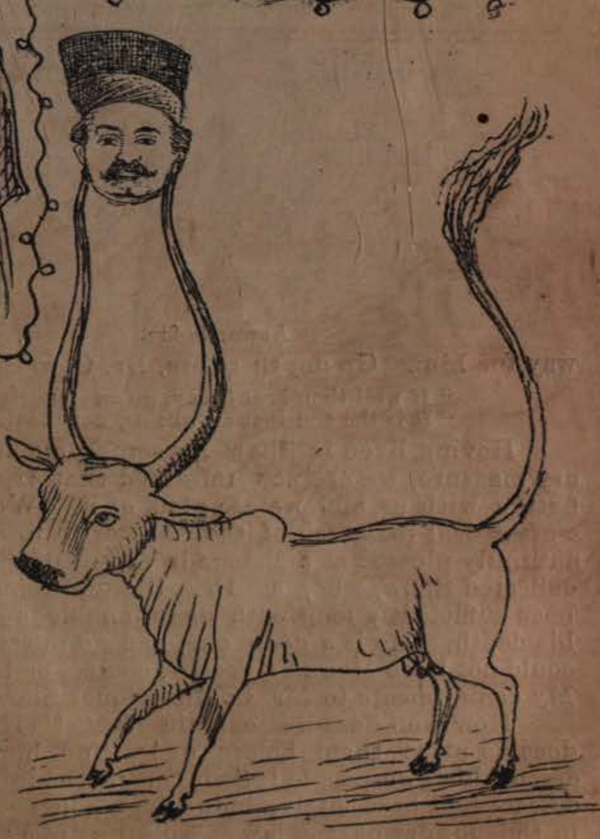


LIFTING DR. COW-HORN TO FILL THE CHAIR.

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

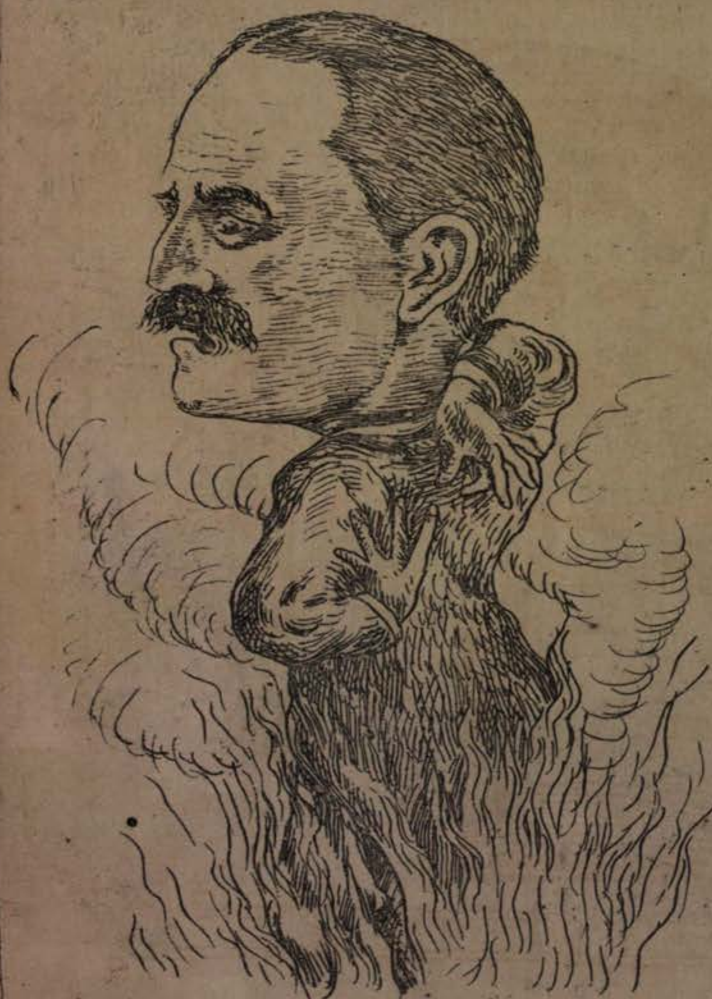
(BY A CORPORATOR FAINEÁNT.)

Thursday, 9th April.—"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them." My compliments to President Cow-Horn. One of our oldest hands—heads, I should say—and therefore a selection on which the Corporation may be congratulated. Though not necessarily, for all old heads are not wise, and some are filled with a certain stuff that is as far removed from brains as the earth is from the sun. That Dr. Cow-Horn will fill the Chair, into which he has been lifted by the united force of Mr. Rebsch and Sir Jamsetjee, fill it, in a sense, there cannot be any manner of doubt. Will he fill it, with credit to himself and profit to the Corporation? *Nous verrons.* If he



Cow-Horn.

will, if he will hold the balance evenly, and make the public interests his first care, I for one shall pat him on the back on the expiry of his term of office, even as we patted the retiring Mr. Roughton who has made



Acworth fire.

way for him. Go on, therefore, Dr. Cow-Horn,

"If well thou hast begun, go on fore-right;
"It is the end that crowns us, not the fight."

Having lived in Snow for some time as a temporary measure, we are now informed that it shall be a fixture with us, and we are glad of it. We have had a great deal too much of the Acworth fire, and are naturally pleased at a change in favour of the cool and collected Snow, who, as Dr. Blaney remarked, has been sufficiently long with us to enable our gauging his depth. He is a deep one, and no mistake, and we could not have found a deeper, cooler or better man. My compliments to Mr. Commissioner Snow.

How well does he explain facts! How clearly does he place them before us! And how quick to defend his own people! Some of us thought that our officers had been lately indulging a little too freely in the luxury of the law. Nothing more natural, if true; for the law, though called an ass, has a peculiar fascination for human nature, especially when courted at other people's expense. But it is not true, says Mr. Snow, our officers are no more litigious than—than anybody else. Only they had allowed themselves to be caught in the meshes of certain law-suits, and there was no getting out of them without recourse to legal advisers. Hence it was that our law expenses had mounted up so high. Pay them once for all, and it shall not happen again. Dr. Blaney and the Hon. Mr. Javerilal thought that it would be better to retain the services of a solicitor for all time, pay him so much a year and then resort to him as to a legal dictionary whenever difficulties arose, whether trivial or serious. There will be no feeing them at every little interview. In short, let us have a *standing* solicitor. A standing nuisance, cried the rest of the house. Do you think, asked Mr. Snow, that the Government, who pay their legal advisers a fixed sum every year, are better off financially than we who only pay for the occasion? We who only pay, in order that we may be able to feel the way, and either go on or stay, according as our solicitor says aye or nay? Questions and differences must arise in a large Municipality like ours, and as receiving is always sweeter than paying, some of our customers may refuse to pay their dues. Do they? What does the law say? Shall we walk into them and so get our money, or shall we



Cool and collected Snow.

let them alone? We shape our course according to what the law says, and by paying a small fee in the first instance escape an expensive aud possibly unsuccessful litigation. Better thus to knock at a lawyer's door on occasions, and when done with, shake him off than be weighted with him year after year, whether we want him or not.



RESORT TO LEGAL DICTIONARY.

CHOW CHOW.

A Cure for Moral Evils. So a Hindu correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette*, bearing a priestly name—or it may be a *nom-de-plume*—solemnly tells the public that so long as high-caste Hindu widows cannot be remarried, their sexual morality must continue to be safeguarded by disfiguring them! Alas, this modern Rishi forgets that this cruel and drastic remedy has, after long trials, failed to curb the violent desires of the flesh. Vasudeo-acharya, be earnest and consistent, and preach rather the mutilation of features and limbs and the destruction of the fine senses for the effectual preservation of high virtues and the attainment of lofty character, and then try this mild experiment for the regeneration of Hindu society first on the stronger sex! For the controlling of the passions and the lifting up of the soul no sacrifice is great, and if a few gurus—*sans* eyes, noses, ears, tongues, teeth and some other parts of the human body,—could show the way to peace and happiness, here and hereafter, they will win the universal gratitude of the Hindu race in India. What mischief at the hands of Káma might not have been averted had some of his saintly victims in the hoary ages of Bharatkhand mutilated themselves, sacrificed their matted hair and turned their heads into billiard balls—or rather foot-balls—to use Vasudeo-acharya's favourite comparison,—before they began their austere penances!

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"Bombay the Beautiful."

JALANDHAR NATH writes : Some years ago I came across the following lines from the graphic pen of Sir George Birdwood : "These Anglicised Hindus do "not seem to be aware that there is any good vernacular "thing in all India. Only a few weeks ago one of them, "a man of unusual intellectual force and of wide reading in English literature, not Indian, came to thank "me for an article I had just written in defence of the "'Maratha Plough' and he actually became lachrymose over it. In my astonishment I asked : 'What "is it that affects you ?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'it is your "praise of our women. I knew English women were "beautiful, but I never knew that our poor wives "and daughters were "beautiful, and you "are the first to tell "us that they are [he "had not read James "Forbes], and I thank "you, as the truest "friend India ever "had, for saying so.'" Much akin to this were my own feelings as I read Dr. Water's interesting lecture on "Bombay the Beautiful,"—Bombay, the Queen of Asia. Tears welled into my eyes and a lump rose in my throat. I knew that cities in the far West were beautiful, but, like my innocent countryman in the above quotation, I never knew that our poor Bombay was beautiful, and Dr. Waters was the first—at least to me—to tell us that she was. I had of course read the proud motto on the banner of our city fathers ; but that I considered all brag. Here was testimony borne by one who had no interest in bragging. I wept and wept as I pondered on the scandalous manner in which the city of my birth had been maligned by evil tongues. What gross charges have not been raised against her by ignorant and malicious persons ? This Venus, emerging from the sea, had been described as a wicked old harridan full of baneful influences ! I find I enjoy the best of health in the hot season, and yet how ungrateful I have been all these years, not to have known that it is to Beautiful Bombay I owe it all. Mahableshwar has been my dream of late : it is dispelled now. A fisherman's hut on the ozone-flooded beach at Worli, Bandra, Danda, or Vesava will henceforth have greater charms for me. O ye Princes and Shetias racing to the hills,—ye Anglicized Princes seeking for health and vigour in the distant West, I envy you no longer !

* * *

Kissing in Madras.

WHAT can be in the atmosphere of the "benighted" Presidency which makes people there go in for interdicted kisses ? Some hidden law of nature apparently governs this obtrusive kissing propensity in Madras. Happily the recent Ootacamand case has subsided quietly. Some of the dangers lurking in a kiss are generally known ; but they affect the individuals concerned and not the people at large. Who can say where the development of this propensity may one day lead the people to ! Students of history will remember the diplomatic kiss publicly imprinted by Queen Elizabeth upon the lips of the Duke of Alencon and Anjou, the younger brother of Henry III. of France. She rejected his suit afterwards, and as a penalty for the slight offered by their sovereign the English nation had to pay nearly six and a half millions to Anjou. A costly kiss that !



VENUS.—Bombay the Beautiful.

* * *

Semaphore University Fellows.

WE have "semaphore Corporators." Prof. Gokhale tells us there is another species—the semaphore Fellows in the Senate of our great University. An unsympathetic lot they are said to be, who bring that learned body into disrepute by their ignorance and the spirit of faction they display in deliberations of vital importance to the student world. What to do with these animated semaphores and how to shut the University gates against more of their kind is a problem difficult to solve. (*Hindi Punch,* 19-4-96.)



THE MEDICAL TWINS.—PREPARING FOR THE OPERATION.

[A large public meeting was held at the Novelty Theatre on the 15th April, 1896 under the auspices of the Bombay Presidency Association, when it was resolved to send a memorial to the proper authorities urging the necessity of separating the Civil from the Military Medical Service.]

માંસના લોંચાથી એકેક સાથ જોડાયલા બે વઈદક જોડયા ભાઈઓ.

તેમની ઉપર વહાડકાપ કરીને તેમને છુટા પાડવાની ચાલતી તઈયારી.

[નાવેલટી નાટકશાળામાં ગઈ તાં૦ ૧૫ મી એપ્રીલને દને મુંબઈની પરેસીડંસી એસોસીએશનની આગેવાની હેઠળ એક મોટી જાહેર સભા ભરવામાં આવી હતી, જે વેળાએ એવો ઠરાવ કરવામાં આવ્યો હતો કે, ઘટતા સત્તાવાળાઓ ઉપર એક અરજી મોકલી આગ્રહથી માગણી કરવી કે સરકારી વઈદક ખાતાના લશકર અને શેહેરી પ્રજા સાથે સંબંધ ધરાવનારા તબીબોને છુટા પાડી નાખવા.]



AN UNEQUAL FIGHT.

Will she be able to cope with the monster ?

[The dire days of the Famine of 1873-74 once more threaten the people of Bengal, many parts of which are suffering from failure of crops and severe drought.]

એક અસરખી લડત.

આ જીયાંગાર અઝદાહને ગરીબ બીચારી અબળા પુરી પડી શકશે?

[૧૮૭૩-૭૪ નાં વરસમાં પડેલા ભયંકર દુકાળના જેવા દીવસો બંગાળમાં આ વરસે પાછા જોવામાં આવે એવો ભય ઉભો થયો છે, અને ત્યાંના ઘણા ભાગોમાં પાક નીષફળ જવા ઉપરાંત સખ્ત હાપણી પડે છે.]



A MIXED COMPANY.

Master Monkey and Mister Donkey are in high jinks, but poor Doggie, Pussy and Mousey are in great grief as they have been left starving!

[A large number of new justices of the Peace has been gozetted this week, the list being a very mixed one.]

ભેલમભેલાની જાત્રા.

માસ્તર વાંદરાજી અને મી૦ ગધેડાજી અંદુસ અને તુરા જોઈને ભારે ખુશાખુશાલીમાં ગરક ગયા છે, પણ ગરીબ બીચારા મી૦ બાઉવાઉ, મસકલા મી૦ મીયાંઉ મીયાંઉ અને લકંગા મી૦ ચાંઉ ચાંઉ-અને-ચીંઈંચીંઈં ભારે દલગીરીમાં ગરક ગયા છે, કારણકે તેઓ બીચારાને ભુખે મરતી હાલતમાં હજી રાખવામાં આવ્યા છે!

[આ અઠવાડીએ નવા સુલેહના અમલદારોની એક લંબાણ ટીપ પ્રગટ કરવામાં આવી છે, જે ટીપ ભેલમભેલાની જાત્રા સરખીજ દીસે છે.]



BLOWING FOR THE BATTLE.

[At the meeting held at the Novelty Theatre on Wednesday last to memorialize the Secretary of State for India for the separation of the Civil and Military Medical Service, it was resolved among other things, "That this meeting elects Dr. K. N. Bahadurji, M. D. (London), as its delegate to England to give evidence before the Royal Commission on Indian Expenditure, and to represent the views of this meeting before the British public."]

લડાઈ માટેની તઈયારી–તે માટે ફુંકવામાં આવતી ધુધારી.

[નાવેલટી નાટકશાળામાં ગયા બુધવારે મળેલી જે સભાએ સરકારી વઈદક ખાતાંના લશ્કર તથા શેહેરી પ્રજાને લગતા તબીબોના ઓહદા જુદા પાડવા માટે પ્રધાનને અરજી કરવાનો ઠરાવ કરયો હતો, તેજ સભામાં બીજો ઠરાવ એવો પણ કરવામાં આવ્યો હતો કે, "હીંદી સરકારનાં ખરચની તપાસ માટે નેમવામાં આવેલાં પાદશાહી કમીશન આગળ તેમજ અંગરેજ પ્રજાની સનમુખ, આ સભાના વીચાર જાહેર કરવા ડાકટર કે. ન. બહાદુરજી, એમ. ડી. (લનડન) ને આ સભા પોતાના પ્રતીનીધી તરીકે ચુંટી કહાડે છે.]



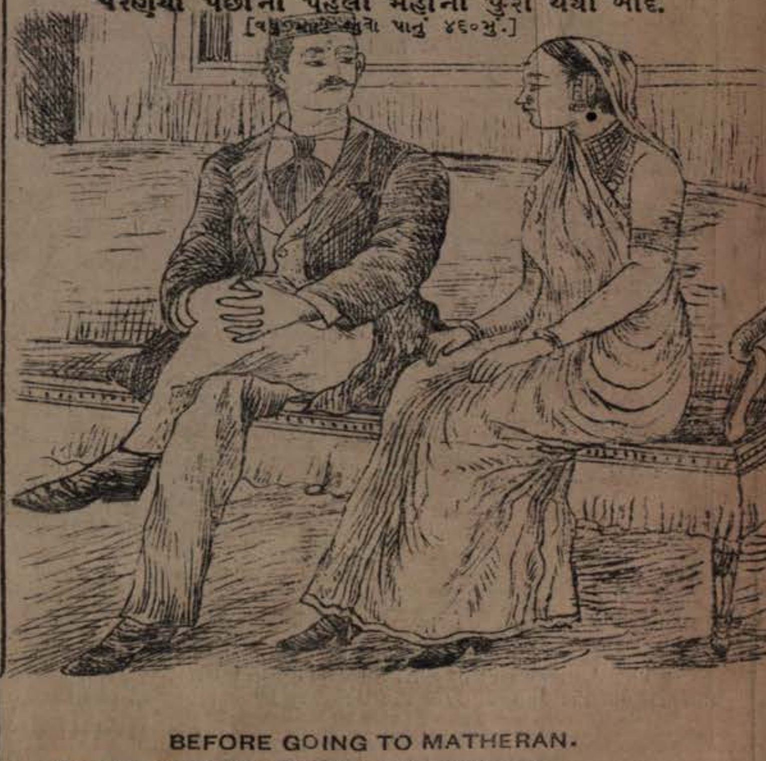
AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Wife of Twenty-Two Summers—Now that we are married there must be no secrets between us! What is your age; the right age? On the wrong side of forty, isn't it?

Husband (On the wrong side)—Forty! Oh dear no! Do I look it now? Forty indeed! It will be sometime before I'm that. Only going on to thirty!

પરણ્યા પછીનો પેહેલો મહીનો પુરો થયા બાદ.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૪૬૦મું.]



BEFORE GOING TO MATHERAN.

She—And you will go up the hill on a pony, won't you?

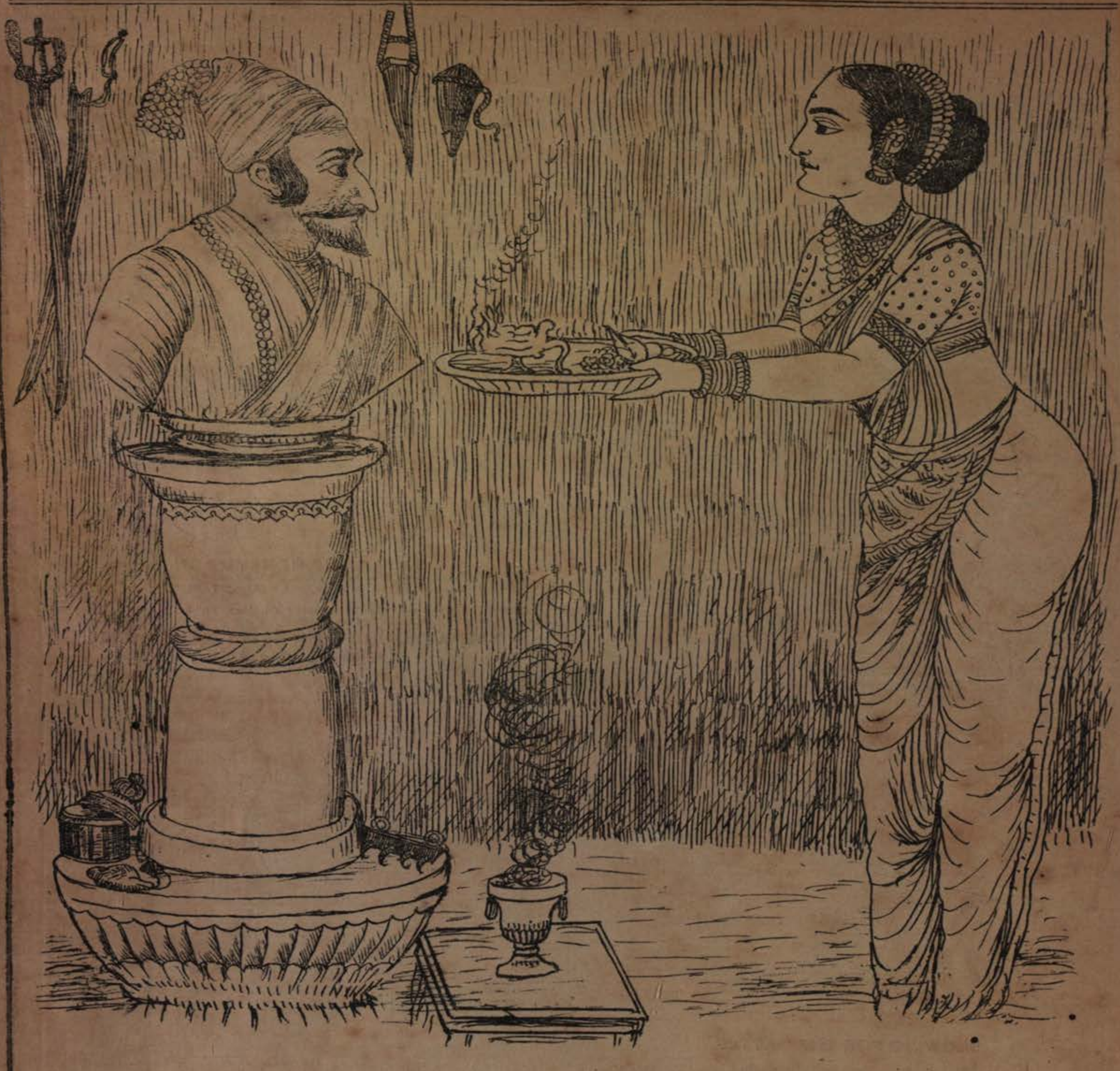
He—A donkey, rather!

She—A donkey! Now don't be a—donkey. It will be death of me!

He—Not a bit, my dear! The best of ponies at Matheran is a donkey

માથેરાનની સેહેલગાહે નીકળવા આગમજ.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૪૬૦મું.]



HONOURING A NATIONAL HERO.

[The Anniversary of Shri Shivajee, the Patriot-Warrior and Founder of the Maratha Empire, was, for the first time, observed with unusual enthusiasm all over the Bombay Presidency on the 15th of April, 1896.]

એક પ્રજાપ્રીય પેહેલવાનની પુંજા.

[મરાઠા શાહનશાહતના સ્થાપક અને દેશાભીમાની લડવૈયા શ્રી શીવાજીની જનમગાંઠનો દીવસ, મુંબઈ ઇલાકામાં સઘળે ઠેકાણે પેહેલીજ વાર ગયા એપ્રીલ માસની તા૦ ૧૫ મીએ અસાધારણ ઉલટ અને ધામધુમ સાથે ગુજારવામાં આવ્યો હતો.]



OBEDIENT TO THE MANDATE!

[The Secretary of State for India and the Government of India have at last surrendered before the agitation of the mill-owners of Lancashire and have consented to sacrifice the interests of the Indian Mill Industry to those of Lancashire.]

કુત્રાઓ કેવા હુકમને તાબેદાર છે, હેંએ !

[લેનકેશીયરવાળાઓની ધામધુમને હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાંનો પ્રધાન અને હીંદી સરકાર આખરે શરણ થયા છે, અને લેંકેશીયરના લાભને ખાતર હીંદી મીલ ઉદયોગના લાભોને ભોગમાં આપવાને તેઓએ કબુલ કીધું છે.]



MISCHIEF!

[Regarding the newly-founded religious movement, called *Sanatana Bharat Dharma Maha Parishada* (a Grand Association of the Religions of India), the outcome of bigotry and blind orthodoxy, the *Indian Spectator* says :—" It is not difficult to discover the real workers at the bottom. They are our old friends, the pseudo-patriots, the half-educated bellicose anti-social reformers, the opponents of the Age of Consent Act, the excommunicators of our bold progressists, the advocates of a Congress without a Conference. They now wish to fight the reformers with their own weapons. From passive and active opposition in camp, they have now developed into an active enemy, with a new banner unfurled, and have formed a new plan of campaign. But once for certain they are doomed to disappointment and failure. Their Association may be a counter-blast to the Social Conference, but it cannot live long or do much harm to it."]

વાંદર મસ્તી ! (સંસાર સુધારાબાઈ સામે દારૂગોળો સળગાવી મેલવાની યુકતી.)

[સનાતન ભારત ધરમ મહા પરીષદ નામે ધરમ સંબંધી જે નવી હીલચાલને ઝનુન અને ધરમાંધપણાંથી જનમ આપવામાં આવ્યો છે. તેના સંબંધમાં "ઈનડયન સ્પેકટેટર" જણાવે છે કે, " એ હીલચાલ ઉભી કરનારા ખરા આસામીઓ કોણ છે તે શોધી કાહાડવું મુશ્કેલ નથી. તેઓ આપણા જુના મીતરો, દેશાભીમાની થવાનું ડોલ ઘાલનારાઓ, અધુરી કેળવણી ધરાવનારા અને સંસાર સુધારાની વીરૂધમાં લડત ચલાવનારાઓ, સહાકવાટને લગતા કાયદાની સામે થનારાઓ, આપણા હીમતવાન સુધારાવાળાઓને નાત બાહાર કહડાવનારાઓ, સંસારી કન્ફરન્સ સાથે સંબંધ ધરાવ્યા વગર કોનગરેસની સભાઓ ભરવાના હીમાયતીઓ છે. સુધારકો સામે તેમનાં પોતાનાંજ હથીઆર વડે તેઓ હવે લડવા ઈચ્છે છે. આગળ તેઓ અંદરખાનેથી લડતા હતા, પણ હવે તેઓ નવી ગોઠવણ સાથે મેદાન પડયા છે. પણ તેઓ પોતાની નેમમાં ખચીતજ નીરાશ અને નીશફળ થવાના. તેમનું મંડળ સોશયલ કન્ફરન્સની સામે અટકાવ નાખનારૂં કદાચ થઈ પડે, પણ તે ઝાઝો વખત ટકી શકવાનું અથવા ઝાઝું નુકસાન કરવાનું નથી."]



THE PILE ON THE HEAD.

Meheroo—What a trouble it is to have to carry such a pile on the head!

Aloo—Would you be as bald as a potato then? Why don't you shave every week like the poor Hindu widow?

Meheroo—Shave! Nonsense! But if I could give her away a portion of my superfluity, I should be so glad! She needs it, poor slighted thing, to cover her disfigurement!

માથાપર બાલનેા ભારેા.

મેહેરૂ—માથાપર બાલનેા આટલેા બધેા ભારેા લઈને ફરતાં મને તેા કંટાલેા આવેચ! એ બધા ભારાને દરરેાજ હેારતાં ને સાફ કરતાં કેટલી બધી પીસ પરેચ!

આલુ—તારે સું તુને ઓલેલા પપેટા જેવું બેાડૂં બચક માથું લઈને ફરવા ગમેચ કે? એવેા વીચાર હેાય તેા પેલી બીચારી હીંદુ રંડી રંડેાની માફક દર આંઠ આંઠ દાહાડે માથું બેાડવ્યા કર!

મેહેરૂ—હું માથું બેાડાવું! છટ છટ! એવી નાનસંસ જેવી તું વાત સું કરેચ!—પણ જેા મારા બાલના ભારામાંથા થેાડા બાલ એ બીચારી ગરીબ વીધવાને આપી સકાતા હેાય તેા તે આપવાને હું ઘણીજ ખુસી છઉં! અરે બેાદા! તે બીચારીનાં બાલ બેાડી નાખીને બેડેાલ કેદરૂપાં કરી નાખેલાં માથાંને ઢાંકવા માટે તેની કેટલી બધી જરૂર છે!

INFORMATION WANTED—We read that the Russian Emperor has "decorated the Negus." Is this the same thing as "crowning the flowing bowl"?—IGNORAMUS.



CHURNING.

THE BOMBAY CIVIC FATHER IN A NEW JOB.

Mr. *Punch* wishes him all success.

[The Bombay Corporation has started a fund for building suitable houses for the schools under the charge of the Joint Schools Committee, and the Bombay Government are going to make a cordial response to the appeal for contribution to the Fund.]

દુધ વલેાવીને માખણ બનાવવાનું કામ.

શેહેરીબાવાનેા નવેા સહાસ.

મી૦ પંચ તેમને તેમાં ફતેહ ઈછે છે.

[જાઈંટ સ્કુલસ કમીટીને હસ્તકની શાળાએા માટે લાયક મકાનેા બાંધવાની જેાગવાઈ કરવા એક ફંડ ઉભું કરવાની શુરૂઆત મુંબઈની કારપેારેશને કરી છે, અને તેમાં હીસ્સેા આપવાને મુંબઈ સરકારને કરવામાં આવેલી અરજ દીલેાજાનથી તે સ્વીકારે એમ છે.]

MARKET REPORT—Owing to the Italian peace negotiations with Abyssinia ice-cream hard-



PRACTICAL JOKE FOR A PRIZE.

"Look here, Jonathan, how I pull and twist his tail!"

["President Cleveland must be hankering after another term of office. He has pulled the tail of Leo Britannicus with all his might."—*Army and navy Gazette.*]

ઈનામ મેળવવાની લાલચે એક નહી ઘટતી મશકેરી.

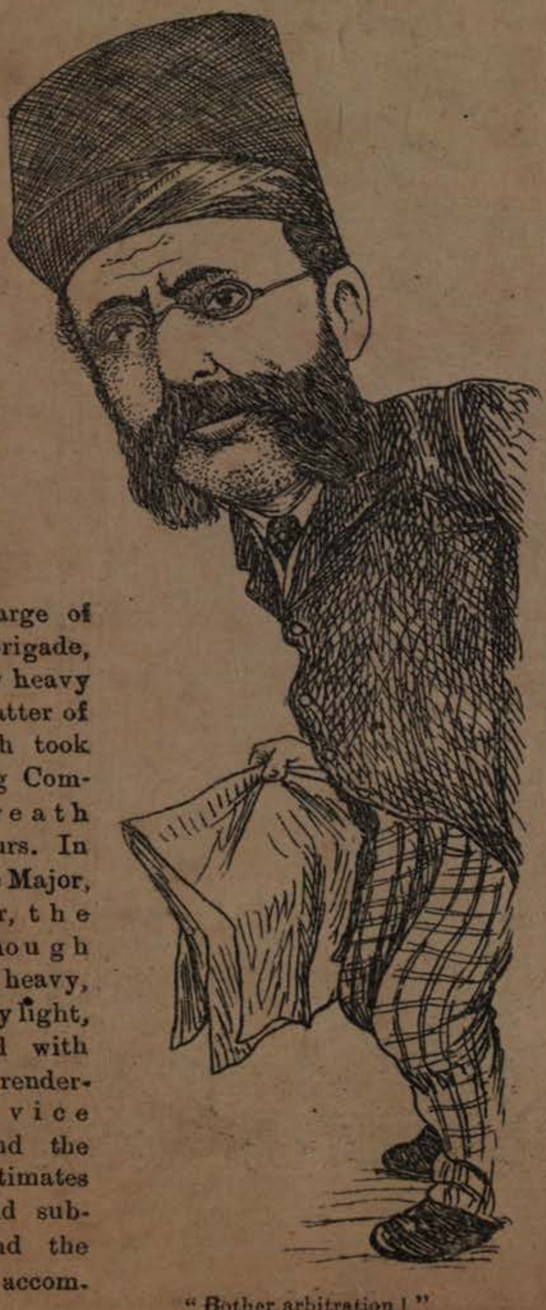
"જોરે દોસ્ત, જોનેથન, હું કેવું એનું પુછડું મરડું છું ને ખેંચું છું!"

["પ્રેસીડંટ કલીવલેનડ પાંચ વરસ સુધી પાછો અમેરીકન રાજનો વડો થવાની તલબમાં પડેલો દેખાય છે, અને તેથી તેણે પોતાનાં સઘળાં જોરથી બરીટીશ સીંહનું પુછડું ખેંચયું છે."—આરમી અને નેવી ગેઝેટ.]

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, April 13th—There was trouble in *Love Grove* (the course of true love never did run smooth) during our late Commissioner's autocratic tenure of office. He went and consulted Major Tulloch, as he had consulted on various occasions before, but forgot or neglected to inform us or the Standing Committee that he had done so. He also forgot or neglected to provide for due payment of the advice sought for and received by him. Perhaps he thought that the Major would not charge But the Major did charge. (what Major would not), not the charge of the Light Brigade, but a pretty heavy charge, a matter of £750, which took the Standing Committee's breath away and ours. In justice to the Major, however, the charge, although apparently heavy, was in reality light, as compared with the services rendered, the advice tendered, and the plans and estimates prepared and submitted. And the charge was accompanied by as gentlemanly a letter as I ever read, not an exacting, imperious letter, but a soft-toned one, which almost made it a pleasure to concede what was demanded. But we did not concede. No such soft fools! We went to consult the law and the law said, *resist.* Since that's what the law says (and very kind of the law to say so too), let us resist by all means, cried some of us. What a shame, said others, to make an innocent man suffer for no fault of his. If Mr. Acworth was to blame for making light of our dignity, let *him* pay the penalty. Others again were for submitting the case to arbitration. "Bother arbitration", said Mr. Leo, "what good ever came of arbitration?" "A great deal more," retorted Mr. Cotton, "than ever comes of a High Court suit, in which it is the lawyers alone who reap a golden harvest." "Do they? All the better for them," answered Mr. Leo; "in this case the law is clearly on our side, and it would be madness, it would be violating our trust, to ignore it." We thought the poor Major was going to be cast adrift. But Mr. Leo loves the man immensely, and, says he, there is a legal side to the question, and there is a moral side. You have heard, gentlemen, what the law says. Now listen, if you please, to what morality says through me. Suppose we give Major Tulloch a hundred guineas by way of honorarium, and be done with it? We said yes, and hoped the Major would be satisfied. For my part I am sincerely sorry for him, still more sorry that we could see no way of making Mr. Acworth pay, not



" Bother arbitration ! "



"It is the lawyers alone who reap a golden harvest."



"Who dares make me pay the full amount?"

Mr. Mehta's honorarium but the full amount of the bill. But it isn't always that the actual offender catches it.

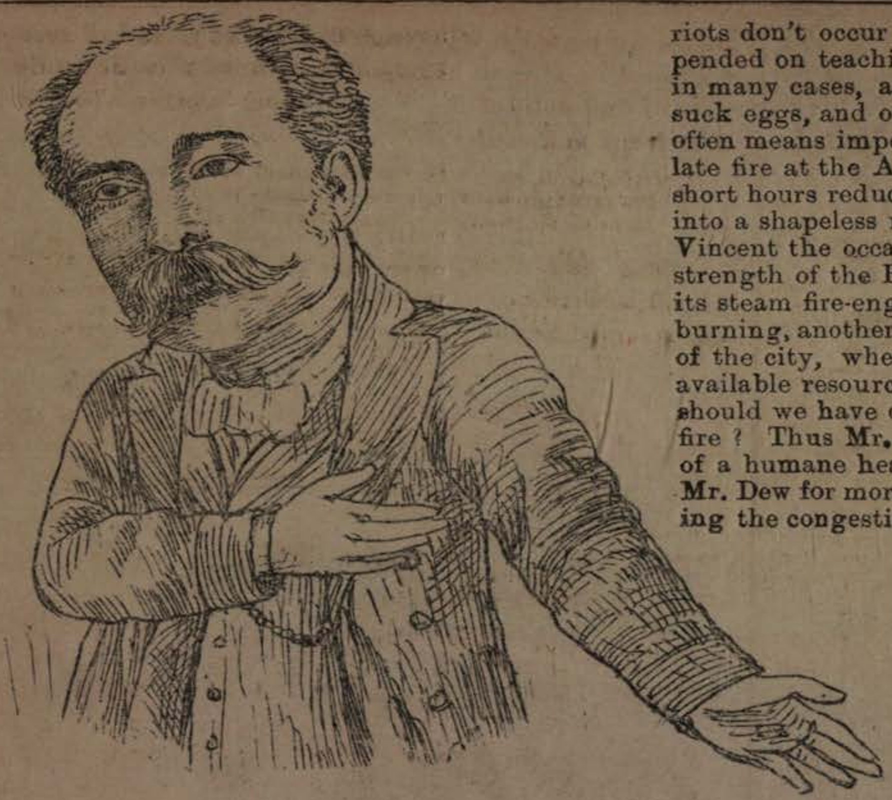
Catch-pits in the town! A startling, gruesome phrase, suggestive of throat-cutting, blood-shed and murder! But fear not, gentle reader, they are not quite so bad, though, in one sense, they are man-traps, in that they are likely to prove injurious to the public health. There are, says Dr. Katrak, two of them on the Queen's Road, but they smell so horribly that we might well pause before going in for more of them. What does the health officer say? The health officer, says Dr. Blaney, knows precious little himself just now, the subject has not been fully experimented upon, let him and let us, therefore, smell it in all its bearings before we decide upon the right course. "And in the meantime" impatiently asks Mr. Dew? "Smell, I mean, study," replies the Doctor, "study the subject till you get young again!" Fancy all the old fossils in the Corporation rejuvenated by study, and of such a subject! It is to be hoped that those who do study it, will find delight in it, and both derive benefit therefrom and confer it.

> "Fall to *it*, as you find your stomach serves you;
> No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
> In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

The late riots, although necessarily an exceptional occurrence, served as an excuse for increasing the strength of the Police, with the result that, as



Says Dr. Katrak, they smell so horribly.



Mr. Hamilton flatly declines to support his friend.

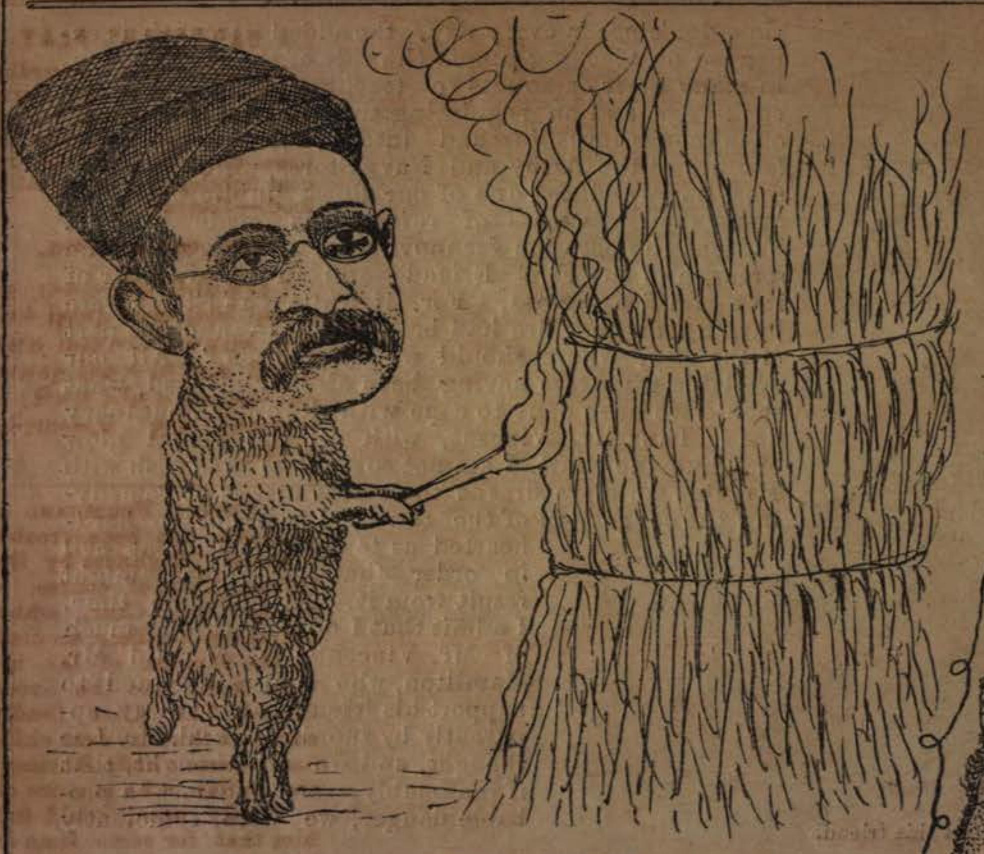
riots don't occur every day, the added strength is expended on teaching people the rule of the road, which, in many cases, amounts to teaching one's granny to suck eggs, and on regulating the public traffic, which often means impeding and interfering with it. The late fire at the Army and Navy Stores, which in a few short hours reduced one of our finest public buildings into a shapeless mass of ruins, was made by Mr. Vincent the occasion for moving for an increase in the strength of the Fire Brigade and in the number of its steam fire-engines. For, if while the Stores were burning, another fire had broken out in another part of the city, where should we have been? All our available resources having been already utilised, what should we have done to cope with the other imaginary fire? Thus Mr. Vincent, with all the genial glow of a humane heart. I am not so reckless as to wish with Mr. Dew for more fires as the surest means of remedying the congestion of the town. I am not so hard-hearted as to wish for a great evil in order that some good might result from it. At the same time, I admit that I do not think much of Mr. Vincent's *If*. Nor did Mr. Hamilton, who flatly declined to support his friend craried away apparently by inordinate zeal. Mr. Leo thought, and we all thought, that if reasonably armed against a probable danger, we were sufficiently



A committee of extinguishers.

armed, and that exceptional circumstances must be left to take care of themselves. "We want no committee," remarked Mr. Dew, "to look into probable fires, unless it were a committee of *extinguishers*, and I, for one, would not serve, for, although really the meekest of lambs, I am looked upon as a political firebrand by the Police!" Mr. Vincent of course withdrew, and until a strong case is made out, we are going to rest contented with the existing brigade and its present appliances.

(*Hindi Punch*, 26-4-96.)



The meekest of lambs.



Mr. Vincent withdraws !!



A DANGEROUS PLAY.

[Latest advices regarding the movements of the Dervishes state that Osman Digna's forces are demoralized by the losses they suffered in the recent fighting and by want of food.—*Telegram.*]

એક ભયંકર રમત.

[દરવીશોની હીલચાલના સંબંધમાં એવી ખબર હમણાં મળી છે કે, ઓસમાન ડીગમાનાં લશ્કરને છેલી લડાઇમાં ગયલાં નુકસાન તથા ખોરાકની તંગીને સબબે, તે ભભરાટમાં પડ્યું છે.—તારનો સંદેશો.

PRINCE FERDINAND of Bulgaria has been created "Royal" Highness by the Sultan. This, of course, to please the Czar, whose patronage has been secured by the baptism of the infant Boris into the Greek Church. The Czar fondly supposes that the dear child has become a little Russian; the Sultan, who is more of a family man, could tell him that for some time at least the youngster will still be a little Turk.



BUTTONS AT THE BACK.

Banoo—Now, Behram dear, give us a helping hand, will you? I can't reach the buttons at the back.

Behram—Oh, bother! Why don't you, like sensible people, button in front then?

Banoo—A mystery, dear, that you can't fathom!

બાનુનાં બદીયાંનાં બટન.

બાનુ—બેહેરામ ડીયર, જરા વેગી જાઓ તો, જરા મને હાથ લાગો ને મારા બદીયાનનાં બટન છોરો. મુવો મારો હાથ તો પીઠ પછવારે પુગતોજ નહીં!

બેહેરામ—એ સું તારી પીરા! એમ બદીયાનને પીઠ પછવારે સાનાં બટન ટંકાવીને તું ફાંફાં મારી મરેચ! પીઠ પછવારે બટન હોય કે આગળ?

બાનુ—પણ એમાં તમે સું સમજો, ડીયર? એ તો પછવારેનાં બટનનાં ભેદ ભરમ અમે બઈરાંઓજ સમજયે! તમે માટીડાઓને બઈરાંઓની ફેસનમાં અને ડ્રેસની ખુબીઓમાં સમજ હોયજ સાની જે?



AVAUNT, ANTI-REFORM!

Mrs. Anti-Reform—A curse and a plague on both of ye! Ye have been a black and a vile spot on the fair name and fame of the Hindu community! Avaunt!

Miss Social Reform—Gently, gently, my good dame, gently please! If anybody is a black and vile spot it is you, m'am! Come in our company, and try to mend your ways.

[The bigoted and orthodox among the Hindus are much exercised at the action of Mr. Khoobchand Manockchand of the Jain community, who gave away his young widow-daughter in remarriage the other day.]

બાઈ સુધારકના ઘરમાં કુધારાકોરનું રમખાણ.

કુધારાકોર—તમે બંને ડાકણોનું મોઢું કાળું! તમે બંને સંડસંખાણીઓ હીંદુ કોમનાં ભલાં નામ અને કીરતીને કાળો કરપીન ડાઘ લગાડો છો! નીકળો અહીંથી!

બાઈ સંસાર સુધારક—ધીરે, ધીરે, બુઢ્ઢીબાઈ, ધીરે! જો કોઈપણ હીંદુ કોમને કાળો કરપીન કંગાળ ડાઘ લગાડતું હોય તો તે તમો કુધારાકોરજ છો! તમે મુંગાં મુંગાં અમારી સંગત પકડો અને તમારી રીતભાતી સુધારવાની કોશેશ કરો!

[જઈન કોમના મી૦ ખુબચંદ માણેકચંદે પોતાની બાળવીધવા થયલી દીકરીના પુનરવીવાહ કરાવ્યાથી ધરમાંધ અને અસલી વીચારના હીંદુઓનાં કાળજાં બહુ ઉથલાઈ ગયાં છે.]



THE HOUSE OF CARDS—THE CIVIC BOY'S PLAY.

પાનાનો બંગલો—શેહેરી ખુચ્ચાની રમત.



"Ma dear, don't you go to the back-bay to say your prayers like those Parsee women we saw the other day. They say one was lately robbed and killed!

"Nonsense! But all the same I can't say that I like the public exhibition these women make at the sea-shore in the name of religion, my dear!"

"માયથી, તમે તંઈ દરયે તીનારે પેલી બીધી પારથનોની માફત ભનવા બનવા ધતાં નાં હું. તેહે તેહેધિ દિ તાંહ તોઈએ તે દાહ્રારે એત પારથનને લુટીને મારી નાખી!"

"છટ, છટ! પણ તોબી દરયે કીનારે બંદગી કરવાને મસે જઈને કેટલીક પારસનો જે ઢંગ ધતુરા કરેચ, તે મને મુદલ ગમતું નથી, દીકરી!"



HOUSELESS AND STARVING IN THE FIRST CITY IN INDIA:

[The Marathi Girls' Schools in Bombay, founded in 1849 and conducted by the Students' Literary and Scientific Society, are, according to the last published report, suffering from want of funds.]

હીંદનાં પેહેલાં શેહેરમાં ઘરબાર વગરની અને ભુખે મરતી ગરીબ બીચારી ભીખારડી.

[મુંબઈમાંની મરાઠી છોકરીઓ માટેની શાળાઓ, જે ૧૮૪૯ માં સ્થાપવામાં આવી હતી, અને જેમનો કારોબાર સ્ટુડંટસ લીટરરી અને સાયનટીફીક સોસાયટી તરફથી કરવામાં આવે છે, તે શાળાઓ નાણાંની મદદ વગર બહુ હેરાન થાય છે, એવું તેના છેલ્લા પ્રગટ થયલા રીપોર્ટ ઉપરથી માલમ પડે છે.]



THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR!

(With apologies.)

PRESENTED WITHOUT PERMISSION TO ALL AND SUNDRY DISAPPOINTED CANDIDATES FOR THE HONOUR OF J. P.

અરે યાર તળટ્યાં તો ઘણાં ઘણાં મારયે છીયે, વળખાં તો ઘણાં ઘણાં ખાઇયે છીયે, પણ કાંઇ વળતુંજ નથી !

(જે. પી. નું માન મેળવવા માટેનો અભખરો રાખનારા પણ નાઉમેદ થયલા સઘળા ભાત ભાતના ઊમેદવારોને વગર રજાએ ભેટ.)



VERY LARGE-HEARTED!

OR, CHARITY WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

[The *Bombay Samachar* and other papers comment adversely on the action of Mr. Pherozeshah M. Mehta with regard to paying Major Tulloch one hundred guineas for work done at the instance of Mr. Acworth without the order of the Corporation.]

ઘણાંજ મોટાં દીલનાં મેહેતા !

અથવા, પારકે પઇસે સખાવત.

[કારપોરેશનના હોકમ વગર માજી મ્યુનીસીપલ કમીશનર મી૦ એકવરઠે ચોકસ કામ મેજર ટલો પાસ કરાવ્યું હતું, તે કામના લવાજમ તરીકે તેને એકસો ગીની અપાવવાનાં મી૦ ફીરોઝશાહ મેહેરવાનજી મેહેતાનાં કામ સામે "મુંબઇ સમાચાર" અને બીજાં પત્રોએ સખત નાપસંદગી દેખાડી છે.]



"BONNIE BOMBAY," THE FAVOURITE OF VENUS AND HYGEIA.

[*Vide Dr. Waters' Lecture on "Bombay the Beautiful."*]

ખુબસુરતીની દેવી "વીનસ" અને સુખશાંતીની દેવી "હાઇજીયા" નાં હૈયાંની હાર મુંબઈ ફુટડી.

[જુવો ડાકટર વૉટરસે કીધેલું "ખુબસુરત મુંબઈ" વીષેનું ભાષાણ.]



GIRDED WITH A NEW GIRDLE.

[The Hon'ble Mr. Rahimtulla Mahomed Sayani has been appointed a member of the Imperial Legislative Council in place of the Hon'ble Mr. Pherozshah Merwanji Mehta resigned.]

નવો કમરબંધ–પ્રજા લાભની લડાઇ માટે નવી તઇયારી.

[વડી ધારા સભાના એક અધીકારી તરીકે આનરેબલ મી० ફીરોઝશાહ મેરવાનજી મેહેતાએ રાજીનામું આપ્યાથી તેમની જગાએ આનરેબલ મી० રહીમતુલા મહમદ સયાનીની કરવામાં આવેલી નેમણુક સતાવાર જાહેર કરવામાં આવી છે.]

CHOW CHOW.

JALANDHAR NATH discourses :—

Cowries vs. Pearls: or, the Maratha Girls' Schools in Bombay.

"A PRINCESS or a *shetiani* shines in gold ornaments, and blazes with precious gems. The *dhángar's* and the sweeper's wives likewise deck themselves—it is a feminine failing they say, but one is not sure: the lords of the creation cannot be said to be free from it altogether. With the poor, however, it is all trinkets of brass, chrystal glass and *cowries*, and that is enough for them. Their chronic poverty will not admit of more—gold and diamond are not within reach of their grasp and they are contented. They never complain and are happy. As with jewels so with clothes, food and drink and all that go to make up the necessaries, comforts and luxuries of life. Among the intellectual luxuries of a Dakshini Hindu Reformer's life may be counted Female Education. He talks about it rapturously,



His cheap luxury!

writes gushingly and revels in the subject. It is not the simple diet on which he subsists; but his medical comfort—his stimulating Invalid's portwine. Like the poor *dhángar's cowrie*-bedecked wife he is satisfied with this luxury and is happy. His placid self complacency in this respect,—so primitive, patriotic and "*nirvan*"-like—is a sight to behold and to feast your eyes on! But, alas! there is no peace in this cast-iron wicked age of civilization! Envy will drive people to disturb the peace and happiness of their neighbours. Perhaps it is useless to complain: even the Devas in Kailás had their Nárad to make them restless and discontented and to envy the piety and righteousness of the poor mortals!

* * *

WELL, to the point. The Students' Literary and Scientific Society,—now nearly half a century old,—has the conduct of the Dakshini girls' schools in this great city. Once upon a time, within living memory,



Housed in a stable!

a batch of these girls,—the future mothers of Maharastra—drank of the fountain of knowledge in a disused stable for want of better housing. Our men of advanced views saw nothing amiss in this, for did they not themselves live and study their Milton and Shakespeare in humble dwellings? You, dear *Panchobá*, were, I remember, guilty then of chaffing these good souls for their simplicity in so utilizing a vacant stable. In my dark ignorance I remember seeking some light on the point. "Was not the Great Prophet of Nazareth born in a stable in Bethlehem?" was the retort from a young enthusiast. This was stunning and I collapsed. But that is an old story. Your persecution led them since to house the girls better in rented quarters. I find our good Governor is now egging on the old Civic Father, *a la* Nárad, to go in for suitable buildings for the school boys of the city. This is what I call teaching the *dhángar's* wife to discard her *cowrie* necklace and to fret for pearls.

* * *

ALREADY the ferment of discontent has beguns The simple, philosophic minds of the learned member of the S. L. and S. Society have been unsettled: they are going in for precious jewels! They now complain of a deficit of Rs. 700!!—which, with commendable self-sacrifice, they have made good. They are opening their eyes wide and casting about for Rs. 20,000!!!—to make the Maratha Girls' Schools self-supporting. This is enough to make even *Kuber*, with his mine of riches, to shiver! Next, our *Nárads* may spur on these unsophisticated souls to go in for a building for the Girls' Schools! The hitherto cheap luxury of the Dakshini Reformer, in the shape of Female Education, is thus beginning to cost him dear. Our friends who were so



H. E. *a la* Nàrad.

happy and contented and who never seriously thought of bequeathing legacies or begging contributions for school buildings or for lady teachers, are now lamenting loudly : their peace of mind is gone ! To bequeath, to contribute, to beg—or not ; that is now the question with them. The wisest among them are for the *cowrie* necklace, the shortsighted for the pearls. It is to be seen how the struggle ends. Meanwhile, that puny, unobtrusive thing of yesterday—the Poor Boys' Seminary—is going in for a building and Shet Damodhardas Govardhandas is liberally helping the movement. It is too bad—all this frantic desire to throw away the *cowries* for pearls ! "

***

A Grievance. LILAVATI writes indignantly from Ratnagiri :—" I know you sympathise with the ill-used and comfort them. I stand in need of comfort. Because an ignorant English school-girl, in her dictation, writes 'Car bonny cassid' for 'Carbonic acid' and 'Lack tail ducks' for 'lacteal ducts,' as recorded in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*,—is that a good reason, dear *Punch*, why an educated Mem Saheb here should address me 'Lily Vatty,' and spell the name of this town 'Rat Nag Eyry ?' I confess I am not displeased with 'Lily ;' but I do protest against the unmusical vulgar and unmellifluous "Vatty" whatever that may mean ! Again, just fancy calling *Ratna-giri*,—the town of "the jewelled hill "—by a *rat*, a *nág*, and an *eyry*, when this town, as everybody knows, is remarkably free from all these vermins and their haunts ! This is enough to make even poor exiled Theebaw from the ruby hills of Burmah weep with indignation ! Can any thing be done to check this vandalism ? Do advise." Mr. *Punch* heartily sympathises with his fair correspondent.'

***

The City Hakims. A CALCUTTA paper compliments the medical profession of this city, so largely represented in the



"I protest against this vandalism !"

Municipal Corporation, for its public spirit. It is in the fitness of things that it should be so, for " Bonnie Bombay"—the favourite of Hygeia—must have a strong contingent of the sons of Æsculapius to look after her health. Beauty is often dizzy and known to sacrifice health to whim and caprice. " Bombay the Beautiful " is just now keeping poorly, and her favourite Hakim—the veteran Dr. Blaney—himself ailing, is calling upon the physicians for a consultation. In the People's Palace there is that leading physician, Dr. Bhal, and that rising medico, Dr. Ismail, who should not be slow to respond to that call in the interests of the Fair City.

***

A bright forecast.

THE reflections of our esteemed correspondent, the other day, on Dr. Water's eulogy on Bombay, has fired the imagination of a writer who sends us a happy forecast. Here are a few extracts : " Dr. Waters writes : 'We may be said to be 'living in the open air, and we thus enjoy an 'enormous advantage over our compatriots at 'home, who live in houses which, as a rule, are no- 'thing more or less than closed boxes. * * * 'Then again food of excellent quality is, I may say, 'abundant in Bombay, and procurable at a figure far 'below the price in England * * and the cook- 'ing here is not only not inferior but positivel



THE CONSULTATION.



His new home.



Dady's occupation gone!

'superior to cooking in England.' A huge, false idol has been knocked off its pedestal! A mischievous superstition has been dissipated! Do you think, Mr. *Punch*, any sensible Briton will, after reading the above, be so unmindful of his true interests as to retire for good from this great city and its neighbourhood? * * * I see a bright vision before me. . They will never henceforth fritter away their health and hard-earned pensions in their sunless and damp motherland. The drain on this country will cease. . Mr. Dadabhoy Naoroji will have no longer to sing the song of Indian Poverty. . Exchange Compensation Allowance must go, and——— and———" But the dream is awfully grand. "Amen!" says Mr. *Punch* to all these bright forecasts.

[*Hindi Punch*, 3-5-96.]

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, April 16th :—

"My pens are all split, my ink is all dry,
Neither wit, common sense nor ideas have I."

No wonder, with the thermometer at boiling point in the shade! I am unequal to exertion of any kind except quarrelling with myself or with my neighbours, and I nearly fell out with my printer when he

called for "copy." Luckily there was but little to do, only this meeting's proceedings to record, and although they involved some points of importance, the whole affair was as dry as the parched water-pipes with which we, the "phenomenally" rich Municipality of Mr. Dew, the happy possessors of water-works costing crores of rupees, are wont, year after year regularly as the hot season comes round, to mock the panting necessities of a thirsty public.

I have had occasion before to describe the zoological collection at the Victoria Gardens as wretched. To-day Mr. Bomaster echoed the same idea, and when Mr. Cuffe proposed the appointment of a permanent committee to assist the Commissioner in improving the Gardens and the condition of the animals located there, remarked that no committee could achieve any good result unless the Corporation were prepared to strengthen its hands by copious grants of money. Professor Muller thought the same and said that if the Municipality would but construct proper houses, we should have some nice presents of animals from the mofussil. Yes, thought I, and we too could send some animals out of our corporate body to the Gardens and so get rid of them. But Mr. Cuffe's motion was unfortunately lost, and the poor animals at the Gardens must make the most of their present habitation. Another time perhaps when we are in a better mood, we may think of them with greater mercy.

Dr. Sanitation Katrak wanted information about the percentages of mortality in houses with side gullies and in houses without. He said that, though opinions were divided on the percentages, there was no doubt that houses with side gullies were much healthier. A very useful and desirable piece of information, which even if the Municipality did not profit by it, would serve to open the public eye and warn people against inhabiting houses where they would be co-tenants with fever, consumption and bronchitis.

(*Hindi Punch*, 3-5-96.)

"ચોર! ચોર! ચોર! ચોર!"

[ધોબીતળાવ અને ચરનીવાડીના લતાપર પેધા પડેલા ચોર વીષે પારસી કુટુંબોમાં ચાલતી ચરચા.]

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૫૦૪ મું.]

(૧)

આલુ–કાંય અદી ડીયર, હવે તમે સું કેહોચ? આએ વખત મામલેસર ચાલોચ કેની?

અદી–નહી રે લવ, નહી! આએ વરસ મામલેસર જવાય તેવી હાલતજ નથી!

આલુ–પણ કાંય વારૂં? એટલું બધું તે સું છે?

અદી–તો તું જોતી નહી, આપરા લતાપર ચોરીનાં વાહાણ ફાટાંચ તે! બસ ઘેરે ઘેર ચોરી ને ચોરીનીજ બુમ!

આલુ–પણ તેનું સું? આપરે તારે ઘેરબાર બધું બંધબસ્ત કરીને જઈયે, પછી આપુને સાની ફીકર છે?

અદી–તારેજ ઘણી ફીકર રાખવાની! જે અથંગ ચોરે આખા ધોબીતળાવને માહુમાહુ બોલાવવા માંડીચ, ને જે હજી સુધી નીરાંતે વગર ધાસ્તીએ ફરતો ફરેચ ને પોતાનું કામ કરચો જાયચ, તેને આપરૂં ઘેર બંધબસ્ત જોઈને તો વધારે ફાવતું થાય, ને આખું ઘેર સાફ કરી નાખવાને કંઈ વાર જ લગારે નહીં!

આલુ–હા મરે ખરેખર! તારે તો એવું મામલેસર જવાનું બરે! આપરે મામલેસર જઈને બેસયે, ને તે મુવો અહીં પોતાની આઈબાઈનું કલેજું તોરી જાય તો આપરે ઘરીની વચમાં બાપલા વગરનાં થઈ જઈયે. એ મુવાને ધરી પકરીને હજી કોઈ ફાંસી નહી ચહરાવતું કે? એ મરેરે મુવો એમનો એમ! એને ભસતે ભરૂં, તે આએ વખતે એ મુવો ચોર કાંહથી આપરી મોજમાં નરવા આયો! એ નરતો ને ફુટી નીકરતો ધરેરે!

ખરેખરી કરકસર : એક સારી નીશાની.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૨૫ મું.]

મી૦ પંચ–મારા લાર્ડ, આએ વખતે તમે ખેતાબ ને ચાંદ ઘણીજ કંજુસાઈથી આપયા છે.

લાર્ડ એલગીન–મુંગો રેહ, દોસ્ત! તું ને તો કેમ રાજી કરવો તેની મને સમજજ પડતી નથી!

મી૦ પંચ–કેમ વારૂં? દુલ્લાં દીલથી, સખી દસ્તથી તારે–

લાર્ડ એલગીન–ચુપ, દોસ્ત, ચુપ! તું મને દુલો ને સખી થવા કહેચ! અને ત્યારે કરકસર કરવા, ખરચમાં કાપકુપ કરવા, ને હુંડયામણનો બદલો આપવાનું કહાડી નાખવાની, બધી લાંબી લાંબી વાત શાનો કરતો ફરેચ! હું તો હવે હાથ ખાંચીને કરકસરથીજ કામ લેવા માંગુચ, અને તેનો આ સરવેથી પેહેલો દાખલો જોઈ લે કે, ખેતાબો દુલ્લા હાથે આપવાનું મેં માંડીજ વાળયુંચ!

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

THE TURN COMPLIMENTARY.—She: "O Fred, my head does ache so to-day!"—He: "Lucky!"—She: "Lucky! Oh, how brutal of you! what *do* you mean?"—He: "Shews you've *got* a head. So few women have nowadays!"

HE: "Do you know what Bertie said when he wecovered consciousness after accidentally cwossing the wifle wange?" She: "NcW .hat?" He: "He said he felt awfully ored."

You are suffering from a complication of diseases, Mr. Stein, at least six." "How much discount you gif me on halef a dozen, doctor?

"BE MINE," he implored. "No," she answered. "I won't take no for an answer," he shrieked. "Nit, then," she responded.

WIGWAG.—"I don't see why you should work so hard, doctor." Dr. Uplate: "Why not?" Wigwag: "Why, you could take life so easily, if you chose."

"YOU KNOW Spiffins, don't you?" said the horse editor to the snake editor. "Yes." "What are his religious beliefs?" "I think his beliefs are all irreligious."

AB-SIRDAR NEWS FROM THE SOUDAN.—There is no truth in the report that Sir H. Kitchener will attack the Dervishes with a *batterie de cuisine*.

CHOW CHOW.

Anglo-Indian Hindustani.

JALANDHAR NATH writes:—Your fair correspondent, Liláváti, hailing from the "jewelled hill," has good reasons to complain, and needs every consolation which it is in the power of her fellow-sufferers to extend to her. Only those can fully realise agony in others who have actually felt it themselves. You can easily recover from pain inflicted on a touch part of your body, but it is far otherwise when the blow is dealt on those delicate and sensitive wires through which thought flashes and circulates in your system. You cannot scratch a glass with a file without setting my teeth on edge and jarring my poor nerves. The war music of our *dhol* and *tásha*, played with demoniac perversity by my countrymen in times of peace and festivities of sacred import, has well nigh ruined my tympanum and raised the temperature of my nerve-wires to white heat. The *Shimga* profanities, again, have made my poor tympanum to vibrate and the heated nerve-wires to expand, as if the one were on the point of snapping and the other bursting! When I think of the Mem-Saheb's "rat," "nag," and "eyry," I can well conceive, O gentle Liláváti, the shock to thy tympanum and the quiver of agony that must have shot through thy delicate nerve-fibres! Thou hast asked my friend, *Punchobá*, for comfort. There is comfort in philosophy. Many like thee have suffered before.

***

LIEUTENANT CLEMENTS R. Markham, R. N., in giving a brief history of the controversy on the spelling of Indian proper names before Dr. Hunter's system came to be adopted officially, thus observes in one place: "In the first years of English occupation "of India, proper names were written down by ear, "without any attempt at correctness, and according "to the fancy of each writer. Thus we have '*Sir* "*Roger Dowler*' for *Siráju'd-daulah*, and '*Isle of bats*' "for *Allahabad*. For the word *Khan*, the historian "Orme has *Cawn*, while Dow adopts *Chan*. But the "greatest variety of these barbarisms will be found "in the speeches of Burke, a very fitting casket for "such gems."

***

LILAVATI'S experience shows that these gems are not rare even now. I have been searching for some of them, and here are a few wich I offer as a consolatory present to fair Lilavati of Ratnagiri. I make no attempt to classify and arrange them—she can get her jeweller to do that. Here they are:—

"Sir, I am poor" (*Serampur*).
"There was a band car." (*Darvaza bund kur*)
"Push war!" (*Peishwa*).
"Call a cat" (*Calicut*).
"Ham cow dew" (*Humko deo*).
"Go raw Cooper bite O!" (*Ghode ke oopur bitho*).
"Cole hole" (*Kholo*).
"Humph Duke he hye!" (*Hum dookhi hai*).
"Row tea dew" (*Roti deo.*)
"Call ham dew" (*Kalam deo.*)
"Cog hizz dew." (*Kágaz deo.*)
"Ham tomb lot mar go!" (*Hum toomkoo lat marega.*)
"Beach Anna lo!" (*Bichana láo.*)
"Car War" (*Karwar.*)
"An under row" or "An Andrew" (*Anandrao.*)
"Ball went roar." (*Balvantrao.*)
"Christian row" (*Krishnarao.*)
"Harris churn on" (*Harischandra.*)
"Nor yon roar" (*Narayanrao.*)
"Took rum," "Took a ram," or "Took harm" (*Tukaram.*)
"Sham roar" (*Shamrao.*)
"Surrender not" (*Surandranath.*)
"Paste on jee" (*Pestonji.*)
"Mare won jee" (*Merwanji.*)
"Burr Georgie" (*Barjorji.*)

***

WELL, if this is the way Hind's Hindustani is spoken here, how, it may be asked, do the Indian servants, who have more to do with *Saheb* and *Mem-saheb-logues*, than Liláváti or Jalandhar Nath, contrive to understand the *hookums* and pass in peace their days "behind the bungalow"? Never mind their tough tympanums and coarse nerve-fibres; can they possibly escape the gentle application of the boot to their nether limbs every time they misinterpret orders conveyed in Anglo-Indian Hindustani?

***

LET an Anglo-Indian himself solve the doubt: "The heathen mind," he says, "never translates the *Mem-saheb* literally. It picks up the words it knows out of her discourse and links them together upon a system of probabilities which long application and severe experiences have made remarkably correct. Then it salaams and acts. The result is that the *Mem-saheb* attributes to her command of the language the credit which is really due to the interpretative acumen of her servant."

***

THOU hast many companions in suffering, O Lilavati! and let this thought be thy solace!

***

Hind and Britannia in Egypt.

HIND'S warriors are once more on the march to the land of the Pharoahs to work side by side with Britannia's sons for the prestige and glory of England! In her halcyon days of unity, strength and independence Hind, they say, shared a portion of her civilization with Egypt. If India was in Greece she surely was also in Egypt—nearer home—before that monster Caste paralysed her limbs. Through what vicissitudes have not both Mother Ganga and Father Nilus passed! Fates will it, and Hind feels rejuvenated under the healing treatment of Britannia, to be once more serviceable to Egypt in the cause of Peace and Progress! Britannia! Nourish bleeding Hind, put vigour into her, befriend her, and the wildest dreams of glory that ever floated before the vision of the most ambitious in the past, will be a tangible reality for thee in the near future! Onward warriors! and may success crown your efforts!

(*Hindi Punch*, 17-5-96.)



PATCHING EXTRAORDINARY!

"I say Harry, it's a regular trial to patch now and then all your wretched things! I don't know when this dirty job will end!"
"Oh! I'm so much obliged to you, my dear Peeloos!"

ગાબડાં પર ગાબડાં!

"એઈ હેરી, તારી આએ બધી કંગાળ ગાબડાં ગુબડાં નીકળેલી ચીજો પર થીંગડાં મારતાં મારતાં હવે તો છેકજ બેજારી આવી હો! કયારે કોણ જાણે એ કંગાળ કામનો છેડો આવશે!"

"ઓ!—અં—મારા પ્યારા પીલુસ, ઓ હું તારો કેટલો બધો આભારી થયો છુ!"



LEO AND THE CUBS.

Leo—Ah my dears, I am growing so fond of you! Now that I am going to please you with a glittering bauble that will make you happy, kindly speak to your papa to be always a good boy, and to put on his best behaviour!

[Prince Habibullah Khan and Prince Nasrullah Khan, the sons of the Amir of Kabul, have been presented with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.]

સીંહ અને અફગાન વરૂનાં બચ્ચાંઓ.

સીંહ—આહા, મારાં કચકુલાંઓ, કેવો હું તમારીપર ફીદા છઉં! તમોને ખુશ કરવા તમારે માટે એક ચલકતી ચાઈચાઈ મેં તઈયાર કીધીચ, માટે તમારા મુરબીજી બાવાને હવે કેહેજો કે, હંમેશાં ડાહ્યા ડોહ્યા થઈને સીધેસીધા ચાલે ને કંઈ આડા તેડા ફાટે નહી!

[કાબુલના અમીરના બંને છોકરાઓ શાહજાદા હબીબુલા ખાન અને શાહજાદા નસરૂલાખાનને ઈંગ્લંડની સરકારે "ગ્રાંડ ક્રૉસ આફ ધી આરડર આફ સેંટ માઈકલ એંડ સેંટ જારજ"નો ખેતાબ બખશ્યો છે.]



"QUIS SEPARABIT?"

A LOVELY AND LOVING PAIR—THE JOY AND DELIGHT OF EVERY TRUE REFORMER.

"કોણુની મગદુર આપણુને છુટાં પાડે?"

દરેક ખરા સુધારકનાં હઈડાં હરખાવી નાખનારી સુંદર મનમોહન સુંદરીઓ.



Aloo—What is it, you say, Adi dear? Can't we go to Mahableshwar this season
Adi—Not while this scare of thefts in our locality lasts. We must guard our own, love, or the scoundrel, who has made Dhobi Talao his undisturbed field of action, will find it so much easier to rob us out of house and home!

ધોભીતળાવ અને ચરનીવાડીના લતા પર ચોરનો ધભરાટ.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૫૦૧મું.]

Leo—What's your new game, Bruin?

Bruin—Just to jump at Herat before you are ready!

["The *Times'* St. Petersburg correspondent says that Russia has decided to build a broad-guage railway immediately from Merv to Kushk, and preparations are being made for all the necessary material at Kushna for rapidly laying a



Decanville line to Herat, the object being to enable Russia to beat Great Britain in the race to Herat."—Telegram.]

લીયો—કેમ કાકા બરૂઈન, વળી તમે એ નવો દાવ શું રમવા કહાડયોચ?

બરૂઈન—કંઈ નહી રે, દોસ્ત! હું ફકત તારી આગમજ હીરાટ પર કુદકો મારવા માંગુચ?—બીજું કંઈજ નહીં!

[લનડન ટાઈમ્સનો સેંટ પીટરસબરગ ખાતેનો ખબરપત્રી જણાવે છે કે, મરવ અને કુશક વચ્ચે પોહોળા માપની રેલવેની સડક બાંધવાનો રૂશ્યાએ ઠરાવ કરયો છે. અને હીરાત તરફ ઉતરી આવવાને સવલ પડે એનો તેનો એક ફાંટો ઉતાવળે નાખવા માટે જોઈતા સામાન માટે તઈયારી કરવામાં આવે છે. ઈંગ્લંડ હીરાત ઉપર તરાપ મારી ન શકે તે માટે સાવચેતીના ઉપાય તરીકે રૂશ્યા આ હીલચાલ કરે છે.—તારનો સંદેશો.]



THE DOG DAYS IN BOMBAY.

What can poor *Punchoba* do with the thermometre at boiling point?

મુંબઈમાં પલીદ ગરમીનો ઉકળાટ.

ધીકધીકતી ભઠીના જેવી ગરમીમાં ગરીબ બીચારા પંચોબા બીજું તે શું કરે?



THE DANCE OF DEATH.

[The weekly mortuary returns of Bombay show an increase in the death-rate as compared with that of the last year and the corresponding period of the preceding five years.]

મુંબઈમાં મોહોતનો નાચ !

[મુંબઈમાં હમણા દર અઠવાડયે થતાં મરણોના આંકડાને ગયે વરસના તે મજ આગલાં પાંચ વરસના આંકડાઓ સાથ સરખાવી જોતાં, તેમાં મોટો વધારો માલમ પડે છે.]

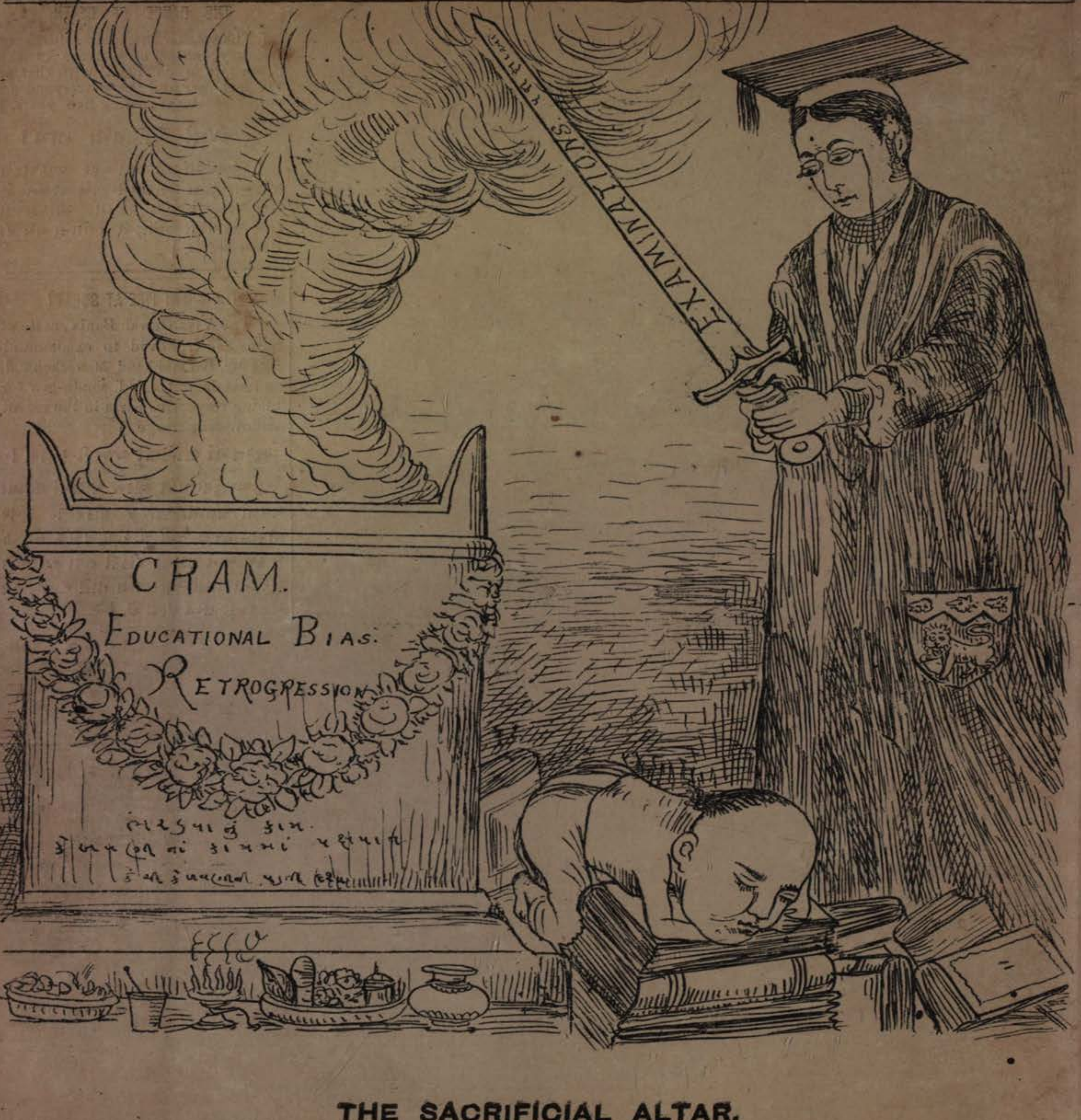
THE GREAT FIRE AT SURAT!

[The Visa-Oswal Bania caste of Surat has resolved to excommunicate Mr. Khoobchand Maneckchand, and his daughter and son-in-law for taking respective parts in the recent widow-remarriage.]

સુરતમાં લાગેલી જબરી આગ !

[પરણ્યા પછી એકજ માસમાં વીધવા થયલી પોતાની બાળક દીકરીના પુનર વીવાહ કરવા માટે મી० ખુબચંદ માણેક મંદને અને તેમની દીકરી તથા જમાઇને સુરતના વીસા ઓસવાલ નાતે નાતબાહેર મેલવાની સજા કીધી છે.]





THE SACRIFICIAL ALTAR.

["In our present fall, we are paying the penalty of our past sins. For these sins, many of our best lives must be sacrificed on the altar of education by way of atonement."—*Professor G. K. Gokhale at the Graduate's Association.*]

કેળવણીનાં મંદીરને બળીદાન.

["હમણાની આપણી પતીત સ્થીતી આપણાં આગલાં પાપ માટે સજા તરીકે ભોગવવી પડે છે. તે પાપનો તોડ્જશ કરવા અરથે આપણામાંના ઘણા ઉત્તમ પુરૂષોના જાન કેળવણીનાં મંદીરને ભોગ તરીકે આપ્યા વગર આપણો ચારો નથી."—ગ્રેજ્યુએટોની મંડળીની સભામાં પ્રોફેસર ગોખલેએ આપેલું ભાષણ.]



AT THE SHRINE IN "YOUNG EGYPT."

THE N[illegible]TH BOMBAY PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE: KARACHI, 2ND MAY, 1896.

LADY CONFERENCE.—Inspire me, O venerable Saint, to put forth my prayers in terms acceptable to the powers!

[The "Magar P[illegible]" [illegible] of Karachi is known to be full of sacred alligators where pilgrims in large numbers used to offer goats hens, &c., and their vows [illegible] granted.]

[illegible] ઈજીપ્ટ" નાં પવીત્ર તીર્થ આગળ.

[illegible] કોનફરન્સ : કરાંચી, તા૰ ૨ જી મે, ૧૮૯૬.

કોનફરન્સ બાઇ—અહો [illegible] દેવતા, બળવાન શખ્સીઓને માન્ય થઇ પડે એવી રીતે મારી પ્રાર્થના તેમની હજુર રજુ કરવાની મને બુધી આ[illegible]

[કરાંચીમા આવેલા મગર[illegible] [illegible] પવીત્ર મગરો રહેતા માનવામાં આવે છે, અને ત્યાં સંખ્યાબંધ લોકો બકરાં મરઘાં વગેરેની માનતાઓ અહુલવા અને મગરો[illegible] [illegible] હતી.]

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 4th May:—Like boys at school, three of the members of our body, one bound to Calcutta and the other two to Europe, on business and for considerations of health, came before us to-day for leave of absence, which we readily granted, not however without a protest from Mr. Leo that it was overdoing the thing for three or four corporators to come at once and ask to be allowed to stay away. A luxury which we must guard against being indulged in to excess.

All excesses are hateful and must be avoided. There have been excesses in the Health Department. Excesses! A startling word, but happily there has been nothing wilder on the part of our officers than merely exceeding the Budget grants. A by no means uncommon occurrence, and one with which we ought, by this time, to be pretty well familiar. So familiar that I should not even notice it, but for a circumstance on which we may congratulate ourselves. Our past Commissioners have been known to shield the heads of the departments found guilty of excesses. The present incumbent, though snow often buries, and buries deep, far from following his predecessors' example, brings each delinquency, as he notices it, to light. And not only that, but he has nobly sworn to put his foot down on all excesses, and has warned all his men against unauthorised excesses, or they would have to pay for them. A very effectual method, when directed against



"Please sir, may we have leave of absence, sir!"



Toasting Father Thomas.

one's pocket. Good Mr. Snow! You have begun so well, and have gone on so nicely ever since, that it is all the more regrettable that we should not have been able to see our way to paying you your joining allow-

ance. But we are not ungrateful, Mr. Snow. Only helpless. The law does not allow it, and the court cannot award it!

We are going to convert some of our kerosine, into incandescent gas, lamps. A much-needed improvement, wherever it may begin, and I hope, with Mr. Bomaster, that the conversion may soon become more general. I hope too that care will be taken that the new burners are of the very best. I have seen incandescent lamps burning by fits and starts. One especially, opposite my window, has been at once the source of pain and delight to me, now bathed in its own silvery flood, again lost in Cimmerian darkness. In justice to it, I must say that the lamp is, at this moment, all that can be desired. Let all our street lamps be but like this one, as it is now, and we may defy darkness and the d——l.

Whoever thought that the famous battle between Mr. Leo and Dr. Blaney had finally settled the House-connections question, must have found himself sadly mistaken, for at this moment we are as far from a satisfactory solution of it as ever. The mischievous resolution, last passed by us, has given rise to innumerable difficulties, and we have appointed a committee to find us a way out of them. While the committee is deliberating, the Commissioner will be at liberty to carry on the work according to his discretion. Would that we had used our own discretion earlier!



Rushing to the rescue.

Dr. Blaney informed us to-day, amidst our mingled surprise and regret, that he rose to address us for the last time. We could hardly realise that the good old man was really about to leave us, the good old man who has been our guide, philosopher and friend for ever so many years.

"Oh cruel man! where are you going,
Sad are our wants, our *debt* is owing!"—

Our debt to the public, which we have been trying to discharge with your valuable assistance and advice!

Keep yourself away for as long as you like, old fellow, only promise that you will come back to us, refreshed and rejuvenated, with renewed energy and a fresh lease of life, to score your century in the field where you have already achieved wonders.

"You are old, Father Thomas," the Council cried,
"We can see you are weary and ill,
"Stay away, we beg you, on a long, long leave,
"And return to your work with a will."

Return to work! Never. I have been in harness too long already, against medical advice too, which it would be madness to disregard any more. No work for me now, except to win the love of my fellow-creatures, in a larger degree than I have succeeded in securing yet.

"In the days of my youth," Father Thomas replied,
"Both my body I taxed, and my mind,
"I pray you, allow me, in the eve of my life,
"To be free, and in peace with mankind."

And worthy Father Thomas forthwith began his peace-making mission by recommending to our notice a highly deserving and zealous officer, Mr. Watson, who had gone through fire and water to serve us. True, he has been drawing for over 20 years a good salary, but if the remuneration was large, the risk has not been small, the risk of catching fever, jaundice and similar other ills that "human flesh is heir to." "Mr. Watson," Dr. Blaney went on to add, "has stood to his guns—his water-pipes, I mean—when other Europeans have succumbed to sickness, and on a memorable occasion, when the Tulsi Tower was going to play us false, and when Sir Richard Temple rushed down from one point, and I rushed down from the opposite point, of the compass, what do you think we came to, gentlemen? To a dead stop, if not to downright collision! And what do you think we saw, gentlemen? We saw this Mr. Watson—may there be more Watsons in our service than this Hall can contain—propping up the leaning tower of Pisa, I mean, of Tulsi with his own hands! Like another Samson, only not destroying! All I ask for this gentleman is that you will allow him, as a special case, to count 5 years of service on the temporary establishment as pensionable service! Do I ask too much?" Not all our respect for Dr. Blaney, or our desire to please him, could prevent our answering that we thought he did. "*Ungracious*," was the parting shot fired at us, and old Father Thomas withdrew his familiar presence, leaving with us a name that shall live so long as our Municipality lasts, a name that future generations shall see reflected, in all its glory, in the chrystal mirror of our Water-works.

"Then shall his name,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered."

(*Hindi Punch*, 10-5-96.)



ON THE BRAIN.

PROFESSOR NARAYAN G. VELINKAR,

M. A., LL. B.

(WILSON COLLEGE.)

જુદાં જુદાં ભેજાં પર થયલી જુદી જુદી અસર.

પ્રોફેસર નારાયણ જી. વેલીનકર,

એમ. એ., એલએલ. બી.

(વીલસન કાલેજ.)



THE "NOXIOUS TREE."

[We must all lay the axe at the root of this cramming. It is a noxious tree. Under its shade, no healthy life can thrive. Away with it !"—*Professor G K. Gokhale at the Graduates' Association.*]

નુકસાનકારક ઝાડ.

["આ ભરડવાનાં કામનાં ઝાડને જ ડગોખથી ઉખેડી નાખવાને આપણે કોડાલી પર કોડાલી લગાવવી જોઈયે છે. તે એક નુકસાનકારક ઝાડ છે. તેની છાયા તળે કોઈ બી તનદરોસ્ત ચીજ ઉગી શકવાની નથી. માટે તેને ઉખેડી કહાડો!"—**ગ્રાડયુએટસ એસોસીએશન હજુર પ્રોફેસર જી. કે. ગોખલેનું ભાષણ.**]

FRESHLY LAID.—Grocer : "Didn't that lady ask for fresh-laid eggs ?" Clerk : "She did, sir." Grocer : "And you said we hadn't any ?" Clerk : "I did, sir." Grocer : "Didn't you see me lay those eggs, myself, right down there not ten minutes ago, you mendacious scoundrel ? You are discharged, and see that you don't refer to me for a character, either."

IF THE MEN who make history were the men who wrote it there would be a great conflict of authorities.

ONE MORE RESCUED !

[**Bai Manibai,** who became a widow within a month after her marriage at the age of 12, was remarried to Mr. Mulchand Keshrichand on Wednesday the 15th April last, in the Widow Remarriage Hall at Girgaum, in the presence of several gentlemen. The bride was given away by her father—a rare occurrence in the annals of Widow Remarriage.



એક વધુ ભોગનો બચાવ !

[બાઈ માણીબાઈ, જેણી બાર વરસની ઉંમરે પરણ્યા પછી એકજ માસમાં વીધવા થઈ હતી, તેણીના ગઈ તા૦ ૧૫ મી એપ્રીલ ને બુધવારે ગીરગામ મધેના પુનરલગ્ન હોલમાં કેટલાક ગ્રહસ્થોની હજુરમાં મી૦ મુળચંદ કેશરીચંદ સાથ પુનરલગ્ન કરવામાં આવ્યા છે. તેણીના બાપે પોતે આગળ રહીને આ શુભ સુધારાનું કામ કરાવ્યું હતું,—જે શું કામ વીધવા વીવાહની તવારીખમાં કવચીતજ બન્યું છે.]

THE BARISTER'S FAVOURITE HYMN.—" '*Brief*' life is here our portion."

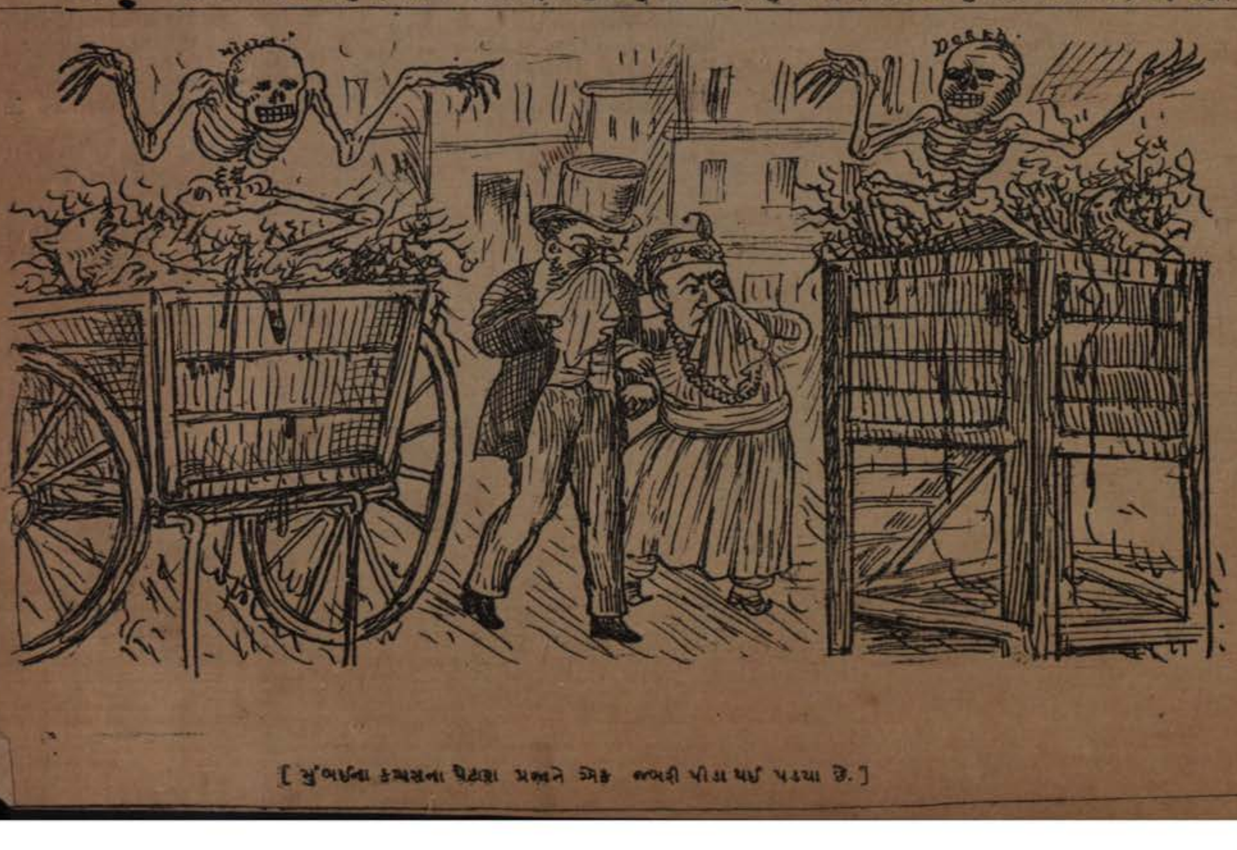


PEROJA'S TOILET.

Peroja—There now, you're grumbling again! The same as ever. Do you really think a couple of hours a long time? If it was only the patch that covers *your* head I should be done with it in a moment, but such a wealth of hair!

પીરોજાને બાલ હોરવા માટે બાર કલાક!

પીરોજા—વરી તમે બબરવા માંડ્યું કે, પેસી ? બસ તમારૂં તો હંમેશનું એજ રેહી ગીયું કે! તમારે લીધે તારે હું કંઈ બાબબી જાણે હોરૂં નહીં, એમ કે ? તેને વાસ્તે બે કલાક થયા તો સું મોટું વહી ગીયું જે તેની વાત! એ કંઈ તમારાં માથાં પરનાં છનાં છનાં પીસ્તાં બીસ્તાં હોરવાનાં છે કે એક બે મીનીટમાં બધું ખલાસ થઈ જાય! જોતા નહી આમે બાલનો ભારો ને ભારો છે તે! તે હોરતાં કેટલા કલાક થાય તેનો તો જરા અંદેસો કરો!



[મુંબઈના કચરાના પેટારા પ્રજાને એક જબરી પીડા થઈ પડયા છે.]

THE SCENT-BOXES OF URBS PRIMA IN INDIS;

OR THE DANCE OF DEATH IN THE LANES AND BY-LANES OF BOMBAY.

Dr. Bl-n-y—Hurry on, my friend *Punch*, hurry on, or, you and I will catch it!

[The dust-bins of Bombay have become a source of great public nuisance.]

હીંદનાં પેહેલાં શેહેરના સુગંધી ખુશબોના દાબડા;

અથવા, મુંબઈની ગલી ગુચીઓમાં મોહોતનો નાચ.

ડાકટર બ-લેની—જલદી કરો, મારા દોસ્ત પંચ, જલદીથી પગ ઊંચકીને અહીંથી માહાસો, નહી તો તમે ને હું બંને એના ભોગ થઈ પડીશું!

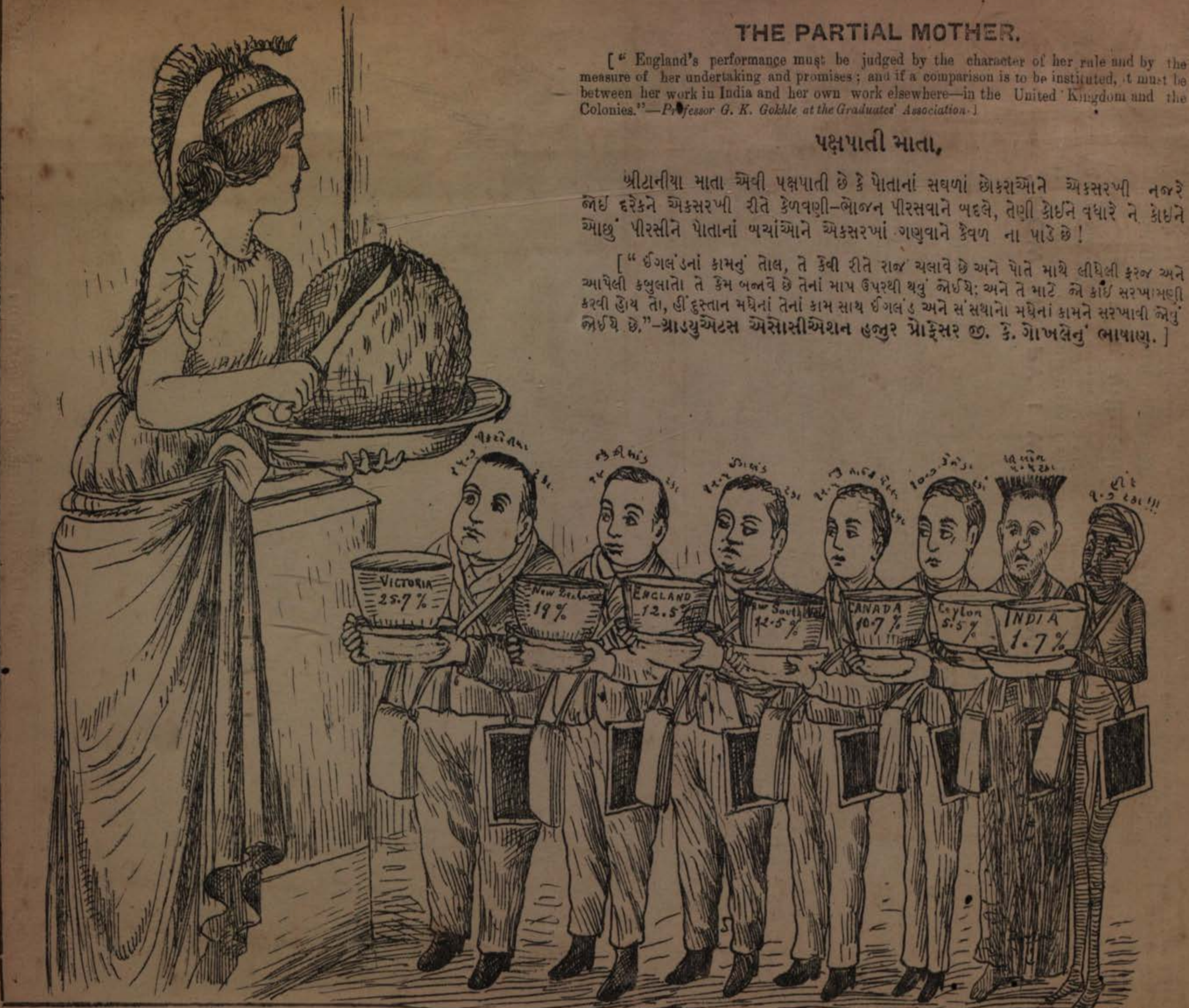
THE PARTIAL MOTHER.

[" England's performance must be judged by the character of her rule and by the measure of her undertaking and promises; and if a comparison is to be instituted, it must be between her work in India and her own work elsewhere—in the United Kingdom and the Colonies."—*Professor G. K. Gokhle at the Graduates' Association.*]

પક્ષપાતી માતા,

બ્રીટાનીયા માતા એવી પક્ષપાતી છે કે પોતાનાં સઘળાં છોકરાઓને એકસરખી નજરે જોઈ દરેકને એકસરખી રીતે કેળવણી-ભોજન પીરસવાને બદલે, તેણી કોઈને વધારે ને કોઈને ઓછું પીરસીને પોતાનાં બચાંઓને એકસરખાં ગણવાને કેવળ ના પાડે છે!

[" ઈંગલંડનાં કામનું તોલ, તે કેવી રીતે રાજ ચલાવે છે અને પોતે માથે લીધેલી ફરજ અને આપેલી કબુલાતો તે કેમ બજાવે છે તેનાં માપ ઉપરથી થવું જોઈયે; અને તે માટે જો કાંઈ સરખામણી કરવી હોય તો, હીંદુસ્તાન મધેનાં તેનાં કામ સાથ ઈંગલંડ અને સંસથાનો મધેનાં કામને સરખાવી જોવું જોઈયે છે."-ગ્રાડ્યુએટસ એસોસીએશન હજુર પ્રોફેસર જી. કે. ગોખલેનું ભાષણ.]





"HOW HAPPY I WOULD BE WITH EITHER!"

OR, THE PETS OF LADY BOMBAY UNIVERSITY.

[Says the *Bombay Samachar* :—The native public would be satisfied if either Mr. Justice Mahadeva Govind Ranade or Mr. Justice Badrudeen Tayabjee were appointed as Vice Chancellor of the Bombay University whenever Mr. Justice Jardine vacates the place.]

મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટીના બે વાહાલાં લાડકડાં.

" બેમાંથી કોઈબી મારી પાસે રેહેશે તો હું ખુશી ખુશી અને મધન થવશ ! "

[" મુંબઈ સમાચાર " જણાવે છે કે, મી० જસ્ટીસ જારડીન જ્યારેબી મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટીના વાઈસ ચાનસેલરનો ઓધો છોડે ત્યારે મી० જસ્ટીસ મહાદેવ ગોવીંદ રાનાડે અથવા મી० જસ્ટીસ બદરૂદીન તઈયબજીને જો તે આપવામાં આવશે તો દેશી પ્રજા સંતોષ પામશે.]



IRAN'S LAMENT!

TEHRAN, 1st MAY, 1896.

[Shah-in-Shah Nasruddin, the Shah of Persia, was murdered by a fanatic while entering the shrine near Teheran on the 1st May, 1896. His Majesty was at once conveyed to the palace, and died at four o'clock the same day. This tragic event has given rise to profound grief in the Mahomedan, Zoroastrian and Christian world.]

ગમમાં ગીરફ્તાર ઇરાન !

તેહેરાન, તા૦ ૨ જી મે, ૧૮૯૬.

[તેહેરાન નજદીકની એક મસજીદમાં દાખલ થતાં ગઇ તા૦ ૧ લી મેને દને ઇરાનના શાહ નસરૂદીનને એક ઝનુનીએ ગોળી મારી ઠાર કરયો હતો. તે નામદારને તરતજ તેમના મેહેલ માં લઇ જવામાં આવ્યા હતા, જ્યાં તેઓ સાંજના ચાર કલાકે બેહેશતનશીન થયા હતા. આ ગમખાર બનાવથી આખી દુન્યાની મહોમેદન, જરથોસ્તી અને ખ્રીસ્તી કોમો વચે ભારે દલગીરી ફેલાઇ છે.]



KICKING UP A CLOUD OF DUST!

AN ASSININE PASTIME AT SURAT.

ધુળનું વાદળ ઉડારનારો ગધેડો!

ગધેડાજીની સુરતમાં ગધાઇ મોજ!

THE GREY MARE—"I wish I knew what Mrs. Rodney Bluehose thinks of my new book. I hardly like to *ask* her!"—"Ask *Mr.* Rodney Bluehose what *he* thinks of it."—"Pooh! who cares what Mr. Rodney Bluehose thinks about *any thing!*"—"Exactly. And yet, as I happen to know that he always thinks just what his wife tells him to think, and passes it off as his own—why, there you are, don'tcherknow!"

NOT SO HEARTLESS AS IT SEEMS.—SHE: "Here is a stamp for your letter; you can repay me when you come back from London this evening."—He: "And suppose I'm killed in a railway accident."—She: "Oh, well, the loss wouldn't be very great!"



GOOSIE IN GREAT HURRY.

Chorus of Goosie—Oh let me have the whole of it!

[Messrs. Chimanlal Harilal Setalvad, H. S. Dixit and J. P. Mistry have come out as candidates from the Girgaum Ward for the vacancy in the Corporation created by the resignation of Dr. R. N. Khory.]

(*Hindi Punch, 17th May.*)

ખાવાની ઊતાવળમાં પડેલાં હાંસ.

હાંસનો કોરસ—"પેહેલાં બધું મનેજ આપી દેઓ! પેહેલાં બધું મનેજ ખવાડી દેઓ!"

[ડાકટર રૂસ્તમજી નસરવાનજી ખોરીએ રાજીનામું આપ્યાથી મ્યુનીસીપલ કારપોરેશનમાં ગીરગામ વાર્ડની એક જગા ખાલી પડી છે, તે માટે મેશરસ ચીમનલાલ હરીલાલ સેતલવાડ, એચ. એસ. ડીક્ષીત અને જે. પી. મીસ્ત્રી ઉમેદવારો તરીકે બાહેર પડયા છે.]

(હીંદી પંચ, તા૦ ૧૭ મી મે.)



THE TITLE-BEGGARS' NUISANCE.

"Oh Laht Sahab! Please chuck us down a medal please! Please chuck us a title please!"

[The Birthday Honours' Gazette will be published on Wednesday next, and directly and indirectly names of would-be recepients are being put forward with a purpose before the public.] *(Hindi Punch, 17th May.)*

ખેતાબની ભીખ માગનારા ભીખારડાઓની પીડા.

" ઓ લાહાટ સાહાબ ! અમને એક ચાંદની ભીખ આપો ! એક ખેતાબની ભીખ અમને આલો ! "

[મહારાણીની વરસગાંઠને પ્રસંગે બાહાર પાડવામાં આવતું માન અક્રામનું ગેઝટ આ વરસે આવતા બુધવારને દને પ્રગટ કરવામાં આવનાર છે, અને અત્યારથીજ કેટલાક મુતલબીયાઓ માન અક્રામને લાયક કયાં નામો છે તે પ્રજા હજુર સીધી અને આડકતરી રીતે રજુ કરવા મંડી ગયા છે.] (હીંદી પંચ, તા૦ ૧૭ મી મે.)



THE LONG BILL

Meher—Goodness gracious! Here's a case!

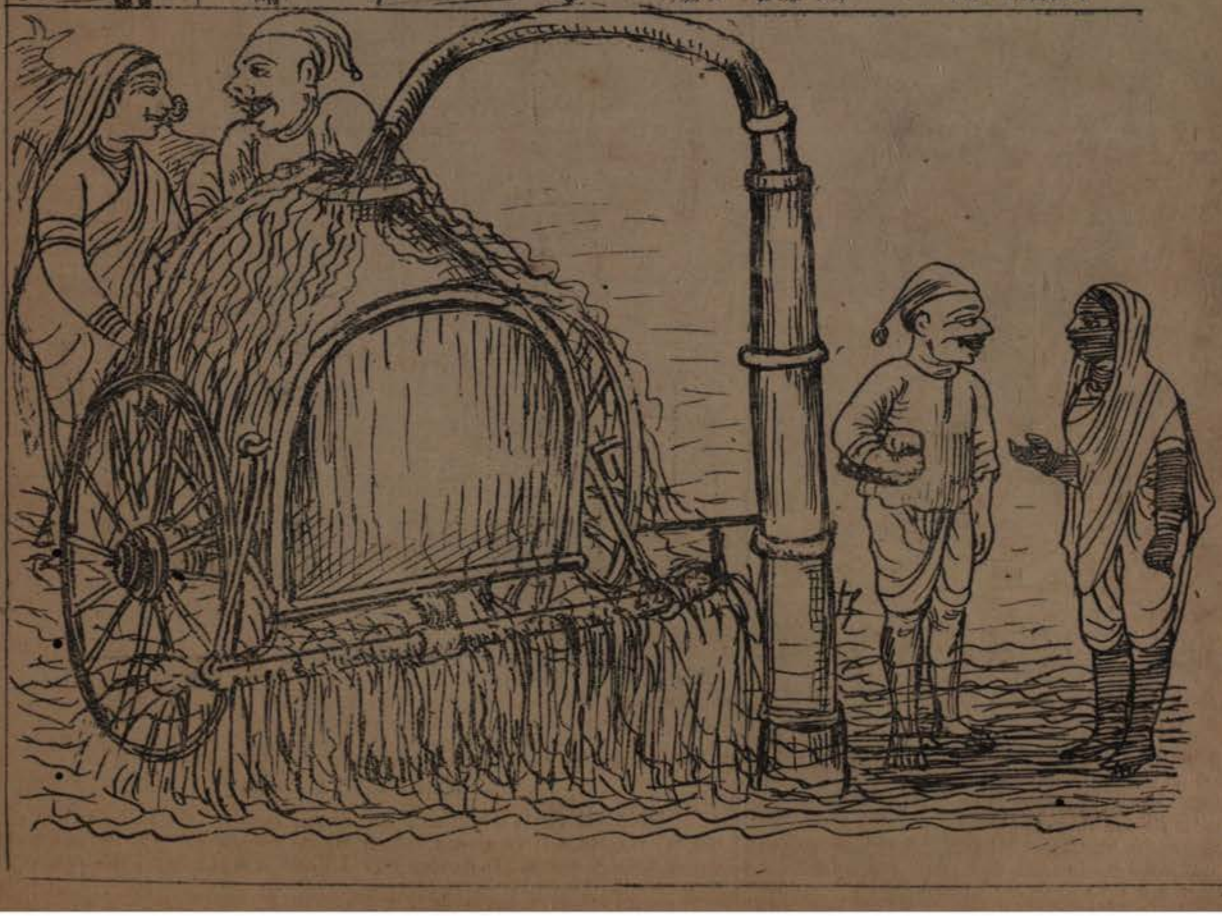
Manek—What's the trouble now?

Meher—My milliner's little bill! The fellow actually charges 25 rupees, would you believe it, for fringes and buttons for my new *polka*! And the stuff itself is only worth 10! Poor dear Minocher! He'll surely go into fits when he sees it!

મેહેર—બાપરે! મોહકાન! આએ જોયું કે?

માણેક—વરી સું મોહકાન વરી ગેઈચ, મેહેર?

મેહેર—મારા દરજીનું આ એ નાલ્લું જેવું બીલ તો જો! મારા નવા પોલકાપર ઝાલર ને બટન ટાંકવાનાજ મુવાએ તો પચીસ રૂપ્યા માંડયાચ! ને પોલકાનું કપરૂં જોસે તો પુરૂં દસ રૂપ્યાનું બી નથી! એ બીલ જોતાંજ મીનોચેર ની તો ફીફરીજ ફાટી જસે ને તેવણુના હુસમેનને એ આંકરો ચુકવતાં કોણ જાણે હાથમાં કેવાં કેવાં આંકરા આવસે!



WHERE THE WATER GOES TO?

(An every-day scene before the Municipal stand-pipes.)

Who says there isn't a plethora of water during this overpowering hot weather? We ought surely to have enough and to spare if we can afford to let it overflow and run to waste like this, while Madhia, the waterman, is overflowing with love for Sakoobai!

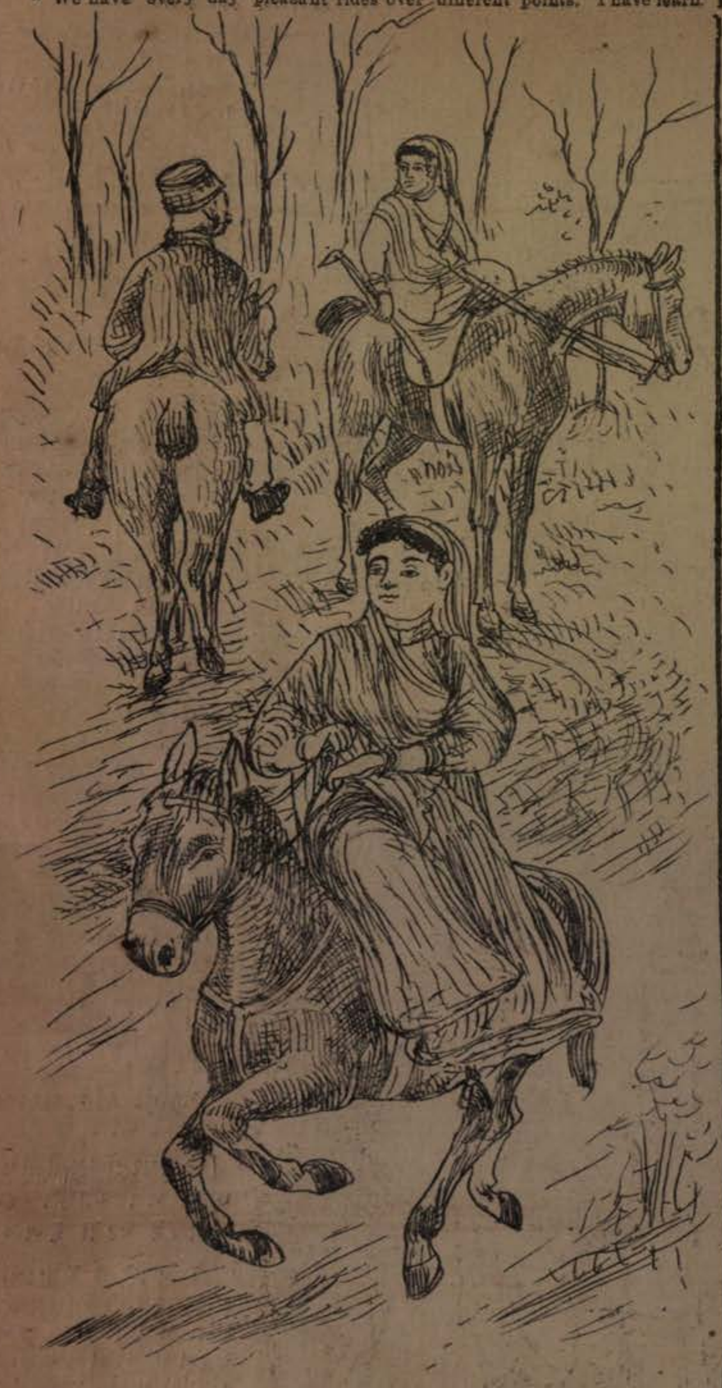
પાણી કાંહ ઘસડાઈ જાય છે?

[રસ્તાપરના મ્યુનીસીપલ પાણીનાં નળ આગળ દરરોજ નજરે પડતો દેખાવ.]

કોણ કહે છે કે હાલની પલીદ ગરમીની મોસમમાં મુંબઈમાં પાણીની રેલછેલ નથી? સકુબાઈ પરથી પાણીનાં ગાડાંવાળો માદ્યો છલકાઈ છલકાઈ જાય છે, અને તેની સાથે સાથે નળમાંથી અને ગાડાંમાંથી પાણીને ધુમધોકાર તે છલકાવા દે છે. એવી રીતે જયારે પાણીને ઉનાઈ જવા દેવામાં આવે છે ત્યારે કેણ છાતી ઠોકીને કહેશે કે મુંબઈમાં પાણી ઉભાઈ જતું નથી?

AT MATHERAN.

" We have every day pleasant rides over different points. I have learnt



riding and can now hold my own against any horsewoman. The other day I met Peeloo, that black negress. She was riding a miserable thing that was more ass than pony. I wonder, if she was learning to ride a donkey in view of the present Suakin Expedition! Perhaps her husband is going to Egypt from the Commissariat Department and she is going to keep him company,—" *Extract from Aloo's letter from Matheran.*

માથેરાનમાં.

"દરરોજ અમે જુદી જુદી પોઇંટોપર ઘોડાપર ફરવા જઈયે. હવે તો હું ઘોડાપર બેસવાનું બરાબર સીખીય, ને કોઈબી બઈરીની સાથે ઘોડાની સરતમાં નીકળવા તઈયાર છેઉં. તે દાહાડે અમે ફરવા ગીયાંતાં. તારે પેલી રાણ્ડ કારી કારી સીધાણ પીલીને ફરતા આવેલી મેં જોઈતી. તે કંઈ એવા કંગાલ ઘોડાપર બેઠેલી ઉતી કે તે ઘોડાના કરતાં ગધેડાં જેવું વધારે દેખાતું તું. હમણા સુએકીન ખાતે લસકર જાયછ, તેતે વખતે તે ગધેડાંપર બેસવાનું કદાચ સીખતી તો નહી હોય? મને તો લાગેછ કે એનો માટી કમીસરીએટ ખાતામાંથી કદાચ ઈજીપટ જવાનો હોસે ને તેની સાથે એબી જવાની હોસે, તેથી અત્યારથી ગધેડાંપર બેસવાની પરેકટીસ કરતી હોસે!"—આલુએ માથેરાનથી લખેલાં એક પત્રમાં ઉતારો.



PERSI-CAT.

Britannia—Let me kiss you, my dear Persi-Cat! I'm so fond of you! Be as good and gentle and docile as your late pater, and never try to scratch or purr unnecessarily!

[Muzafferuddin, the second son of the late Shah of Persia, has ascended the throne, and has been recognised by England as the ruler of Persia.]

ઈરાની બીલાડો.

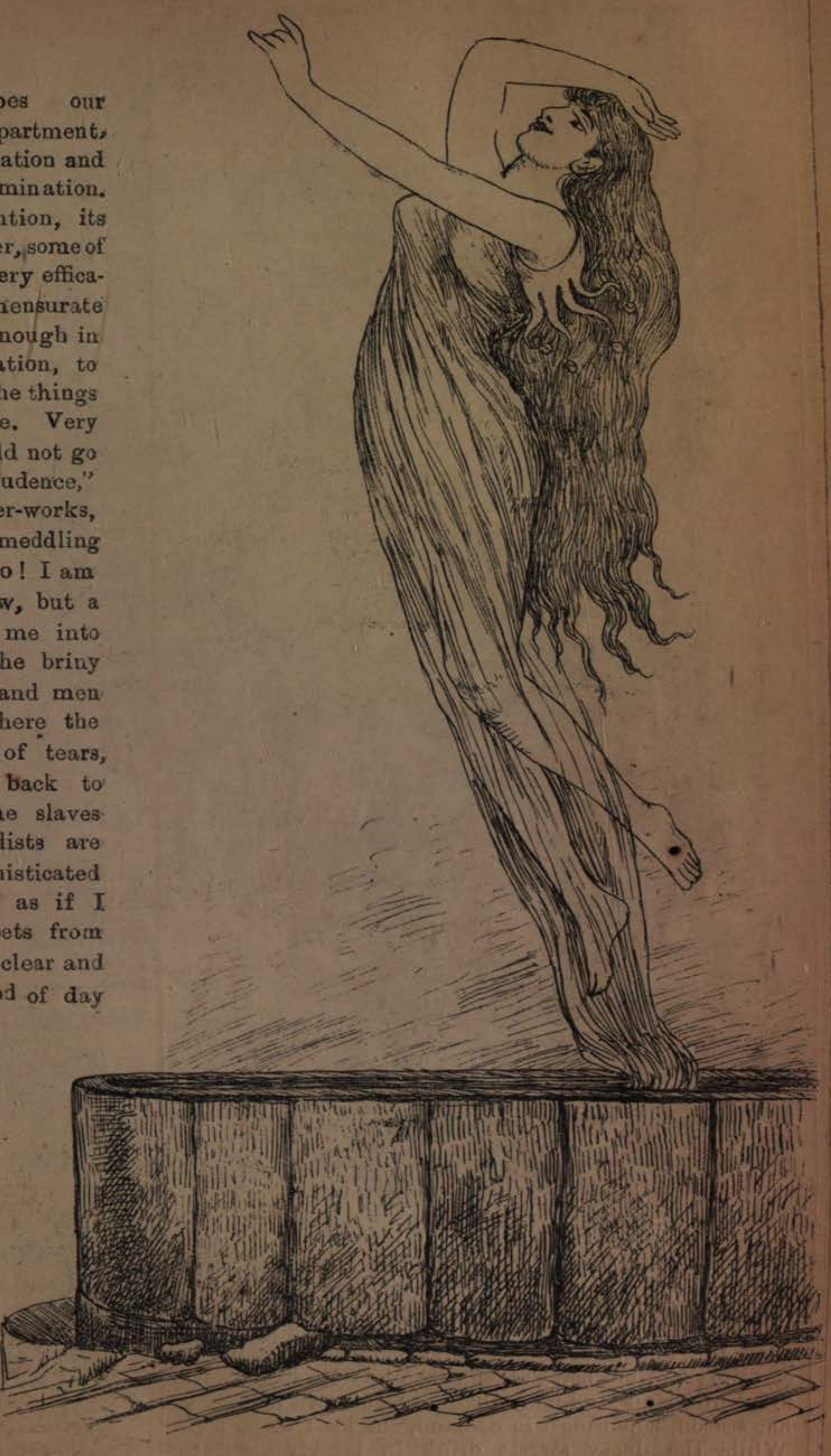
બ્રીટાનીયા—મારા વાહાલા ઈરાની બીલાડા, આવ હું તુંને એક ચુમા લેઉં! મને તું કેવો ગમેછ! જો તું તારા બેહેસ્તી બાવાના જેવોજ સારો, ને નરમાસવાળો ને ગરીબ થઈને ચાલજે, અને વગર જરૂરે કોઈનેબી નખરીયાં દેવા કે કોઈની સામે મીયાઉં મીયાઉં કરવા નીકળતો ના!

[ઈરાનના મરહુમ શાહના બીજા બેટા મુઝફરઉદ્દીન ઈરાનનાં તખ્તે બેઠા છે, અને તેમને ઈરાનના રાજકરતા તરીકે ઈંગલંડે બાહાલ રાખ્યા છે.]

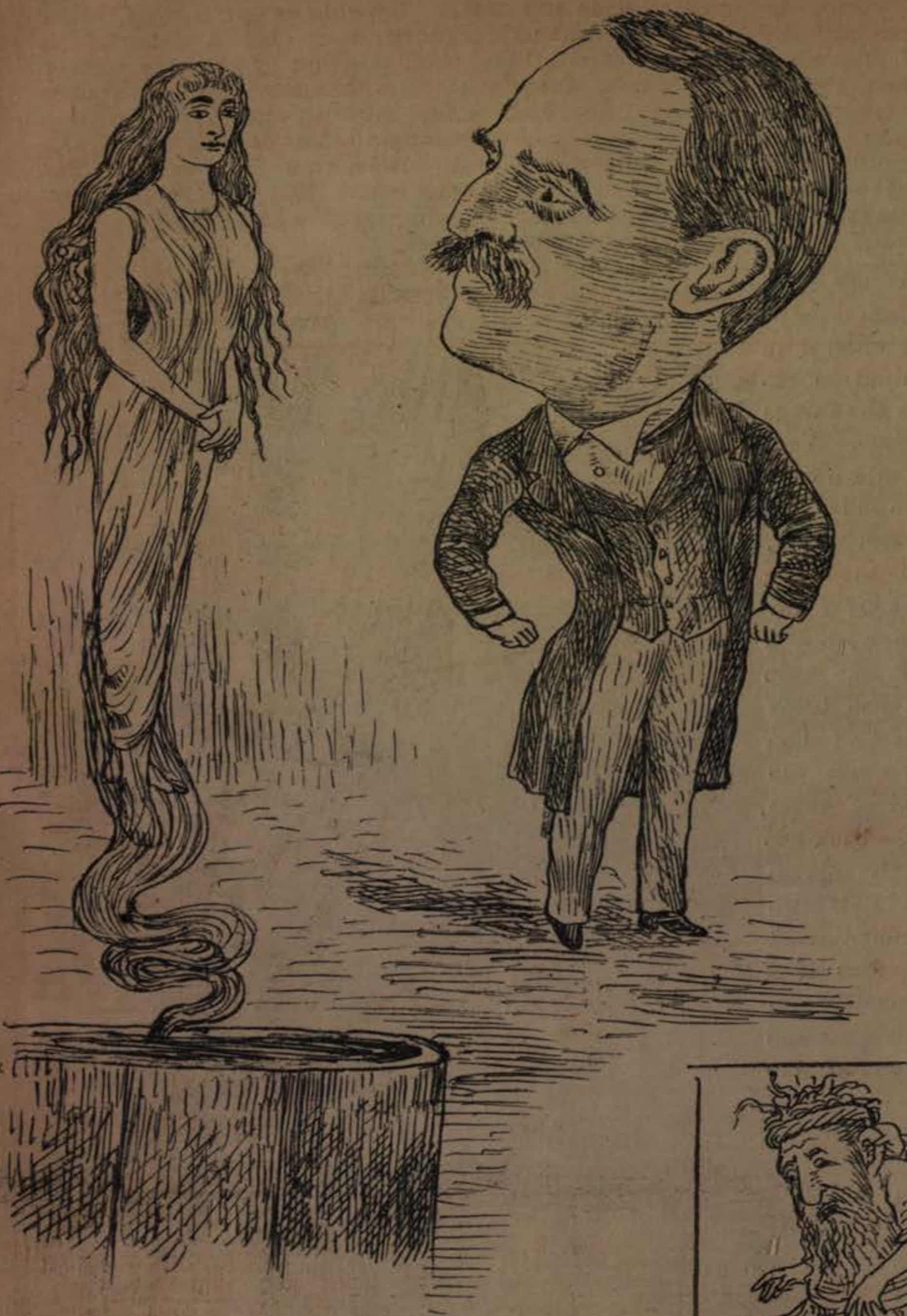
MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 7th May—Nothing escapes our eagle eye. Every organisation, every department, every officer, falls by turn under our observation and passes through the searching fire of our examination. To-day our water-supply engaged our attention, its quality and its quantity. As regards the former, some of us wanted a bacteriological examination. A very efficacious thing to do, if the efficacy is at all commensurate with the length of the name, and it is long enough in all conscience. A bacteriological examination, to reach down to the very bottom and find out the things that lie hidden beneath the placid surface. Very ugly things as they must be too, or they would not go and hide themselves! "I like your impudence," foamed the Spirit that presides over our water-works, "I'll teach you better manners than to come meddling with my affairs, in my own proper domains too! I am mildness itself ordinarily, as you may know, but a very little extra agitation suffices to lash me into ungovernable rage. Behold my sister on the briny deep! How she buries ships and treasures and men in her capacious depths! We are everywhere the same. I would drown you all in a flood of tears, but that I am merciful. Back, I say, back to yer logic, ye bacteriological slaves, and the slaves of all the other ologies with which faddists are wont to perplex and confound an unsophisticated public. Ugly things, indeed! Do I look as if I would harbour them? Have not your poets from time immemorial likened everything that is clear and limpid and pure to me? Does not the god of day himself bathe in my chrystal stream? And the pale queen of night, have you not seen her repose gently on my spotless bosom? And Truth herself, where would you expect to find her but with me, down at the bottom of your water-works where I dwell? If Mr. Drinoter were here, I might perhaps fear to be disturbed, for he, I know, was not partial to me. But with so many water-drinkers to take me as I am, I feel as if I could laugh your bacteriological exam. to scorn." "The Spirit says true," remarked Mr. Leo, "any money spent for such an exam. would be money thrown away." We have therefore taken the Spirit on trust, and hope she will



"Do I look as if I would harbour ugly things?"



Drinoter not partial.

do nothing to falsify her confidence in herself and our confidence in her.

But if the quality is good, or supposed to be good, the quantity of the water supplied by us is certainly far from being all that can be desired. Always fitful, uncertain, and inadequate, it is, at each recurring hot season, when most in demand, the least to be had. While the dusty streets drink in largely and to their heart's content, thirsty souls have to look



"The Spirit says true."

on and pant, and pant in vain! No, not quite in vain. A miserable supply *is* doled out to the panting millions at stated hours



"Strike while it is hot, sir!"

during the day! And mark these hours! If the object were to tease and annoy, they could not be better arranged! Will the genius in charge kindly explain why the supply, miserable as it is, is turned off just when it is most needed, and turned on again when decent people are supposed to be resting from the labours of the day? The whole question of our water-supply is a scandal and a shame, and ought to be handled and settled promptly. How did we handle and settle it today? We decided to leave it alone for three months! For three months! And then nature herself, more merciful than municipalities, will have opened ner flood-gates, and we shall have ourselves cooled down, and the question itself will have lost, if not the whole, the *greater part, at least,* of its *urgency!* *Will* no one strike, while it is hot?

At Mr. Leo's instance, we went into committee on the question of reorganising our Health Department, which was doing good work but might do better. It is time, Mr. Leo said, that we recognised the growing necessites of our daily expanding city, and showed ourselves better able, than we are, to cope successfully with disease and death. Capable as our Health Officer is, and of exhaustless energy as is his Assistant, it is time we strengthend their position by an army of men of "sturdy muscularity," who knew what work they had to do, and knew how to do it; men who could not only issue commands but enforce them, who could rule with a firm, but not an iron, hand. The committee is a powerful one, and will, it is to be hoped, do the reorganising with a thoroughness that will frighten Death itself.

The Joint Schools' Committee sent in its annual budget. We were not long in discovering how fat it was, and three of our knowing birds at once began to peck at it. Mr. Ebrahim Rahimtulla was surprised that they should keep such a large balance as 46,000 rupees! Mr. Leo asked why they should go on complaining that they were badly housed, when they had such a lot to spend! Mr. Seraph hoped that they would employ a part of their balance in providing themselves with a better-paid staff



Pecking at it!



Neatly ticked, Mr. Pendulum.

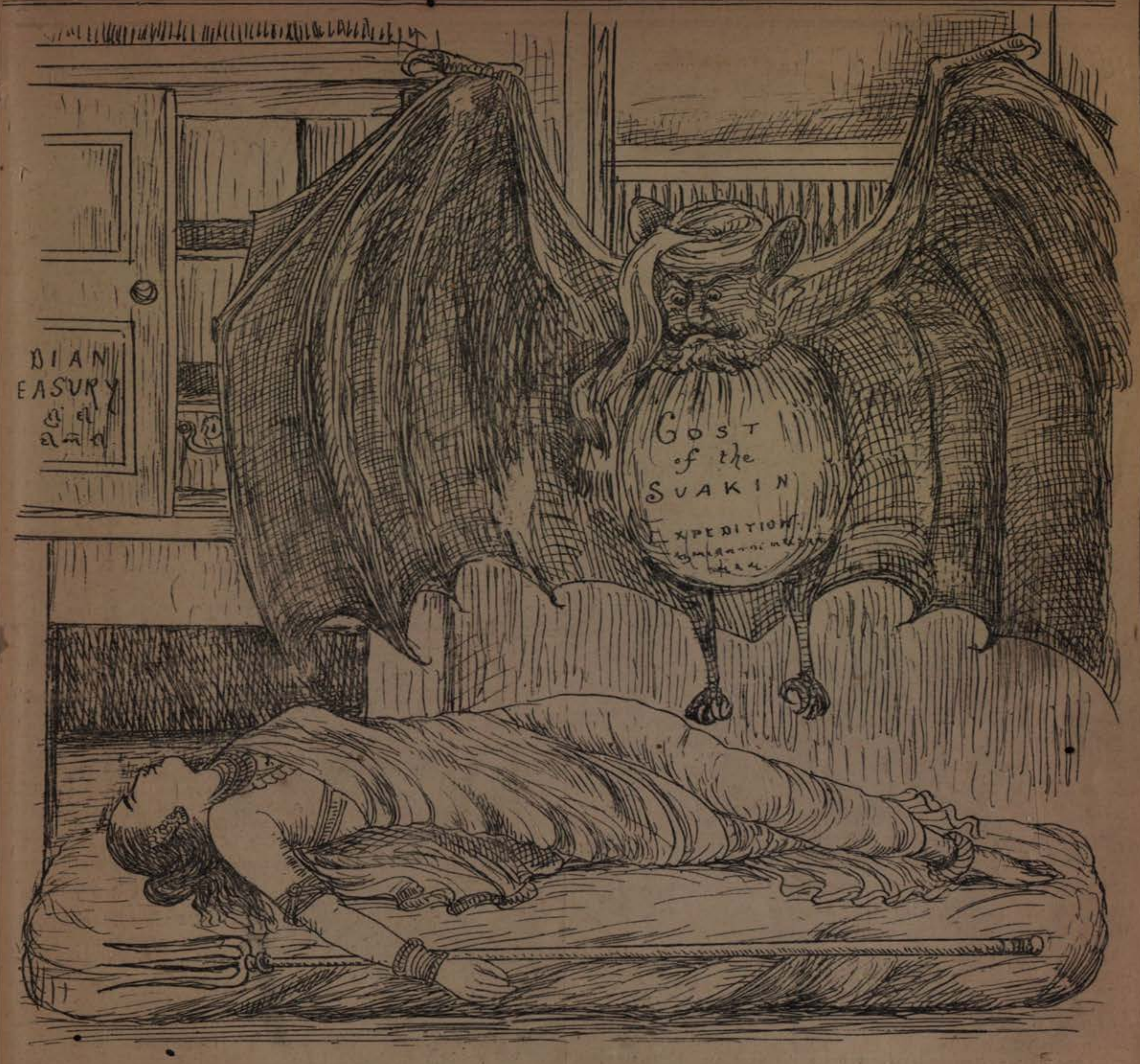
of teachers! Rupees ten might be good for a groom, he said, but scarcely so for one who was expected to teach the young idea how to shoot! "All right, all right," ticked the J. S. Pendulum, "we are not so fossilised but we have thought of this *shooting* business, and will Mr. Seraph be satisfied when I tell him that we are already on the look-out for a better class of marksmen? And will he tell his B. A.'s and M. A.'s that there is a chance for them after all? Mr. E. Rahimtula need not envy us our prosperity. We are going to spend 13,000 on new buildings, provided we can secure suitable sites, which, Mr. Leo might know, are not so easy to get at! However easy it may be to carp at people!" Neatly ticked, Mr. Pendulum! Your Committee is sapience itself! Resolved that Rs. 13,000 be set apart for new buildings! Resolved that new buildings be built!! Resolved that suitable sites cannot be secured for new buildings!!!

(*Hindi Punch*, 24-5-96.)

A "BIMETALLIST" is a man who borrows a sovereign and pays back a shilling.



The J. S. Pendulum.



THIRSTING FOR HER LIFE-BLOOD!

[In the Commons, last night, Lord George Hamilton brought forward his resolution regarding the charge for the Suakin Expedition. * * * * Mr. John Morley gave notice of an amendment that it was not expedient to charge India with any portion of the expenses. Mr. J. M. Maclean gave notice of a similar amendment.—*Reuter's Telegram, London, May* 20.]

હીંદના જીવતાં લોહીનો તરસીયો !

[આમની સભામાં ગઈ રાતે હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાંના પ્રધાન સ્વાકીમ ખાતે મોકલાવેલાં હીંદી લશકરનો ખરચ હીંદુસ્તાન ઉપર નાખવાને લગતી દરખાસ્ત લાવયો હતો.... મી૦ જાન મોરલીએ તેજ વખતે તેની સામે એવી સુધારેલી દરખાસ્ત રજુ કરવા ચેતવણી આપી હતી કે, એ લશકરનો કાંઈ પણ ખરચ હીંદુસ્તાન પાસે લેવાનું કામ ઘટતું નથી. મી૦ જે. એમ. મેકલીને પણ એજ મતલબની સુધારેલી દરખાસ્ત લાવવા ચેતવણી આપી હતી.-રોઇટરનો તાર, લનડન, તા૦ ૨૦ મી મે.]

COMPLIMENTS (?)

Lord S-ndh-rst—Ah my dear, you look so plump and chubby and healthy! Now I am sure you can stand on your own legs, and you won't bother me for paying you anything to keep you up!



[The Bombay Government congratulate the Syndicate on its sucessful financial management of the funds of the University and state that as the University is now so well off, the annual Government subsidy of Rs. 5,000 will no longer be paid into the University chest!]

મુબારકબાદી (?)

લાર્ડ સેંડહર્સ્ટ—આહ, મારી વાહાલી, તું કેવી આસુદી, ગુલે ગેાલાબ જેવી ખીલેલી અને તનદરેાસ્ત દેખાય છે! હવે તેા મારી ખાત્રીજ છે કે તું તારા પેાતાનાજ પગપર એાસ્તવાર ઉભી રેહી શકશે, અને તુંને પુષ્ટી આપવાના ખેારાકના કંઈબી ખરચ માટે મને હવે જરાકબી કંટાળેા તું નહી આપશે!

[મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટીની સીનડીકેટને નાણાં સંબંધી તેના ફતેહમંદ કારેાબાર માટે મુબારકબાદી દઈને મુંબઈ સરકારે તેને લખી વળયું છે કે, યુનીવરસીટા હવે આટલી બધી આબાદ થઈ છે એટલે સરકાર તરફથી રૂ ૫૦૦૦ નું જે વરસાન તેને હમણાં મળે છે તે હવે બંધ કરવામાં આવશે.]



Behram.—Now, now, don't be silly! How *can* we accommodate your mother here, when there isn't room enough to swing a cat in?

Bachoo.—And yet it would appear as if there were room for *some* sly cats—your precious aunt and her frights of daughters, whom you've begged and prayed to come to Matheran!

Behram.—But there are cats and cats, my dear! Aunty has adopted me, you know, and I've great expectations!

બેહેરામ—હવે બસ, બસ કર, ને એમ ધુમટેા ચહડાવીને ઉભી રેહ ના! આહીં એક બીલારીનેબી રાખી શકાય એટલી જગા મળે નહી, તેા તારી માયને વાસ્તે કાંહ સગવડ કરી શકું તે તેા તું કેહ?

બચુ—ને તેાબી તમારાથી બીજી શાણુ મસકલી બીલારીએાને વાસ્તે જગા થસે! શાણુ તમારી માસી ને તેની એબીયલ દીકરીએાને તમે પગે ને હાથે લાગીને ને કાલાવાલા કરી કરીને માથેરાન બેાલાવીયા, તે લેાકને વાસ્તે તમને બધી જગા મળી જસે!

બેહેરામ—પણ જોની ડીયર, બીલારી બીલારીએામાંબી ઘણેા ફેરક છે! મારી માસીએ મને કરી લીધેાય, ને તેવણ તરફથી મને દલેા મળવાનેા છે તે તેા તું જાણેચ કેની!



READY!

[England, hard pressed by the difficulties created by the other Powers in all parts of the world, is on the alert, ready to meet any emergency anywhere. Come one, come all!]

તઇયાર !

[ઈગ્લંડ સામે દુનીઆના સઘળા ભાગેામાં બીજાં મેાટાં રાજ્યેાએ ઉભી કરેલી મુશકેલી જોઈ તે ઘણું સાવચેત થયું છે, અને કેાઈ પણ ઠેકાણે ઉભા થતા બારીક અસંગને પેાંહેાંચી વળવાને તે તઇયાર ઉભું છે.]



THE AFRICAN VENUS— BETWEEN TWO FIRES!

[The rivalry between England and Germany to get a supreme hand in South Africa is daily increasing, and attempts to undermine each other's influence are having a very bad effect.]

બે આગની વચે !

આફ્રીકાની ખુબસુરતી ઊપર મોહીત થયલા બે બહાદુરો !

બેઉ તેણી પર ફીદા છે, અને બેઉ તેણીને પટાવવા અને પસરાવવા પડયા છે !

[દક્ષીણ આફ્રીકામાં સર્વોપરી સત્તા કોણે ભોગવવી તે બાબત ઈંગ્લંડ અને જરમની વચ્ચેની હરીફાઈ દરરોજ વધતી જાય છે, અને એક બીજાના વગને તોડી પાડવાની તેમની કોશેશ ઘણી નઠારી અસર નીપજાવવા લાગી છે.]



THE THIRSTY CHATAK* BIRDS.

Disappointed at not finding the flood-gates of heaven open just to allow them to quench their mighty thirst!

[* The *Chatak* is said to be a bird which does not touch a drop of earthly water but quenches its thirst with rain water only. Hence it anxiously awaits the setting of the monsoon, by which time its thirst for water becomes very excessive.]

[The Birth-Day Honours' Gazette has this year disappointed many who were hankering after titles and medals.]

તરસે ટવલતાં ચાતક* પક્ષીઓ.

તેમની જબરી તરસ મટાડવા માટે હજી સુધી મેઘરાજે પોતાની રેલછેલના દરવાજા ખોલ્યા નથી, તેથી તેઓ બહુજ નાઉમેદ થઈ ગયા છે, અને વરસાદ વરસતો જોવાની તેઓ ડોલા તાણી તાણીને રાહ જોય છે !

* "ચાતક" પક્ષી માટે એવું કેહેવામાં આવે છે કે તે જમીન પરના પાણીનાં એક ટીપાંને પણ અડકતું નથી, પણ પોતાની તરસ વરસાદના પાણીથીજ મટાડે છે. આથી ચોમાસું બેસવાની તે બહુ આતુરતાથી રાહ જુવે છે, કેમકે તેના વખત આવે તેટલાં પાણી માટેની તેની તરસ બહુ જબરી થઈ પડે છે.

[ખેતાબો અને ચાંદો મેળવવાને જેઓ બહુ બહુ ફાંફાં મારતા હતા, તેઓને મહારાણીની વરસગાંઠની ખુશાલીમાં બાહાર પાડવામાં આવેલું માનઅકરામનું ગેઝટ વાંચીને બહુજ નાઉમેદી પેદા થઈ છે.]



GOD SPEED!

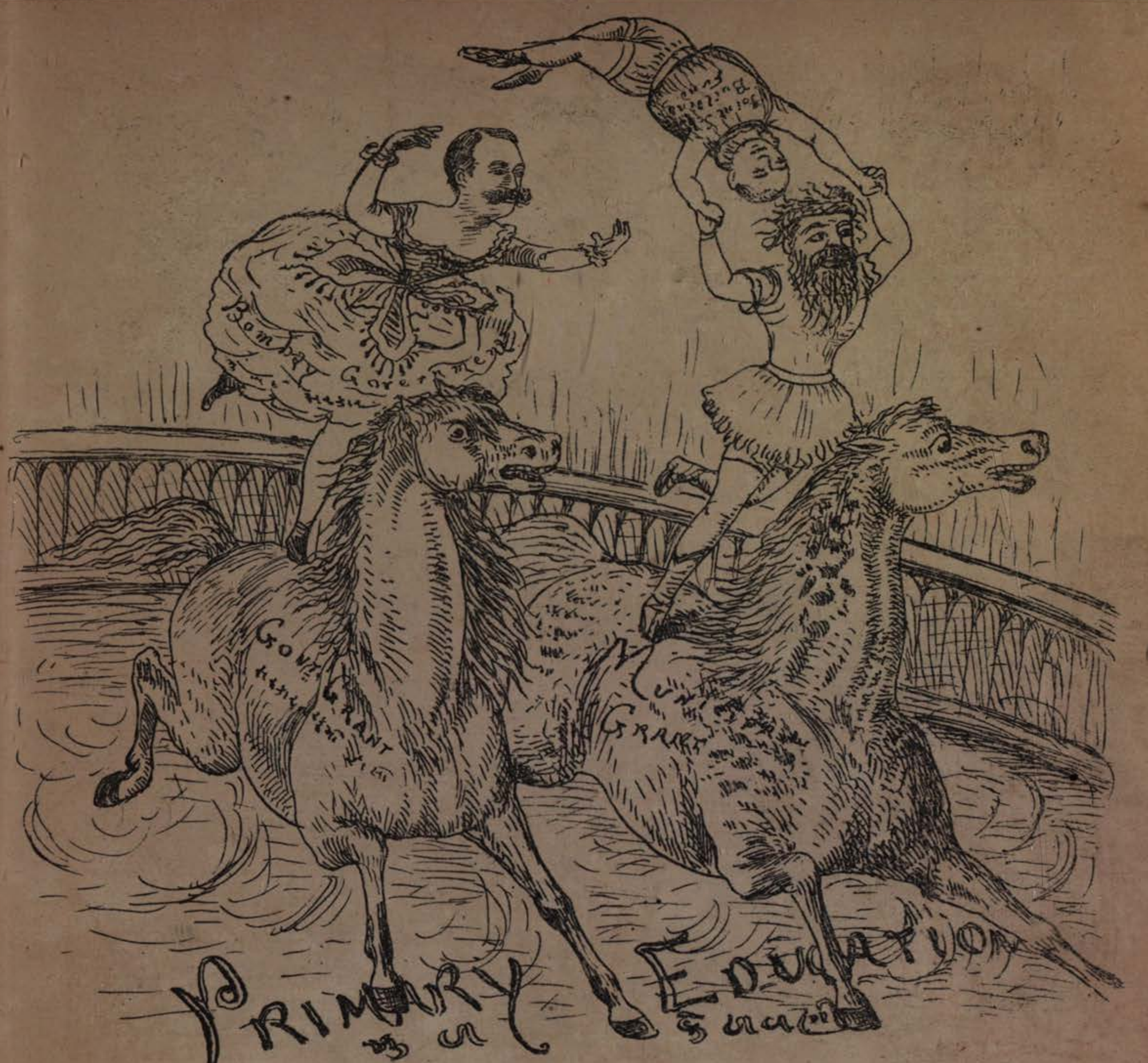
Hind—Give a good account of yourself, my son, in the Soudan, and return quickly to fill your mother's heart with joyous tidings of your gallant deeds!

[The Indian Contingent for the Soudan left Bombay on Thursday and Friday, the 21st and 22nd May, 1896, amidst the hearty good wishes of all loyal citizens.]

" વેહેલો પાછો ફરજે ! "

હીંદ—મારા બેટા, સુદાનમાં સારૂં નામ કહાડજે અને તારાં બહાદુર કામોની ખુશાલીભરેલી ખબરોથી તારી માતાનું હઈડું હરખાવી નાખવાને વેહેલો પાછો ફરજે !

[સુદાન તરફ મોકલવા ઠરાવેલું હીંદી લશકર તા૰ ૨૧મી અને ૨૨મી મે ૧૮૯૬ ને ગુરૂ તથા શુક્રવારે સઘળા વફાદાર શેહેરીઓ તરફની ભલી દુવા સાથે મુંબઈથી ઉપડી ગયું છે .



IN THE BOMBAY CIVIC ARENA.

A GRAND DISPLAY OF A DOUBLE EQUESTRIAN ACT BY THOSE RENOWNED ARTISTES MR. CIVIC FATHER AND MADAME GOVERNMENT.

[The excellent example set by the Corporation to form a Joint Schools Building Fund, and His Excellency Lord Sandhurst's complete sympathy with the great need that exists for the construction of new buildings for primary Schools in Bombay, augur well for promptly carrying on the good work in all parts of the city.]

મુંબઈના શેહેરી સરકસમાં.

જગપ્રસીધ ખેલાડી મી૦ શેહેરી બાવા અને મેડમ ગવરમેંટના ભેગા ઘોડાઇ ખેલની માહભારત હેરત.

[મુળ કેળવણીની નીશાળો માટે ઈમારતો બાંધવાનું એક અજાયદું ફંડ સ્થાપીને મુંબઈની કારપોરેશને જે ઉતમ દાખલો દેખાડયો છે, અને નામદાર ગવરનર લાર્ડ સેંડહર્સ્ટે એવી ઈમારતોની જરૂર તરફ પોતાની જે દીલસોજી બતાવી છે, તેથી શેહેરના જુદા જુદા ભાગોમાં જુદી જુદી ઈમારતો બાંધવાનું કામ જલદીથી પાર પડવાનાં શુભ ચીનહો દીસે છે.]



THE FROG AND THE HEN.

(*After Æsop.*)

Frog—Dear me ! What a noisy creature you are, Mrs. Hen, to be sure ! What a fuss over an egg !

Mrs. Hen—Well, well, I'm sorry to see you so ill-tempered at my little song of joy; but I claim to have done some good, however small. You do none at all and should therefore hold your tongue, you silly, good-for-nothing babbler !

[The Sanatan Bharat Dharma Maha Parishad, a society started as a counterblast to the Social Conference, and as a promoter of the cause of bigotry and rank orthodoxy, has been severely taken to task by the sensible portion of the Bombay Press.]

દેડકાજી અને મરઘીબાઈની કથા.

દેડકાજી—અરે બાપરે ! મરઘીબાઈ, તું બી કેવી જબરી તકતકીઓ છે ! તેં એક ઈંડું મુકયું છે, તેને વાસ્તે તું કેટલી બધી ધરપચ ને ધામધુમ કરેચ, હું !

મરઘીબાઈ—ઓ-હો, મારૂં ખુશાલીનું ગાયન સાંભળતાં તારાં એટલાં બધાં પાકીને પેટ થઈ જાયચ તેથી હું દલગીર છું, રાવસાહેબ દેડકાજી; પણ થોડું ઘણું તો બી કાંઈ સારૂં જ કામ કરી દેખાડવાનો હું દાવો ધરાવું છું. તું દેડકો તો ફકત તારૂં ફુગાયલું પેટ દેખાડવા સીવાય બીજું કંઈ કરતોજ નથી, વાસ્તે તું ચુપચુપ મુંગોજ બેસ !

[સંસાર સુધારાની કનફરન્સ સામે અને ધરમાંધપણા અને હઠીલા અસલી વીચારોની હીમાયતમાં ઉભી કરવામાં આવેલી "સનાતન ભારત ધરમ મહા પરીષદ" નામે મંડળી સામે મુંબઈના છાપાના સમજુ ભાગે બહુ સખત ટીકા કરી છે.]



THE *MADARIS* (SNAKE-CHARMERS) AT WORK.

THE FEED FOR THE SERPENT.

[Three thousand Indian troops have been ordered to proceed at once to Suakin at the expense of India; the question as to who should pay being held over for decision at some convenient time !]

કામે લાગી ગયલા મદારીઓ.

સાંપને માટે ખોરાક.

[હીંદી તીજોરીને ખરચે સુએકીન ખાતે ત્રણ હજાર માણસોનાં હીંદી લશકરને તાબડતોબ ઊપડી જવાનો હોકમ થયો છે; અને તે જેટલો વખત સુદાનમાં રહે તેટલા વખતનો ખરચ કોણે આપવો તેને લગતા સવાલનો ફડચો કોઈ સગવડ પડતા વખતે કરવાનું મુલતવી રાખવામાં આવયું છે !]



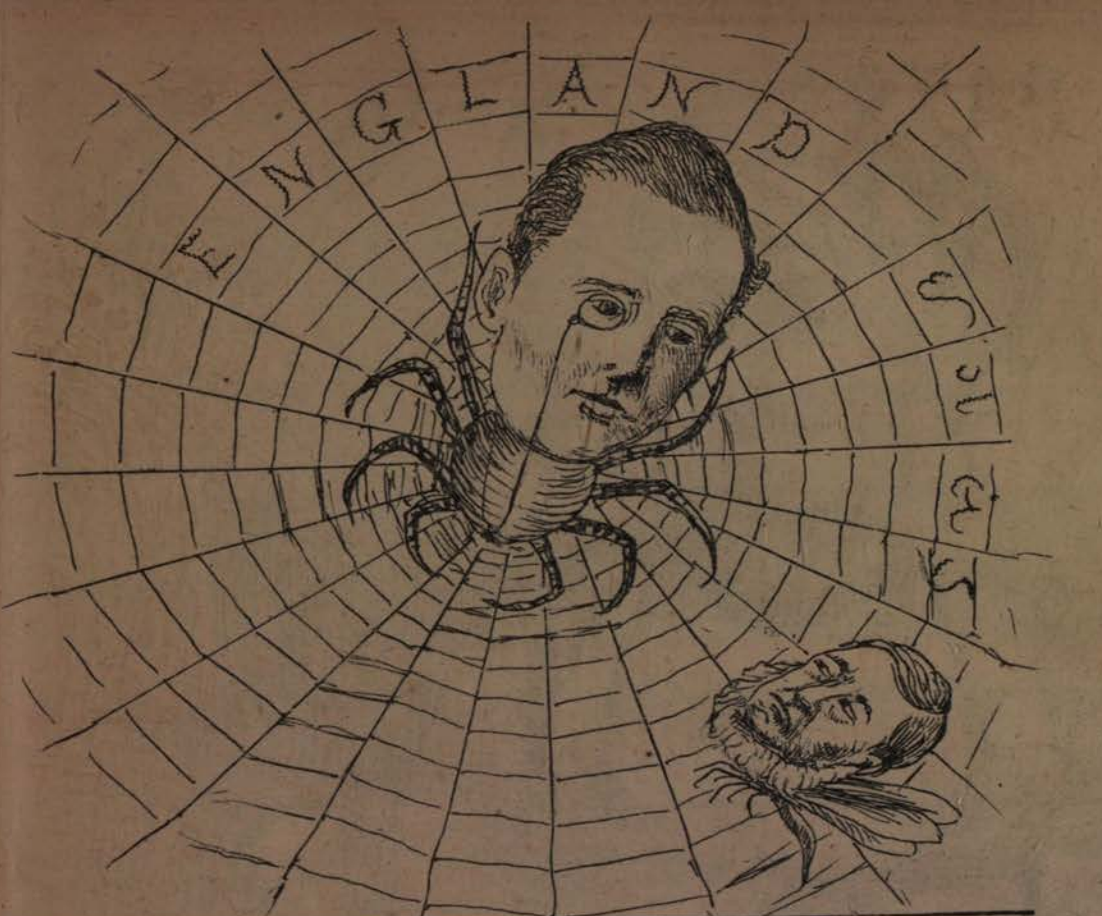
THE SHEPHERD BOY—MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

[*The presidential address of Mr. N. G. Chandavarkar at the ninth Provincial Conference held at Karachi, is very highly spoken of by the Press and the public for its sobriety, moderation, calm judgment, and dispassionate views.*]

ભરવાડનો છોકરો.

તેના ગાયનની જાદુઇ અસર.

[કરાંચી ખાતે મળેલી નવમી પ્રાંતીક સભાના પ્રમુખ મી૦ નારાયણ ગણેશ ચંદાવરકરે કરેલાં ભાષણની, તેમાં વાપરેલાં મધ્યમપણા અને આપેલાં શાંત વીચારો માટે, એકે આવાજે પ્રજા અને છાપાએ સ્તુતી કીધી છે.]



THE BRITISH SPIDER AND THE TRANSVAAL FLY.

Spider—Will you please walk into my parlour?

Fly—No, thank you, not at present; I'll let you know by and bye!

[President Kruger has declined the invitation of Mr. Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to visit England and settle several questions regarding the Transvaal.]

વેલાતી કરોળીઓ અને ત્રાનસ વાલની માખી.

કરોળીઓ—આવની, બેહેન, મારા ઓરડામાં આવની!

માખી—નહીં હમણા નહી; હું જયારે આવવાની હોઇશ ત્યારે તને જણાવીશ, ભાઈ!

[ત્રાનસવાલના રાજકરતા પ્રેસીડંટ કૃગરને ઈંગલંડ ખાતે આવીને ત્રાનસવાલને લગતા કેટલાક સવાલોનો ફેડચો કરી જવા માટે જે આમંત્રણ સંસ્થાન ખાતાંના પ્રધાન મી૦ ચેમબરલેને કીધું હતું, તે તેણે ના પાડયું છે.]



FIRST MONTH AFTER MARRIAGE.

Goolee—So sorry, ma, but I don't think I can go to my husband any more. Mother-in-law says I must take with me the promised money, or stay away!

Mehermai—What a greedy woman! Have not we handed her the certificate of the Marriage Benefit Fund? What more can she want?

Goolee—She says she can't see the fun (d) of the certificate at all. Simply waste-paper! She only believes in hard cash! Rs. 1,500 down in hard cash!

Mehermai—Hard lines truly! But you can tell her she'll have the money when the mints reopen! That and your pa's promissary note ought to suffice! We can promise no more!

પરણ્યા પછીનો પેહેલો માસ.

ગુલી—માયજી, હવે તો મારાથી સાસરે રેહેવાય એમ લાગતું નથી. મારી સાસુએ તો સાફ કેહયુંચ કે તારી માએ કબુલેલા રૂપ્યા લઈને આવવાની હોય તોજ આવજે, નહી તો આવતીજ ના!

મેહેરમાય—રાણ્ કેવી પઈસાની નીચી! તારી લગનના લાભના ફંડની સાટીપીટી (? સરટીફીકેટ) તો તે રાંણને ઝાંહાસી? પછી હવે વધારે એમેં સું જોઈયેચ?

ગુલી—એ તો કેહેચ કે સરટીફીકેટનાં ચીઠરાંને સું કરે?—ધોઈને પીએ? એને તો રોકરાજ જોઈયેચ! મને તો કેહેયુ ચ જે પંદરસો રોકરા, નવા કોરા, ટંકસાળમાંનાજ લેઈને આવજે!

મેહેરમાય—રોકરા તો નહી પણ રાણને વાસ્તે વાલકેસરના પથરા તો છે! એને તો સાફ કેહેજે કે રોકરા તો જરે સરકાર પાછી ટંકસાર ઉઘારસે તારે મળસે! હાલતરત તો કેહેતી હોય તો તારા બાવા પાસે પંદરસોની ચીઠી લખાવી આપુંચ તે લેઈને એને બેસવા કેહે; ને નહી, તો કેહે કે જઈને કુવો પુર!



THE VEIL UPLIFTED!

Vazir Bahudinbhai (of Junaghad)—O! Daughters! Who says you are ugly and that you hate each other? It was the veil—the dark veil! Now that you have kissed and embraced each other with hearty fondness, I am sure you will always be loving and happy!

[Complete reconciliation has been restored between the Hindus and Mahomedans of Prabhas Patan, who have signalised the occasion by rejoicings at the place in which Vazir Bahudinbhai and the Dewan and Naib Dewan of Junaghad took part.]

આંખ પરનો પરદો ખુલી ગયો !

વઝીર બાવદીનભાઇ (જુનાગઢવાળા)—અરે મારી બેટીઓ ! કોણ કહે છે કે તમે બેઉ બદસુરત છો અને તમો એક બીજાને ધીકારો છો ? એ તો તમારી આંખ પર ફરી વળેલા પરદાની—પેલા સીહા પરદાની—બધી મોહકાન હતી ! પણ હવે તમે એક બીજાને મોહબ્બતની મીઠી ચુમી લઈ આલીંગન કીધું છે, તો મારી ખાતરી છે કે તમો એક બીજા તરફ માયા મોહબતથીજ વરતશો અને સુખ સંપથીજ રેહેશો !

[પ્રભાસ પાટણના હીંદુઓ અને મુસલમાનો વચ્ચેના વાંધાનો સમજુતીથી નીકાલ લાવીને તેઓ વચ્ચે સંપુરણ સલાહ કરાવવામાં આવી છે. આ બનાવની ખુશાલીમાં પ્રભાસ પાટણ ખાતે એક ધામધુમનો મેળાવડો કરવામાં આવ્યો હતો, જેમાં જુનાગઢના વઝીર બાવદીનભાઈએ, અને દીવાન તથા નાયબ દીવાને ભાગ લીધો હતો.]

LOVE KNOWS NO OBSTACLES.

Gulestan and Godrez, newly betrothed, go to enjoy themselves on the Back Bay But the impudence of outsiders is unbearable. They will intrude their unwelcome presence, and prevent the turtle-doves' sweety, sweety talk. This is how Godrez hits the novel expedient of monopolising at once the whole seat and the object of his affections !



પ્યાર આગળ સઘળી હરકત શું બીસાદમાં ?

ગુલેસ્તાન અને ગોદરેઝ, જેઓ હમણાંજ અહરાયાં છે, તેઓ બેકબે પર દરરોજ ફરવા જાય છે. પણ કેટલાંક લોકોની બેશરમાઈ તેઓથી ખમાતાં ખમાતી નથી. જે બાંક પર આ હાંસબદન ને ગુલબદનનું જોડું બેઠું હોય તેજ બાંક પર તેઓ પોતાની અણગમતી હાજરી આપીને ઘુસે છે, અને તેમ કરીને આ હેતવંતા જોડાંની મીઠી મીઠી મધુર વાતચીતમાં ભારે ખલલ નાખે છે. મી૦ ગોદરેજના ગુસ્સા તેથી તદનજ ઉથલાઈ જાય છે, અને બાઈ ગુલેસ્તાનનાં પેટમાં પણ કાંઈ ઘોડાં આડાં ને ઉભાં આવતાં નથી. પણ જેનું નામ ગોદરેજ. તે આ પીડાનો ઉપાય પોતાનાં ફળદરૂપ ભેજાંમાથી ઉપજાવી કહાડે છે, અને આખો બાંક પોતેજ રોકી રાખવાની નવી રીત શોધીને તે અમલમાં પણ મેલી દે છે, જેથી જેમ ગુલબદન ગુલેસ્તાનનો હસતો મીઠો ચેહેરો આખો વખત જોયા કરવાની તેમજ તેને મીઠી મીઠી વાતમાં રોકી રાખવાની તેની ઉમેદ પાર પાડે છે !



TRUE ECONOMY: A HOPEFUL SIGN.

Mr. Punch—My Lord, you have doled out the Honours miserably. It is miserly—

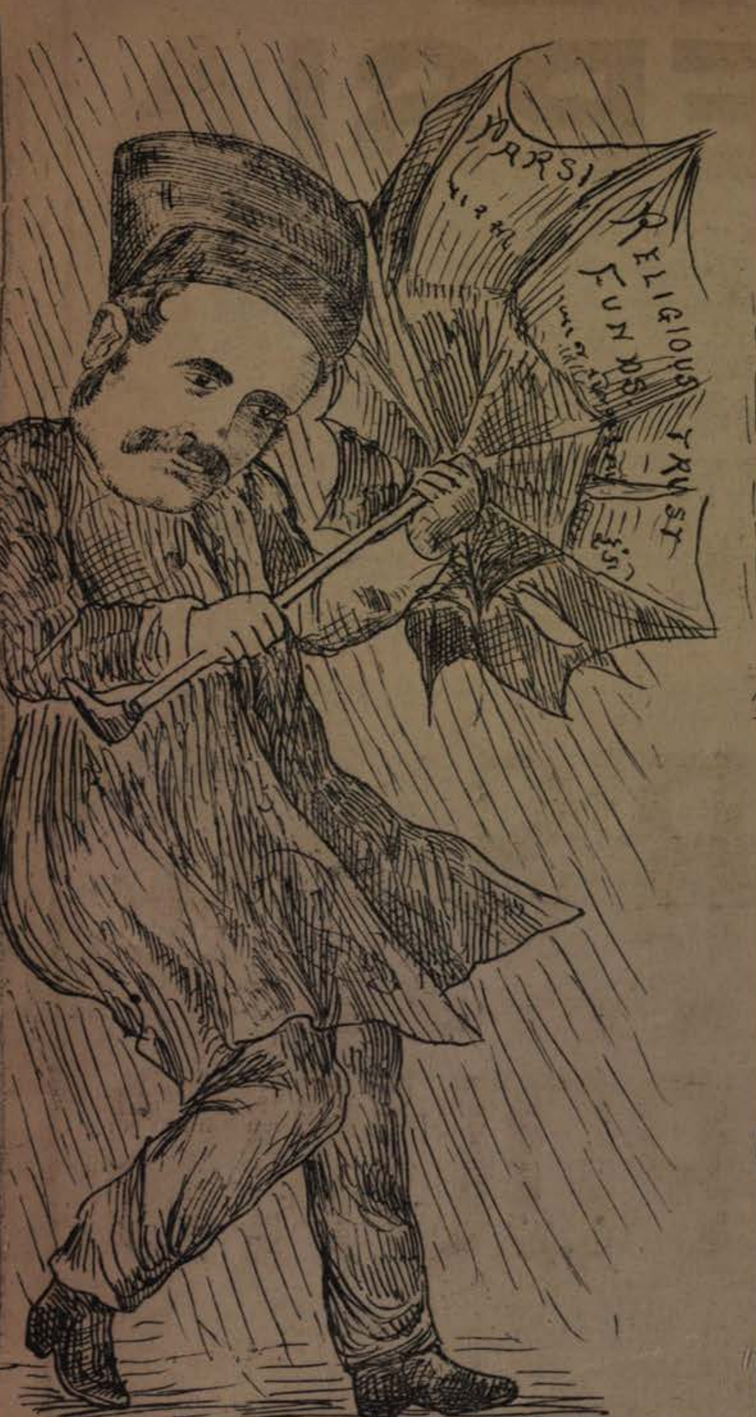
L-rd Elg-n—Hold! You are hard to please!

Mr P.—How so, my Lord? Generosity—Liberality,—

L. E.—Choop! This from you? And you prate about economy, retrenchments, and abolition of Exchange Compensation allowance! I save in a safe direction, my friend!

ખરેખરી કરકસર : એક સારી નીશાની.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૫૦૧મું.]



THE TORN UMBRELLA : OR, THE PRESENT STATE OF THE RELIGIOUS TRUST FUNDS OF THE PARSEES.

[Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy and the other Trustees of the Parsee Punchayet Funds are arranging for a public memorial to the Government of India to legalise certain Religious Trust Funds, which are considered by the Judges of the High Court and by the sensible portion of the community to be of no general benefit.]

ફાટી તુટી ગયલી અને ફુરચા ઉડેલી છત્રી ; અથવા, પારસી ઓનાં બાજ રોજગારના ત્રસ્ટ ફંડોની હમણાની હાલત.

[કેટલાક પારસીઓએ કીધેલાં બાજ રોજગારનાં ત્રસ્ટ ફંડો, જે સામાન્ય પારસી પરજાના લાભનાં નથી, તેમને હાઈ કોરટે રદ કરયાથી, સર જમશેદજી જીજીભાઈ અને પારસી પંચાયત ફંડના બીજા ત્રસ્ટીઓએ તેમને કાયદાસરના ઠરાવવા માટે હીંદી સરકારને અરજ કરવાનું કોફરાન ઊભું કીધું છે.]



Mrs. Sudharakbai—Now don't be a fool and go to the Back Bay to have a bath! In the name of religion too! It is disgraceful for men and women together to take such promiscuous baths!

Mr. Sudharakbhai—I go merely to study this question of promiscuous bathing and nothing more, my dear, I assure you!

સુધારકબાઈ—ના, ના, હું તો તમને ન જવા દઉં ! પુરશોતમ માસને બાહાને દરીયે સ્નાન કરવા જાઈને એમ મુરખ બનો નહીં ! સ્ત્રી પુરૂષોએ સાથે ઉઘાડી જગામાં ની રલજપણે સ્નાન કરવું, એના જેવું શરમભરેલું બીજું શું હોય !

સુધારકભાઈ—તારે અલી, હું કાંઈ દરીયે સ્ત્રીઓની સાથે સ્નાન કરીશ નહીં ! હું તો ફકત ઉભો રહી તેમ નો તમાશો જોઈશ, ને આ સ્નાન કરવાના રીવાજનો સંપુરણ અભ્યાસ કરીશ ! બીજું કાંઈ નહીં !



A SCENE FROM A MOCK TRAGEDY.

(WITH APOLOGIES.)

Bloated Froggy.—I will haunt you morning, noon and night!

એક ખોટા ઢોંગી કરૂણારસીક નાટક માંનો દેખાવ.

ફુગરાયલા દેડકા રાવ—હું તને સવાર ને બપોર, સાંજ ને રાત, બસ ભડકીવીશ ને ભડકાવીશજ !

THAT DREADFUL BOY.—Her admirer: "Well, Reggie, how's your sister's cold, eh?"—Her little brother: "Oh, *that's* all right. But she's got a jolly big corn!"

CHOW CHOW.

Who pays the piper?

IT is a draining of precious blood this transport of India's brave warriors across the *Kálá páni* to the land of the Pharoahs, and the drain is intensified when it is sought to tap India for their sustenance as well, in that distant land. Can she stand it all in her present enfeebled condition? Ask the eternal Sphinx. Ask how the ancient pyramids were raised in the reign of the Pharoahs. India is not so badly off. The spirit of humanity is abroad and there is room for Hope!

* * *

The City Hakims.

THE people are growling: they want to know what's the matter with Bombay the Beautiful. When is her health going to improve? What are her Hakims —Bhal, Ismail and others— about? Are they yet diagnosing? How innocent, surely, the people are! What can they know of the new danger that threatens medicos who blabber and divulge professional secrets to their wives! If a wife cannot be trusted with a secret how can the public be? Kitson *vs.* Playfair is a disquieting business, and the question of doctors "privilege" is not yet settled. Fair Bombay! thy secret, for the time being at any rate, is safe with thy Hakims. May thy nurses tend thee well and hasten thy recovery!

* * *

Lights for smaller Municipalities.

HEAPS of lanterns rejected by the Bombay Municipality are awaiting disposal near the Slater Road. The light they shed was perhaps not enough for this great city; but surely darkest Municipalities elsewhere can derive much light from them,—the babe does not need strong light so much as the grown up man!

* * *

Poona humour!

JALANDHAR NATH writes:—Humour and the Poona patriots are said to be strangers. So thinks your contemporary the *Times of India*, whose late yarn about the Suakin Expedition correspondence has been taken up in all seriousness by some of the Poona papers. All this should be no revelation to you, *Punchoba*. Poona is nothing if not politically serious. The social and the grotesque sides of life are beyond her range of vision. When the eloquent President of the last Indian National Congress referred, in the Social Conference pendal, in pathetic language, to the mother's influence on mankind, and said it was his mother's hand that first pressed his brow, a peal of laughter rang through the mandap! Anywhere else a thrill, solemn and sacred, would have quivered through the silent crowd. This is where the sense of Poona humour lies. Says that Prince of Humourists, Mark Twain: "A humiliated man is not humourous........ The more sunshine and the easier the life, the greater the measure of humour that will rise to the top" How long is the feeling of humiliation, if any, to last? Is there lack of sunshine in this Land of the Sun? Is life so burdensome in Poona? Alas! so long as there is no sunshine at home and woman is depressed, real humour,—awakening and directing love, pity and kindness and scorning untruth, pretension and imposture, cannot find a place in Hindu homes!

* * *

A Khoja Matrimonial Garden.

PAIN and sorrow need alleviation. Hospitals, dispensaries, dharamshalas, sanitaria, and places of worship supply in a way this need. Learning has her temple too. Joy equally cries for an asylum. The Parsees, ever foremost in works of charity and philanthropy, have shown the Indian communities how to respond to the call of Humanity in her various moods. Their Khoja brethren are gracefully following the good example. Buoyant, light-hearted Joy will soon have her abode for the benefit of the Khojas. Nothing but sounds of music and blessings to gladden the hearts of maidens and youths lau·ching into life will be heard in this temple of Hymen. Need it be said, Bhai Noor Mahomed Jairajbhoy, that thy name, as the noble donor of Rupees Two Lakhs, will ever be green in this Matrimonial Baug of Happiness?

(*Hindi Punch*, 31-5-96.)

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

BUDGET AND GUTTER GOT MIXED.—She: "Gracious, John, what a shocking state your clothes are in! Have you been lying in the gutter?" He: "Jush whatsh th' matter. Mush live, m' dear; mush make monish somehow." She: "Money! Do you consider the gutter, sir, is the proper place to earn your living?" He: "Mosh d'cid'ly! There's millions in it. Donsh b'lieve me, ask Sans'lor of 'Xchequer —'sgar ends, you know." She: "There, there, go to bed! And take your money with you."

THE NEW TERROR.—Family Doctor: "Well—er—er, I hardly know whether I ought to congratulate you or not. Most unusual occurrence. May say most extra-ordinary. Matter of fact, *triplet*! Three of them." Unhappy parent: "*What*? For heaven's sake, doctor, keep this out of the papers, or I shall be having a telegram from the German Emperor!"

COMRADESHIP.—Young Master (arriving home late, encounters the housemaid returning from her "day out"): "Why, Jane! this is a nice time of night to come home!" Jane: "Yes, sir. What *would* missus say to us if she knew?"

THE TRIALS OF WIFEHOOD.—The wife: "Have you seen this sketch of the new bicycle costume?" The husband (who reads Shakespeare): "No. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in my philosopede."

JOKE UNDERTAKEN.—Mr. Brown: "When Van Oof arrived at the hotel he saw the hotel register: Salisbury, K.G., Mr.——, R.A., Mr.——, M.P., and a lot of others; so he wrote down Mr. Van Oof, £ s. d."

DINER.—"You call this a chicken? Why, it is so tough I can hardly get my knife through it." Waiter: "That's just it. It is too young to be tender. It must have been plucked before it was ripe."

CHOW CHOW.

The Brave Indian at Suakin.

THE SUAKIN FIELD FORCE has reached its destination. The troops are in excellent health and spirits, wires Colonel Egerton. Very comforting news this, and so far well and good. The heat, however, is intense and unbearable at Suakin; but the brave Indian warriors, who have stood the test of many exasperating climes, will no doubt brave all hot obstacles in their way, and make it very hot for Osman Digna and his Dervishes when the proper time comes.

* * *



AT SUAKIN.

"Confound their Politics!"

BY THE BYE, will not somebody make it very hot for the Great Mogul, who presides at the India Office, and his heartless all-powerful lieutenants, who have been bent upon making the poor Indian ryot pay the piper for the services of his own troops lent



OUR ARTIST'S DESIGN.

to a foreign power? The heat in India has latterly reached boiling point; and this piece of rank injustice has only added to the discomforts of the poor Indian ryot. He has been crying and whining, and swearing and protesting,—now seeking justice, now asking for mercy, at the cruel hands of the all-powerful clique ruling his destinies from Downing Street. Of course the fiat has gone forth that the Indian ryot must be bled profusely for the sake of preserving the coffers of Egypt for its European creditors, and of saving Madame Britannia's Chancellor of the Exchequer from a lot of worry and trouble. There seems, under the circumstances, very little, if any, chance of escape for the poor ryot. Would the noble spirit of Britannia and her sense of justice and fair play for once assert themselves, and confound the politics and frustrate the tricks of the Downing Street clique!

* * *

A tribute to worth and wealth. THE Parsees of Bombay have signalised their sense of esteem and respect for the founders of the All-bless Baug—all-blessing and all-blest—by erecting a marble bust of the late Mr. Maneckjee Eduljee All-bless, a scion of the Allbless Family, in the compound of the Parsee Garden of Hymen. It is a worthy tribute to worth and wealth, and does equal credit to the head and heart of the numerous friends and admirers of the family.

* * *

OUR Chow Chow artist presents to the Khojas of Bombay a design for a statue, to be placed in the compound of the garden, consecrated to Hymen, which owes its existence to the munificent liberality of Mr. Noormahomed Jairajbhoy Peerbhoy. It will be worthy crowning of a worthy act.

* * *

The Provincial Service Rules. THE Provincial Service Examination pole has been well greased. The graduate bear who growled and looked askance, for fear of others easily climbing up and gulping down the dainty meal, begins now to doubt his own powers to reach the prize with comparative ease. The bear has the wicked satisfaction, however, that the prize competition will be for his species alone, and no spirited steed or patient ox—the slaves of work—will attempt the wondrous feat of pole climbing.

* * *

WHILE the gladiators, in blood-thirsty times, fought for the amusement of the public, forgetful of personal danger in the heat of the mortal combat, the mothers and the wives of the victims wept tears of agony. So with the Indian Crammers,—gladiators of a humanized age. Whilst they cram and die and the audience applauds, there is sorrow and mourning for the bereaved ones. The Provincial Service Examination Rules hold out fresh laurels, and more gladiators will rush into the arena!

Bravo, Dantra!

THAT indefatigable opponent of everything that savours of *zoolum* and *zabardasti* in the Abkari administration is once more to the front, waging his righteous battles against the inequities of the Mhowra Act this time. Not in the columns of the English dailies, however, for they seem to have boycotted him, thinking him, perhaps, to be a bore harping on one and the same string times out of number. Mr. P. B. Dantra has had to seek fresh fields and pastures new to carry on his battles, and has taken up the columns of the Anglo-Vernacular Press to fire his volleys. He exposes the inequities and foibles of the administration of the Mhowra Act by the score, and has, in all probability, set the responsible officers at their wits' end to devise means to shut him up. His epistles may be compared with the veritable red flag that puts a herd of oxen in a wild frenzy. The Abkari oxen may writhe and yell contradiction and " breathe war from every nostril," but he is sure to go on fighting the battles of the poor with that indomitable courage, persistence and perseverance which are simply admirable, and have been highly appreciated by the admiring public.

* * *

The Bear on the prowl.

NOW that the coronation ceremony of the Czar is over, the Polar Bear is free once more to indulge his appetite for big and small game in fresh fields and pastures new. He has been prowling near the gates of Herat, where the British Lion, the Bengal Tiger and the Afghan Wolf have kept watch and ward these many years. He has been trying to give them the slip, notwithstanding all their watchfulness, and has ventured to come in such dangerous proximity that, one of these days, we may possibly see all the four gentlemen of the Jungle Tribe come to close quarters. And then to think of the fierce and the fearful fight and the harrowing tearing and scratching scenes that may be witnessed on the gates of India!

* * *

Sir Bruin in luck!

BUT whether the designs of the Polar Bear to take a jump over the wall of Herat from that of Merv succeed or not, he has certainly been very lucky in other parts of the world. His stars seem to be in the ascendant, and the omens so far have been auspicious. He has carried everything before him in the very teeth of the British Lion, who, with all his majesty, could only growl and roar, not a little mortified at the spectacle of Sir Bruin imposing his own sweet will in all things Chinese, Japanese and Turkish! And who knows, but that, after his rejoicings and feastings have been over, he may find leisure to prowl in the diplomatic fields of China and Persia, there to pounce upon all the nice things that may lie conveniently within the reach of his paws, and so mock the inability of His Roaring Majesty to frustrate his games.

* * *



Trying for a jump.



Bravo, Dantra!

The Wily Celestial brought to book.

THE Spirit that keeps ward and watch over Hind's Garden of Sleep is vexed with the wily Chinaman for tampering with its fruits. The long-tailed Celestial has been in the habit of substituting coal for opium and palming it off on the credulous as the real Malwa and Bengal brands. He has been also carrying on the pernicious practice of defrauding the Celestial consumer by adulterating the pure Indian drug with Tientsin cake, Sesamum seed cake and other compounds, thus deteriorating its true worth. These flagrant malpractices have proved very prejudicial to the fair reputation of Hind's Garden of Sleep, and the ire of the guardian Spirit has been very naturally aroused. She has caught the wily Celestial on the hip, and has brought him to book. He has been trying hard to escape from her grip, pretending to be entirely done up by her rough handling. But she will not give him up, until she is satisfied that the wily Chinese will mend his ways and keep unsullied, within the dominions of the Celestial Emperor, the fair fame and good name of Hind's Garden of Sleep. All success to her fair arms!

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The tragedy at Jeddah.

THE deplorable occurrence at Jeddah has cast a deep gloom over the Khojas of Bombay and has shocked the entire native community. The fanatic assassin seems busy lately with his fell work. His pistol-shot put an end only the other day to the noble life of the Shah-in-Shah of Persia, and his knife has now dealt fatal blows to the two members of the noble Aga Khan family, once powerful in Persia and so widely known and respected in Bombay. The sad event has called forth the deepest sympathy for the courteous Aga Khan and the family of the late Aga Jangishah, who was every inch a nobleman and greatly respected by all.

(*Hindi Punch*, 7-6-96.)

LADY ARTIST (to her six-year-old daughter): "You naughty child! Look at your face and hands and pinafore. What a sight! How could you let her get at my palette and brushes, Jane?" Nurse: "I can't keep her from 'em, ma'am. Miss Dorothy do take after you, ma'am, wonderful; always a-daubing everything over with them messy paints."

PUNCH TO JENNER.

[Thursday, May 14, was the centenary of the first vaccination by JENNER.]

OH, JENNER, each generous spirit
Will drink to your memory to-day!
From you what a boon we inherit,
What horrors you helped drive away!

'Gainst the curse which did maim, blind, and tetter
Its thousands, you gave us a shield:
And until *they* can furnish a better,
Fanatics to wisdom must yield.

Let Leicester for harshness impeach us!
But, JENNER, just were it not jolly
If one of your *confreres* could teach us
To vaccinate fools—against folly?—*Punch.*



Brought to book.





MR. DADIBA'S DREAMS OF THE DERBY SWEEP.

(1) Mr. Dadiba, having invested a ten-rupee note in the Derby Sweep, sits in anxious expectation of Calcutta news. He is sure of the first prize. But 12-30 a. m. and still no wire! (2) He retires with a heavy heart, dreaming of course of horses and has a nightmare! (3) In due time he reads of the result in the papers, and finds that his ten rupees have been swept away! A clean sweep and no mistake! (4) The end!!!

દરબીની ઘોડદોડની શરતને લગતી સોરતીના મી० દાદીબાના હવાઈ સ્વપના.

દરબીની શરતની સોરતીમાં દસ રૂપયાની નોટ મી० દાદીબાએ કડવી કીધેલી હોવાથી, સોરતી કહાડવાના દીવસે રાતના કલકતેથી તાર આવવાની તેવણ કાગને ડોળે વાટ જોતા બેઠા. તેવણ તો પુર ઊમેદમાંજ છે કે પેહેલાં હડી લાખના ઈનામનો તડાકો તેવણનેજ પડી જશે. પણ રાતના સાડા બાર વાગા, તોબી તાર તો મળેજ નહી! (૨) અને દાદીબાના પણ સાડા બાર થઈ ગયાથી તેવણ ભારી દીલે બીછાના પર ગયા. પણ આખો વખત તેવણને શરતના ઘોડાનાજ સ્વપના આવ્યા કરે, અને જાણે તેવણની છાતી પરજ ઘોડાની શરત ચાલતી હોય એમ તેવણને ભાર લાગયા કરે. (૩) આખરે પેપરોમાં સોરતીનું પરીણામ વાંચ્યા પછી તેવણની ખાત્રી થઈ કે દશ રૂપ્યાની તેવણને ચોટલીજ ઉડી છે! અને (૪) તે પછીનું પરીણામ જોઈજ લેવો!



CLEANING AND WHITE-WASHING!

Civic Father—Will he turn into a white elephant, I wonder?

[The House Connections question comes once more before the Corporation, after having been threshed in the latest House-Connections Committee.]

શેહેરીબાવાની સાફસુફ અને ચોપડચાપડ!

શેહેરીબાવા—મને અચરતી એ લાગેચ કે રખે કોઈ દહાડે એ સફેદ હાથી થઈ પડે?

[ઘરો સાથ ગટરનાં જોડાણ કરવાને લગતા સવાલ ઉપર સરવેથી છેલ્લી નેમવામાં આવેલી કમીટીએ નવેસરથી તકરાર અને માથાફોડ કરયા પછી, તે બાબત એકવાર ફરીથી કારપોરેશન હજુર આવી ઉભી છે.]



FAREWELL!

"Ah my dear, I have thoroughly enjoyed your delightful company, and am refreshed and recuperated mentally and physically! Your charms are simply astounding, and one would always like to set his eyes on them every spring and summer! Au revoir! Hope we shall meet again, when I expect to find you more charming, more healthy, and more delightful, than ever!

[The Matheran season is over.]

" ચાલો, સાહેબજી ! "

મી૦ પંચ—આહ, મારી વાહાલી, તારે ત્યાં રહીને હું તન મનથી આસુદો ને તનદરોસ્ત થઈ ગયો છું ! તારી કુદરતી ખુબસુરતી કાંઈ અજબ છે, અને વસંત અને ઉનાળામાં દરેકને તે પરથી પોતાની નજર બસ ખીસાડવાજ ગમતી નથી ! ચાલ સાહેબજી ! આપણે વળી પાછાં મળીશું, અને તે વેળા તુંને વધારે ખુબસુરત, વધારે તનદરોસ્ત અને વધારે મનહર કરનારી હાલતમાં જોવાની હું ઉમેદ રાખું છું !

[માથેરાનની મોસમ પુરી થઈ છે, અને લોકોએ ત્યાંથી પાછા ફરવા માંડયું છે.]



A FRIENDLY HUG!

Chorus.—"Ah friend, who ever would have thought we would grow so tremendously fond of each other!"

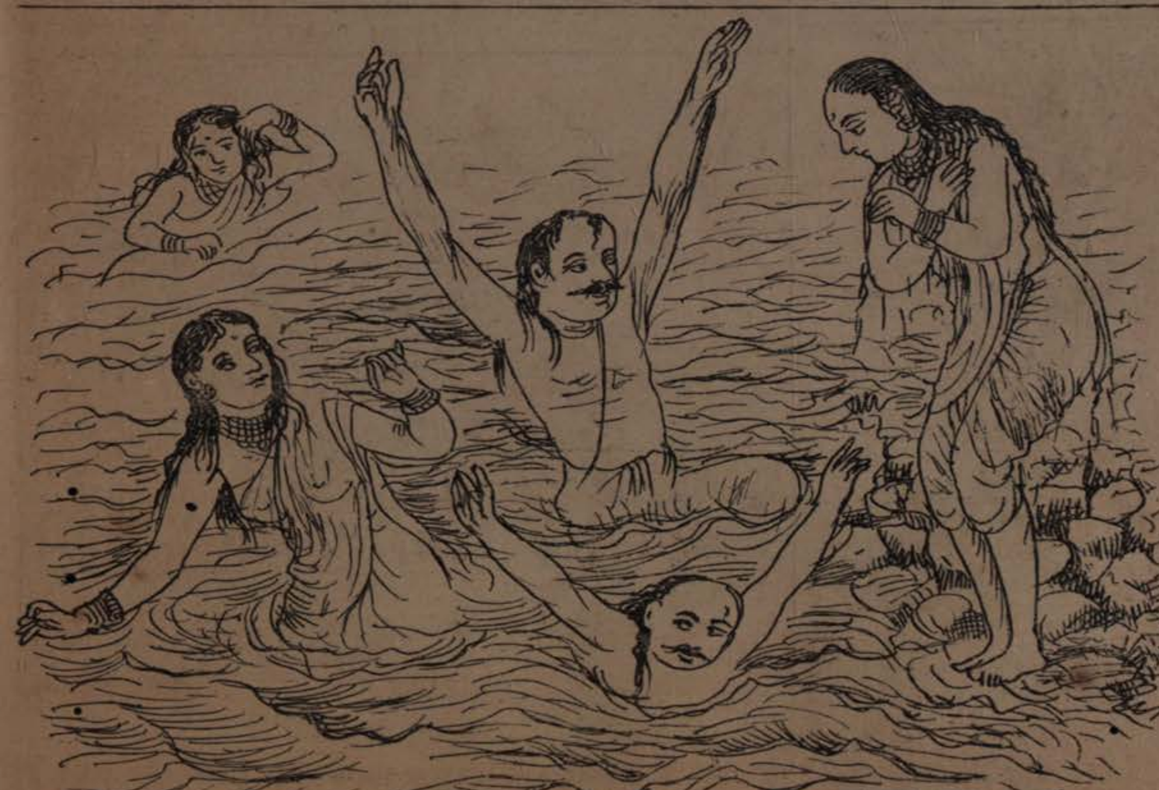
[While attending the Coronation of the Czar, Li Hung Chang, the representative of China, met with a splendid reception in Russia, never before accorded to any Asiatic power.]

"આવરે દોસ્ત ચાંપીને કોટી કરયે!"

બંને દોસ્તો (સાથે)–કોણે કદીબી ધારયું હશે, દોસ્ત, કે આપણે એકબીજાને એટલા બધા વાહાલા હોઇશું ને એકેક પર આપણે એમ મરી ફીટવા નીકળીશું!

[રૂશીયાના શેહેનશાહને તાજ પેહેરવાની ક્રીયા વેળા ચીન સરકારના પ્રતીનીધી લી હુંગ ચાંગને રૂશીયા ખાતે ભારે આવકાર આપવામાં આવ્યો હતો, જેવું માન એશીયા માહેલાં કોઇપણ રાજ્યને આજ સુધી આપવામાં આવ્યું નથી.]

INEXPLICABLE MODESTY—Lord Dufferin claims to have "the smallest volume in the world." Nevertheless, we shall continue to look upon him as a very big man.



PLEASANTRIES OF PROMISCUOUS BATHING.

Dharmichand—Mind you, Ali, take care of your ornaments, as there are gentlemen of the Golden Gang taking a plunge here and there!

Dhankore—(A sister of Mrs. D.) And mind you while jumping, don't you drop on that fellow's back, as he is sure to raise a hue and cry and pounce upon us for damages for breaking his spinal cord and he won't rest unless he has deprived you of one of your bangles!

પુરષોતમ માસમાં દરયે સ્નાન કરવાની મજાહ.

ધરમીચંદ–સંભાળજે હો, અલી, તારા દાગીનાની ખુબ સંભાળ રાખજે, કેમકે નહી તો ધરમ કરવા આવતાં કરમ નડશે! આ પુરસોતમ માસમાં સોનેરી ટોળીવાળા સાહુકારો પણ બહુજ ધરમી બની ગયા છે, અને તેઓ પણ અહીં તહીં ડુબકી મારતા ફરે છે, માટે સાવધ રેહેજે!

ધનકોર–(ધરમીચંદની અલીની બેહેન) અને જોજે હો કે પણી મહી કુદકો મારતાં ઓલા ગલેપડુ સાહુકારની પીઠ ઉપર તુટી પડીશ નહી, નહી તો એ ગલે પડી કેહેશે કે મારી વાંસાની કરોડ ભાંગી ગઈ; અને પછે એવી બુમરાણ કરી મેલશે કે તારી સામે ફરયાદ ન કરવા માટે તારી બાંગડી પડાવી લઈ જવા વીના રેહે શેના નહી!



A SOUND BOXING!

[The Government of India have approved of the action of the Bombay Government in preventing the adulteration of Ghee by legislation.]

મુક્કા પર મુક્કા !

" ઓઇ ! ઓઇ ! ઓઇ ! મરી ગયેા રેએએએ ! "

[ઘીમાં થતી ભેળસેળ કાયદા મારફતે અટકાવવાનાં મુંબઇ સરકારનાં કામને હીંદી સરકારે પસંદ કીધું છે.]



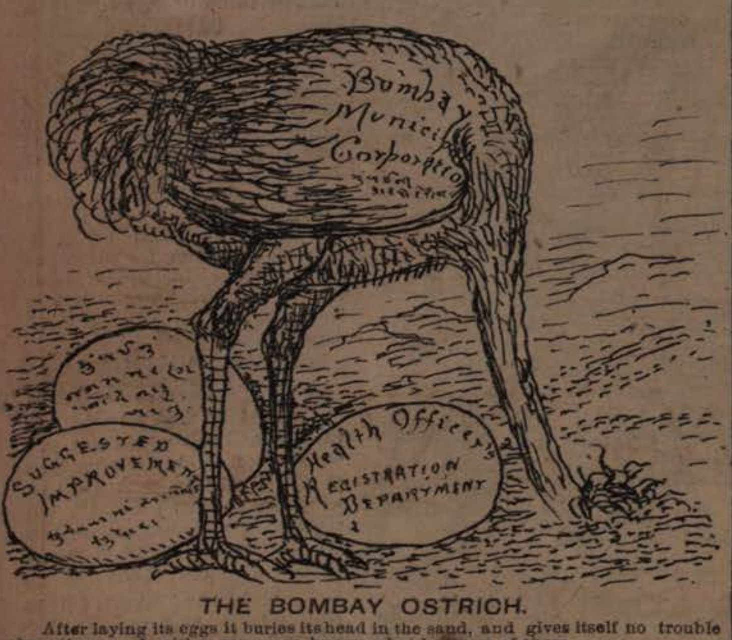
THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE, &C.

Hubby—But pray, my dovey, tell me, what's the matter?

Wifey—Boo-oo-oo—er ! I saw in the papers the list of marriages, where they have put me down as 30, while I am only 20, you know! Boo-oo-oo! And fancy, your being 50! Why, every one will go and say I've married an old idiot;

પરણ્યાં પછીનું પેહેલું અઠવાડયું !

[વધુ માટે જુવેા પાનું ૧૭ મું.]



THE BOMBAY OSTRICH.

After laying its eggs it buries its head in the sand, and gives itself no trouble about them, and neither cares nor knows what becomes of them.

[Dr. Weir, the Health Officer, in submitting a report on the subject of the working of the Registration Department, states that except the appointment of medical men to treat the poor and the adoption of a system of poor house or parochial relief, for which a large amount of expenditure is necessary, no improvement in the Registration Department is possible. Years ago he pointed out this fundamental measure for the improved registration of vital statistics, but the Corporation put it off as it involved a large amount of yearly expenditure.]

મુંબઇનું શાહમુરગ.

[વધુ માટે જુવેા પાનું ૧૭ મું.]



THE FAST RACER.

(THE FAVOURITE OF THE BHATHIAS OF BOMBAY.)

[Through the good offices of the Bhathia Mitra Mandal, the charities of the Bhathia community are taking a sound practical turn, for the general good of the community.]

પવનના વેગે ફાસ્ટ જતી શરતની ઘેાડી.

(મુંબઈના ભાટીયાઓ વચે બહુ માનીતી થઈ પડેલી.)

[ભાટીયા મીત્ર મંડળની રૂડી કારીરોથી ભાટીયા કેામને લગતી સખાવતેા કેામનાં સામાન્ય ભલાં અને ખરેખર ફાયદાનાં કામ માટેજ હમણા હમણા થવા લાગી છે.]

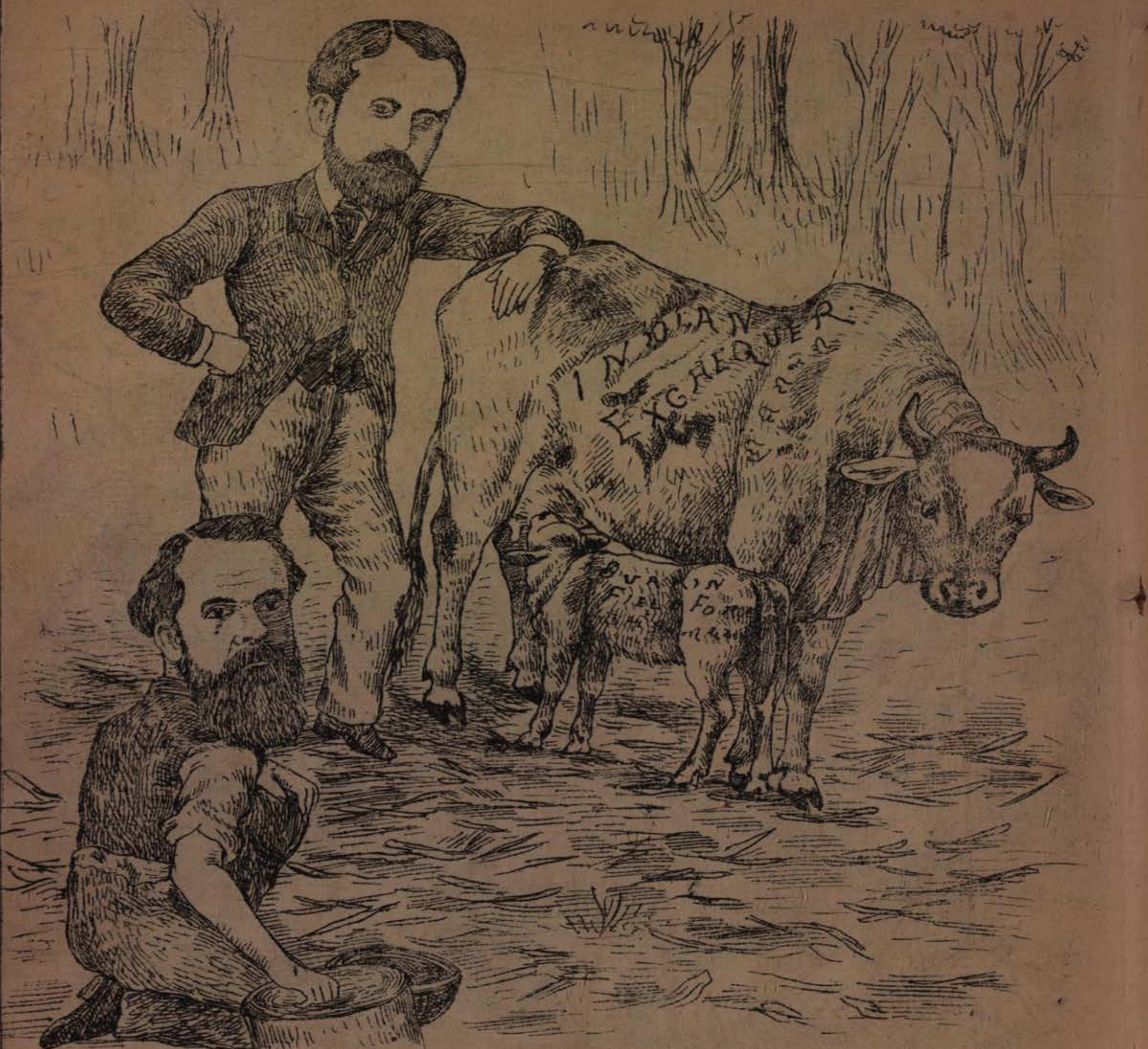


THE SPECTRE'S LOOT!

[Severe drought and want of grain and fodder is being felt in the N. W. Provinces, and Government has been obliged to open relief works.]

કંગાળ દઈતની લુટ !

[વાવ્ય પ્રાંતોમાં પાણીની, અનાજની અને ઘાસચારાની ભારે તંગી ચાલે છે, અને તેથી સરકારને મદદનાં બાંધકામ ઉઘાડવાની ફરજ પડી છે.]



THE NEW CALF.

(With apologies to Stanhope Forbes.)

[The Indian Exchequer is made to bear the full burden of the expenses of the Suakin Field Force, Lord George Hamilton and Lord Elgin having arranged the matter between themselves.]

હીંદની દુધાળી ગાયને ધાવતો નવો વાછરડો.

[સુએકીન ખાતે ગયલાં હીંદી લશકરને ત્યાં રાખવાનો સઘળો ખરચ હીંદી તીજોરીપરજ નાખવાનું હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાંના પ્રધાન લાર્ડ જ્યોરજ હેમીલટન અને વાઇસરાય લાર્ડ એલગીને નકી કીધું છે.]

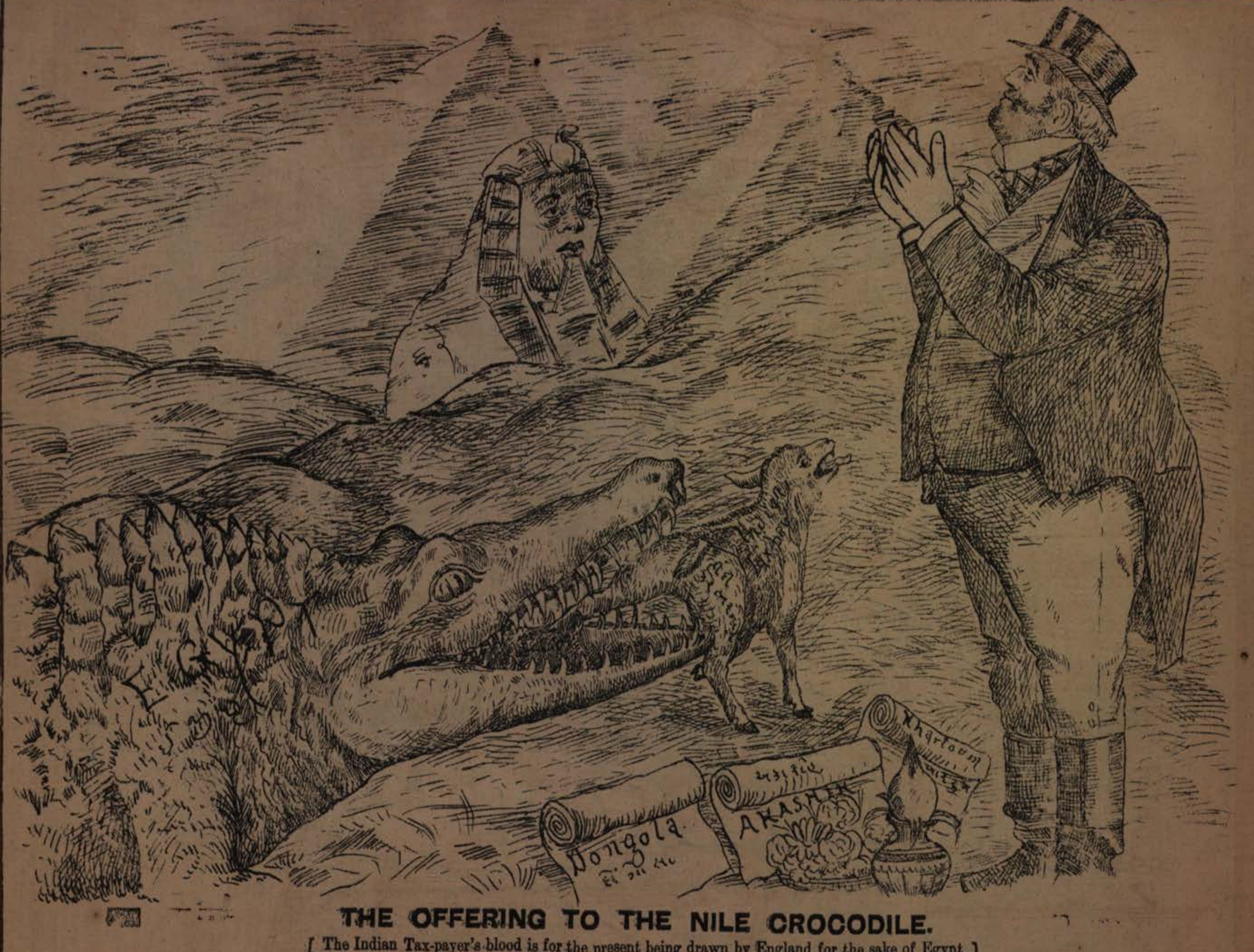


THE ROYAL EUROPEAN LOVERS.

["The Coronation of the Czar was completed this forenoon. It was a splendid pageant, and the ceremony most impressive."—*Telegram, St. Petersburg, May 26.*—"France is paying special honours to the coronation of the Czar. Paris is decorated, and the Minister of War has granted a day's leave to the troops, and remitted the sentences on certain offenders;"—*Telegram, Paris, May 24.*—"The *Gaulois* publishes an account of an interview that has taken place at St. Petersburg between the Czar and Mon. Flourens, in which his Imperial Majesty declared that he would support France in the Egyptian question to the end."—*Telegram, Paris, May 26.*]

યુરોપનાં બાદશાહી આશકમાશુક.

["રૂસ્યન શાહનશાહને તાજ પેહેરાવવાની કીયા આજે પાછલા પોહોરે સંપુરણ થઈ હતી. તે વખતનો દેખાવ બહુજ દબદબા ભરેલો અને જોવા લાયક હતો. તથા કીયા ઘણીજ અસરકારક હતી."—તારનો સંદેશો, સેંટ પીટરસબરગ, તા૦ ૨૬ મી મે.——"રૂસ્યન શાહનશાહને તાજ પેહેરાવવાની કીયાના સંબંધમાં ખુશાહાલી જાહેર કરવાને ફરેંચ સરકાર પોતાના દેશમાં પણ ખાસ ગોઠવણ કરે છે. પારીસના સઘળા લતા સીંગારવામાં આવ્યા છે; લડાઈ ખાતાંના પ્રધાને લશ્કરને એક દીવસની રજા આપી છે, અને ન્યાયખાતાંના પ્રધાને ચોકસ બંદીવાનોની સજામાં ઘટાડો કરયો છે."—તારનો સંદેશો, પારીસ, તા૦ ૨૪ મી મે.——"રૂસ્યન શાહનશાહ અને ફ્રાન્સનાં પરદેશખાતાંના એક આગલા પ્રધાન મેા૦ ફ્લુરેં વચ્ચે થયલી એક મુલાકાતનો હેવાલ "ગોલ્વા" નામે એક આગેવાન ફરેંચ પારે પ્રગટ કરયો છે. તેમાં જણાવ્યા પ્રમાણે મીસરને લગતા સ



THE OFFERING TO THE NILE CROCODILE.

[The Indian Tax-payer's blood is for the present being drawn by England for the sake of Egypt.]

નાઈલ નદીના સુસવાટને આપવામાં આવતો ભોગ.

[ઈજીપ્ટને ખાતર હીંદી કર ભરનારનું જીવતું લોહી કહાડવાનાં કામપર હાલ તુરત તો ઈંગલંડ લાગી ગયું છે.]



BARRING THE ENTRANCE!

A Parsee—Will you please allow me to pass in?

A Railway Volunteer—You! Never. I'll die first, You may call me a cad, an unmitigated cad if you like, but a nigger must not approach me, much less associate, and bear arms, with me!

["A Bombay Volunteer" writes:—"I take upon myself to state that Parsees have never been admitted into the above (G. I. P. and B. B. and C. I. Railway Volunteer) corps, and to add that about four years ago there was a proposal put to the vote to permit Parsees to become members, but it was unanimously rejected and a rider added that if insisted upon all the members of the corps would resign."]

"અંદર નહી દાખલ થવાય!"

એક પારસી—મેહેરબાની કરીને મને અંદર દાખલ થવા દેશો?

એક રેલવે વાલનટીયર—કોણને? તુને! કદીબી નહી! તુને અંદર દાખલ થવા દેઉં તે આગમજ તો હું પેહેલાં મરી જવશ! તારા ગમે તો મને રખડતો રઝળતો પોરીયો ગણ, કે તું મને ગમે તે કેહે, પણ તારા જેવા એક કંગાલ કાળા નીગરને મારી આગળ કદીબી હું આવવા નહી દેઉં, તો શું તુને મારી સાથે હું ભેળાવા દેઉં અને મારી સાથે હથીયાર બાંધવા દેઉં? કદીબી નહીં!

[એક "મુંબઈનો વાલનટીયર" લખે છે કે,—"હું પોતે જણાઉ છું કે પારસીઓને કદી પણ જી. આઈ. પી. અને બી. બી. સી. આઈ. રેલ્વે વાલનટીયર કોરમાં દાખલ કરવામાં આવ્યાજ નથી. ચાર વરસની વાત ઉપર પારસીઓને એ વાલનટીયર પલટણોમાં દાખલ થવાની રજા આપવાને લગતી દરખાસ્ત લાવવામાં આવી હતી, તે સર્વાનુમતે ઉડાડી નાખવામાં આવી હતી, અને તેની સાથે સાથે એવી દરખાસ્ત પસાર કરવામાં આવી હતી કે, જો પારસીઓને દાખલ કરવાની બાબતમાં હુજ્જત કરવામ આવશે તો પલટણના સઘળા વાલનટીયરો રાજીનામા આપીને ચાલ્યા જશે."]



THE BELLIGERENTS.

Mr. Punch wishes that they may settle their differences as they like, without in the least drawing the life-blood of the poor Indian.

[The Egyptian Forces defeated the Dervishes at Firket in Soudan on Sunday last, 7th June.]

ટૅાટા પર આવેલી વાત!

મી૦ પંચ એટલુંજ ઇછે છે કે, ગરીબ બાપડા હીંદીનું જીવતું લોહી કહાડયા વીના આ લડાઇ ચલાવનારાઓ પોતપોતાનો હીસાબ ગમે તેવી રીતે ચુકવી લે તો બસ.

[ગયા રવીવાર તા૦ ૭ મી જુનને દને ઈજીપટનાં લશકરે સુદાનના દરવીશોને ફરકટ નામની જગા આગળ એક જબરી હાર ખવાડી હતી.]



HONOUR *VERSUS* DISHONOUR.

Mr. Pranlal—Don't you go out in the rains without an umbrella!

Mrs. P.—I carry an umbrella, and allow myself to be looked upon as a low-caste woman! Never! What will people say of me?

Mr. P.—And what will they say of a living nude picture, with *saree* and *cholee* soaking wet?

Mrs. P.—That's nothing, as long as all high-caste women go like that! Evil be to him that evil thinks! There's no shame in being drenched with the bounty of heaven. To keep it off with a rag of an umbrella over head is both ingratitude and downright dishonour! I'll die first!

છત્રી ઓઢવામાં આબરૂ કે બેઆબરૂ?

મી० પ્રાણલાલ—જો તું વરસાદમાં છત્રી વીના બાહેર જતી નહીં!

મીસીસ પ્રાણલાલ—હું છત્રી ધરીને જાઉં, પછે લોકો મને કોઈ નીચ વરણની સ્ત્રી ધારે તો? ના કદી નહીં! લોકો મારે માટે શું બોલશે તેનો તો કાંઈ વીચાર કરો?

મી० પ્રાણલાલ—અને તારી સાડી ને ચોલી વરસાદ મહીં તરબોર થયા પછી જે જીવતું નગ્ન ચીત્ર તે બની દ્રષ્ટીએ પડશે, તે રીતે તેઓ શું બોલશે, તેનો કાંઈ વીચાર કીધો?

મીસીસ—તે મહીં તે શું મોટું! બધે ઉંચ વરણની બાયડીઓ એમજ વરસાદ મહીં તરબોર થાય છે એટલે પછે તે મહીં બીહીવાનું શેનું? એ તો જે દુષ્ટ હોય તે દુષ્ટ વાત કરે! વરસાદ મહીં સાડી ને ચોલી સાથ ભીંજાઈને હું તરબોર થઈશ તેમાં કાંઈ શરમ ભરેલું નથી! પણ કુદરતી રેલછેલ સામે એમ માથા પર છત્રીનું ચીથરૂં ઓઢીને ચાલીશ તો તેમાં કુદરતને કરૂતઘન થયલી ગણાઈશ, અને વળી ગામમાં બેઆબરૂમાં ખપીશ તે જુદું! માટે હું તો પેહેલાં મરી જઈશ પણ છત્રી નહીં ઓઢીશ!



INAUSPICIOUS!

Jari—(Newly-married) How very ridiculous to have one's marriage published in the newspapers, name and age and everything! What a food for Slander!

Kolee—You're right. Take better care next time, and when you marry again, see that ——

Jari—Oh! —— you —— you!!
[*Jari explodes with unutterable severity.*

ચાંદરાતને દાહડે અપસગન.

જરી—(તરતનીજ પરણેલી) બરયુ રે, વરી આપણાં લગન થાય તેનું ગામમાં વાજું તે સાથું વજારવાનું, ને બરેબર ઠંડે ઠંડે તે સાથું કરાવવાનું! જેની બંધા નુસમાં લગન છપાય તેમાં નામ ઠામ, ઉમર ને બીજું બધું આપી દેય! તેથી મુવાં આપણાં પરવારતાં લોકોને કેટલીબધી લોકોની છોકરીઓ ને દીકરાઓની નીંદા કરવાની મળે! બરયું એવું છપાવવાનું!

કોલી—ખરી વાત છે, જર. હવે તું જરા બીજી વખત સંભાળ રાખજે, અને તું ફરીથી જ્યારે પરણે તારે જો જે કે——

જરી—ઓ તું બોલતી મુરેરેએ! એ મુને ભુસી મુકું રેએએ!

[જરી જબરદસ્ત સળગી ઊઠે છે!]



SOL IN FULL GLORY.

Punch Muniraj—Cool down a bit, will you? Warm and genial, not scorching hot.

[The intense heat all over India this summer has done sad havoc to human, vegetable and animal life.]

સુર્ય નારાયણ પુર તેજમાં.

પંચ મુનીરાજ—બાપુ, જરા તો થંડો પડ! તું એમ ધીકધીકતો ગરમાગરમ થઇ પડશે તે કેમ ચાલશે ?

[આ વરસના ઉનાળામાં આખા દેશમાં પડેલી પહીદ સખત ગરમીથી માણસ, તેમજ પ્રાણી અને વનસ્પતી પર બહુજ નઠારી અસર થઈ છે.]



Pemlo—Hallo, Ali dear, what's this? It smells so nice, and looks so soft!

Kamlo—That's puff to dust my face with violet powder, and make me look as fair as a *madham*! Don't you poke your dirty nose in it!

Pemlo—You're imitating, Ali dear, the Parsee girl with a vengeance! Puffing yourself up, to look what you are not! But no amount of puffing will make me a *divalia* like the Parsees, mind!

પેમલો—વાહરે અલી, આ શું? એ તો બહુ સુગંધી ને પોચું પોચું ને નરમ નરમ છે!

કમલા—એ તો મરાં મોહાં પર પોડર છાંટવાનું કુલ છે, જેથી હું નકરી મઢમ જેવી ગોરી દુધ થઇ જાઉં છું! આ તમારૂ વાસ મારતું નાક તે મહીં નહી ખોશી સખો!

પેમલો—અલી, તું એબી પારસી છોકરીને મોહોતે નકામી કાં મરે છે! એમ પોડર ને પુડર ઓપડયાથી તે કાંઈ મઢેમ થવાતું હશે? એલા પારસીઓ તો દાવાલીયા છે; અને તું એમ પોડર પુડરનાં પછાડા મારીને મને પણ દીવાલું કઢાવવા માંગે છે કે શું!



A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE NAUTCH-GIRL.

MR. PUNCH, I intend importing a few ballet-dancers from the Music Halls of Europe, in the hope that they will prove a healthy substitute for the Nautch-girl at native weddings, without doing any violence to the modesty and morality of all those European friends who have joined the natives in decrying her!—Yours, &c., A BOMBAY GOOSE.

નાયકણીના નાચને બદલે.

મી૦ પંચ સાહેબ,—યુરોપના જુદા જુદા મ્યુઝીક હોલમાંથી હું થોડી નાચનારી ને ગાનારીઓને અહીં લાવવા માંગું છું, અને એવી આશા રાખું છું કે, દેશીઓને ત્યાંના લગન વેળા નાયકણીઓના જે નાચ કરાવવામાં આવે છે, તેમની જગા લેવાને તેઓ ઠીક કામે લાગશે, અને દેશીઓની સાથે જે યુરોપ્યન મીતરો નાયકણીને હાંકી કહાડવાના કામમાં જોડાયા છે, તેઓની મરયાદા અને નીતી ઉપર તેથી કશો બળાતકાર ગુજરશે નહી.—લા૦ સેવક, બોંબે ગુસ.



THE CLATTERING OF THE TEETH!

A Bombay House-Owner—Ah you roaring, bullying Leo! You want to snatch away this bag from me, eh? Well, I am not such a greenhorn as to allow you to do it! I will turn heaven and earth, thunder and roar louder than you, and make you wince under my all powerful body, before I surrender this heavy bag!

Mr. Leo—Gently, gently, Mr. Bloatedjee, gently please! Self-interest has made you blind; but have some common sense and act on the principle of looking to the greatest good of the greatest number!

[The resolution of the Corporation to do the house-connections at the cost of the Municipality has been found to bristle with innumerable difficulties, and the safest course is to rescind it.]

દાંત કચકચવા માંડ્યા !

મુંબઈનો એક ઘરવાળો—અરે ધાંધલીયા ધરપગીયા ધામધુમીયા ! તું મારા હાથમાંની આએ પઈસાની ગેલી પડાવી લેવા માંગે છે નહી ! પણ હું કાંઈ એવો જોશો ભોટ નથી કે તને તેમ કરવાં દઈશ હો ! હું તો ધરતી ને આકાશ એક કરીશ. તારા કરતાં વધારે જોરથી બરાડા પાડીશ ને ધામધુમ ચલાવીશ, અને મારાં મજબુત બળ તળે તને તરફડયાં મારતો કરીશ, અને પછેજ આ ગેલી ઝાઝેલી છે તે છોડીશ ! ત્યાંસુધી તો નહીંજ !

મી૦ લીયો—ધીરે, ધીરે, મી૦ ફુગરેલાજી, ધીરે ! તમે આપસ્વારથથી આંધળા થઈ ગયા છો, પણ જરા સાદી સમજ રાખો અને ઘણાઓનું સઉથી ઘણું ભલું થતું હોય તેજ તરફ જોવાના નીયમ ઉપર ચાલો !



UMRA KHAN'S FEAT AND IT'S RESULT.

[Umru Khan, who put the Indian taxpayer to the expense of Rs. 1,73,50,000 for the Chitral Expedition, passed through Karachi and Bombay the other day on his way to Mecca for pilgrimage. Latest reports from the Malakand Chitral line of communications shows that the reliefs are proceeding most satisfactorily. The Government of India must now be well content with their direct road to Chitral.]

ઉમરાખાનની ગેાલાંટ ખાવાની કસરત અને તેનું પરીણામ.

[ઉમરાખાન, જેણે ચીત્રાલની ચઢાઈનો રૂ ૧,૭૩,૫૦,૦૦૦ નો ખરચ હીંદી કર ભરનાર પાસ કરાવ્યો છે. તે થોડા દીવસ પર કરાંચી અને મુંબઈ થઈને મકા આત્તે હજ કરવા ગયો છે. હવે ચીત્રાલમાં હીંદી સરકારની નેમ અને ધારણા મુજબ ચાલતું કામ સંતોષકારક રીતે ચાલે છે. ચીત્રાલમાં રહેલું લશ્કર હીંદુસ્તાન આવે છે અને હીંદુસ્તાનથી નવું લશ્કર હમણાં રવાના થાય છે. અને તેને લગતાં કામમાં કશી જાતની હરકત નડી નથી.]

CHOW CHOW.

End of the War of the Freights.

THERE is peace on earth. Active war everywhere, and all warlike preparations and demonstrations, appear to be at a stand-still. The latest cessation of hostilities hails, once more, from Japan. The rich steam-ship company of that port—the Nippon Yusen Kaisha—which, under the guidance of our esteemed townsman, Mr. Jamsetjee Tata, has, for the last two years, shown active fight and has helped largely to keep the rates of freight to China and Japan within reasonable limits, has gone over to the opposition, and there has been a cordial shaking of hands over the momentous event between that company, on the one hand, and the P. & O. Co. with its faithful allies, the Austrian Lloyds and the Navigazione Generale d'Italia, on the other. We may now expect to see a fearful rise in the rates of freight to China and Japan, and India's interests scattered to the winds. Already, the peace has been signalized by a move in that direction, and among the first exports to suffer is the product of our mills. The four allied companies have secured a rich field to graze and fatten in, and while they are enjoying themselves, the poor Indian milch-cow must tamely look on, chewing the cud of disappointment and discontent.

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The Czar's Coronation.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE CZAR of All Russias has been crowned amid great pomp and rejoicings, and France has held a holiday over the event. She has liberated some of her wayward children in honour of the festive occasion. "Is the event to bring no "balm to Hind," asks Jálandhar Náth, "whose hospitality the happy monarch has had the pleasure of "enjoying not long since? Remove once for all the "scare-crow from the north and show by friendly deeds, "O! Monarch! that Hind has nothing to fear from "thee, and thou shalt for ever make her strong and "happy. She stands in mortal dread of thee somehow, and suffers from morbid nervousness. The "regime prescribed to check the tremor and keep her "calm, is debilitating her." But for the eternal dread of Russia how happy would Hind be with Britannia to help and comfort her?

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Hero-worship with a vengeance.

IN these days when nobodies and mediocrities are honoured with busts and statues and funds are started to feast and feed them,—not the busts and statues, but the worthy nobodies and mediocrities,—it is a matter of very little surprise that Messrs. Sir Jamsetjee, Fazulbhoy, Harkisson & Co., the staunch, loyal and faithful friends of Mr. Harry Acworth *alias* Mr. Drinoter, should have the presumption to make a present of the bust of their idol to the Bombay Civic Father, and ask him to keep it as an ornament in the Council Chamber. How this marble effigy came into existence is ancient history, and is one that at once raises a smile and a sneer. But we suppose Messrs. Sir J., F. H. & Co. shouldn't vex their good souls over such trifles when busybodies try to refresh their forgetful memories about them. Messrs. Sir J. &c. &c. & Co. mustn't stand or wait to discuss the desirability or otherwise of perpetuating their guide, philosopher and friend in marble; because it would be nothing short of sheer impudence and downright slander on the part of those busy bodies to think that there could be any possible room for doubt in the minds of Mr. Drinoter's friends about his sterling worth, real merit and the noble qualities of head and heart by which he made himself worthy for a bust and to be greatly beloved, highly respected, and widely honoured, not only by his flatterers—oh, we beg pardon, we mean his friends,—but by the general mass of the Bombay public. Of course there are a few "flaccid and invertebrate decadents" of the type of the *Bombay Samachar*, *Hindi Punch*, *Rast Goftar*, *Kaiser-i-Hind*, *Indu Prakash*, *Gujerati* and others, in whose eyes Mr. Drinoter's noble qualities seemed comprised in high-handedness and johukamism of the worst type. These decadents always remain dissatisfied with everything and everybody, and are never convinced or convincing. They may safely be left out of all calculation, and treated with supreme contempt. And Messrs. Sir J. &c. &c. & Co. mustn't for a moment let it appear as if they had displayed a lack of discrimination and done violence to public opinion by erecting a monument to their hero. (*Hindi Punch*, 14-6-96.)

મુંબઈનું શેહેરી શાહમુરગ.

[જુવો ચીત્ર પાનું ૧૨ મું]

પોતાનાં ઈંડાં મુકયા પછી તે પોતાનું માથું રેતીમાં ડાટી દે છે, અને તેમને સેહેવવાને માટે કશી મેહેનત લેવાની કે તેમનું શું થાય છે તે જાણવાની કસી દરકાર રાખતું નથી.

[મુંબઈનો હેલ્થ આફીસર ડાકટર વેર જણાવે છે કે જયાં સુધી મોટો ખરચ કરવાને કારપોરેશન તઈયાર નહી હોય ત્યાંસુધી મુંબઈમાં થતાં જનમ મરણને લગતી નોંધ રાખવાનું ખાતું સુધરવું મુશકેલ છે.]

પરણયાં પછીનું અઠવાડયું !

[જુવો ચીત્ર પાનું ૧૨ મું.]

ધણી—પણ મારાં વાહાલાં જાન, સું છે તે મને તો જરા કેહે ? એટલું બધું સું થઈ ગીયું કે ડુસકે ડુસકે રડેચ ?

ધણીયાંણી—બુ—ઉ—ઉ—ઉ—ઉ ! આ—આ—આજનાં તે પેપરોમાં છપાયલાં લગનની ટીપ મેં વાંચી, તેમાં—અ—અ—અ—મારી ઉમર તીસ વરસની કોઈ મુવાએ છાપી દીધીચ,—પણ ખરેખર તો મને વીસમું વરસ હજી ઉગવાનું છે ! ઉં—ઉ—ઉ—ઉ ! ને—ને—તમારી ઉમર મુવા ઘેરાના ખાધાએ પચાસ વરસની છાપીચ !—હ—હ—હ—હવે ગામમાં બધાં સું સમજસે તે ઉપરથી કે હું કોઈ મુવા બુઢા બુઝ્ઝ સાથે પરણી હોવસ !

FIRST British workman: "I sye, Bill, wot's, oll this 'ere tork abart 'one man, one vote'?"—Second ditto: "Oh, that? Whoy, down't yer see? One bloomin' man, one bloomin' vote!"—First ditto (satisfied): "Oh, ah! of course! I might have knowed that!"

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

BIRTHDAY HONOURS.—Mr. Smith: "I wish particularly to see Mr. Jones—I mean Sir James Jones. Is he in?"—Junior partner: "He is *not* in just now, Mr. Smith. But if it's to leave any message of congratulation, I shall be very happy to deliver it."—Mr. Smith: "Yes. Please say that I'm not astonished that Sir James has succeeded. Just look at this dirty old hat that he left at the club in the place of my brand-new one!"

"I SHOULD like to be excused, your lordship," said a man who had been summoned on a jury. "What for?" "I owe a man £ 5, and I want to hunt him up and pay it." "Do you mean to tell this court you would hunt up a man to pay a bill instead of waiting for him to hunt you up?" "Yes, your lordship." "You are excused; I don't want any man on the jury who will lie like that."

DOUBLE DUTCH AND EQUIVOCAL ENGLISH.—*England* says, wittily, that "If President Kruger wanted to teach us Dutch, he ought to begin with *short sentences*." Yes, but Oom Paul may perhaps retort that, if the Outlanders wanted to teach him "plain English," they ought *not* to have begun with mysterious *cyphers* and obscure *cryptograms*.

CRUSHED.—"I haven't lived with you twenty-five years without finding out you're a brute!" wrathfully exclaimed Mrs. Rangle. I know a million reasons why I'd hate to be like you, and only one why I'd like to be like you!" "What is the one reason, madam?" fiercely demanded Mr. Rangle. "Because you've got a good wife!" she screamed.

BY THE DARK HEAVING GREEN.—Elder Sister: "I hope I made myself quite plain to Lord Soften when I refused him last week." Young ditto (who glories in her elder sister's beauty): "You would never be able to do that old girl."

DEGENERACY.—Five: "What's come to Johnny Horner? I never see him down the river now." Cox: "Oh, no! He does nothing but hockey and bicycling. It's an awful pity a man with a good chance of the first boat should have become so effeminate."

FRENCH LADY: "Picca-di-lee Caircus." Obliging Conductor: "All right. One pence." French Lady (who rather prides herself on her English pronunciation): "I anterstond ze Engleeshe langue." Obliging Conductor: "Oh, all right. Keep your 'air on!"

THE SOLITARY.—X 47: "I found the prisoner sitting on a doorshtep in College Street, yer wortship, at half-pasht three this morning." "Was he alone?" X 47: "He was, your wortship!" "How do you know?" X 47: "Bekase I was with him, yer wortship!"

"ALL I demand for my client," shouted the barrister in the voice of man who was paid for it, "is justice!" "I'm very sorry I can't accommodate you," replied the judge; "but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years."

THE BARRISTER'S FAVOURITE HYMN.—"'*Brief*' life is here our portion."

HE: "And did you call at Monte Carlo while you were at Nice?" She: "No; papa called on him, I believe, but from his disappointed appearance when he returned to the hotel, I think Mr. Carlo must have been out."

GOLD NOTES.—Old Hand: "Ah, I heard you'd joined. Been round the links yet?" New hand: "Oh, yes! Went yesterday." Old Hand: "What did you go round in?" New Hand: "Oh, my ordinary clothes."

ABORIGINAL.—"I'm afraid," said the bicycle girl, "that we are getting altogether too original in our ideas of costume." "It's worse than that," replied her mother; "we are getting positively aboriginal."

AN ADVERTISEMENT READS: "Wanted—a young man to be partly outdoor and partly behind the counter." A wag asks: "What will be the result when the door slams?"

HOSPITALITY.—Spokesman of working-men's club (on the occasion of their patron's first visit): "And we 'opes, sir, as this'll be *neither* the *first* nor the *last* time as you'll dew us the honner of settin' among us!"

"PAYING" HIM.—Shortcash: "Is your account correct, doctor? I don't remember your paying me all these visits."—Doctor (stiffly): "Perfectly correct, sir."—Shortcash: "Um! It looks to me as if it had been 'doctored'!"

MR. BOODLES: "You began life as a bare-footed boy, I understand?" New Clerk: "Yes, sir; I was born without shoes."

WHAT'S the differance between a lady's bonnet and a visit to the dentist's?—The one you put on, and the other you put off.

TRIVET: "I hear that you have been spending some time at a health resort." Dicer: "Yes; I'm just out of the hospital."

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.—She (angrily): "What do I get by cooking for you? Nothing." He: "Dear me, you are fortunate. I always get indigestion."

RATHER AWKWARDLY PUT.—She: "What do you think of the dance?" He: "Not much! there isn't a decently dress girl here."

YEAST: "Is your wife liberal-minded?" Crimsonbeak: "I guess so; she seems to give me a good deal of it."

AXIOM IN THE DIVORCE COURT.—The promise of May is often the judgment of Jeune.

TREKS have long been associated wite Boer proceedings, but tricks seem to be still more in their line.

"THAT'S not your hair," said the little brother, glancing at the golden bun. "'Tis false," she replied, tartly.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FINANCIER AND A ROWING MAN.—One feathers his nest, the other his oar.

5 A. M.—Mrs. Brown: "Is that you, William?"—Mr. Brown: "Who else are you 'shpectin' thish time of day?"

BARBED WIRE."—An insulting telegram.

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 11th June.—Together again, after a longish interval, and in larger numbers than usually meet in the Council Hall. Our ornamentals too, generally conspicuous by their absence, had mustered strong in anticipation of the coming fight over the House-connections question, but for any good their presence did to-day, they might as well have stayed away, for the question did not come off.

We began by recording the resignation of Dr. Thomas Blaney, Father Thomas, as I have called him in these columns, our oldest member, the Villiers of the House, in a befitting manner, Mr. Leo, Dr.



ATHF ER THOMAS RECEIVING AN OVATION.

Gas, Dr. Sanitation, Mr. Kur and Dr. Bhal vied with each other in testifying to the countless virtues of the retiring veteran. Mr. Leo, of course, led the way, dropping, as he waxed eloquent over his theme, some very weighty words, every one of which was endorsed by the broad-backed Mr. Bomaster with cheerful alacrity. There were some other resignations also, of minor importance, more or less untoward, and yet not all of them necessarily connected with any ward.

We next recorded the retirement—the forced retirement—(for the poor brute, if only allowed to do so, would have stuck to us until death) of one of our bullocks, whom we dismissed, "unwept, unhonoured



Mr. Bomaster en-dorsing Mr. Leo.

and unsung," striking off his book-value from our livestock return. No return, of this bullock to our livestock any more! The Pinjrapole received him, infirm and 20 years old, and the Pinjrapole will yield him up, dead when the time comes. It was quite time we packed him off! Another day or two, and Mr. Seraph was kind enough to assure us that his vigilant S. P. C. A. would have been down on us like shot for cruelty to animals! We have in our midst some higher animals of thrice the bullock's age, whom it would be a mercy to release from harness. I wonder if they fall within the jurisdiction of Mr. Seraph's society!

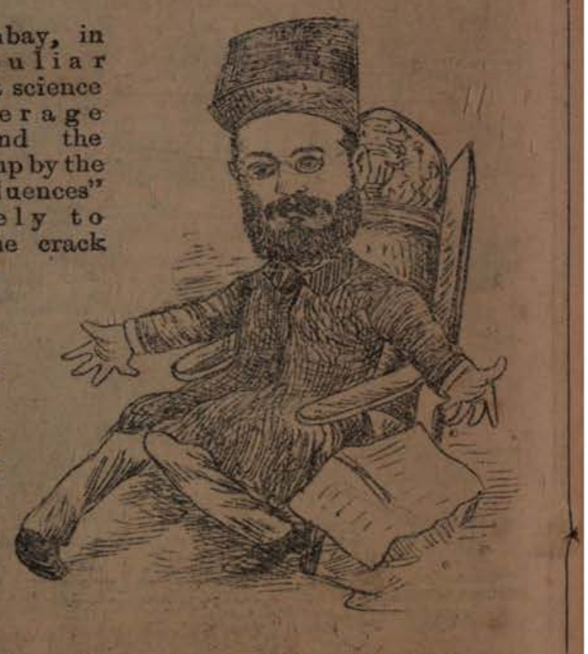
Mr. Seraph was in no mood to be trifled with to-day. He said indignantly that the question of the disposal of town sweepings was a question of the health of the town, and yet the committee entrusted with its solution had been wasting time, instead of deciding promptly what to do with the city's accumulated and daily accumulating waste. He however cooled down when it was explained to him with all the *suaviter in modo* of Drs. Bhal and Sanitation, and the *fortiter in re* of Mr. Leo, that the committee had references to make to the railway companies and to the Government, which necessarily meant delay. Mr. Seraph withdrew, perhaps regretting that he had wasted breath to no purpose. A fearful waste, not confined to Mr. Seraph, and one with which the committee that is looking after our *kutchra* is not concerned.

Dr. Sanitation, true to his name, moved a ponderously scientific proposition, and in so doing, rang the changes on the currents of air in the



Not to be trifled with!

sewers of Bombay, in his own peculiar manner. But science appals the average corporator, and the visions called up by the Doctor's "influences" seemed likely to "stretch to the crack of doom-" "I pray you, forbear," said Professor Muller. "Forbear," echoed Mr. Leo, and methinks I hear my readers cry, forbear!



Dr. Sanitation—"Forbear!"



"QUIS SEPARABIT?"

[The "war of freights" has ended. The Japanese steam-ship company, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, has joined hands with the famous trio, the P. & O., the Austrian Lloyds, and the Rubattino Companies, and the rates of freights to China and Japan will be raised by the quadruple alliance from July next.]

"કોણ આપણને છુટાં પાડે?"—કોણની મગદુર કે હવે આપણી વચ્ચે ભંગાર પાડે?

[ચીન અને જેપાન ખાતે માલ લઈ જવાના નુરના ભાવના સંબંધમાં બે વરસ પર ઊઠેલી લડાઈ પુરી થઈ છે. જેપાનની સ્ટીમર કંપની "નીપોન યુસન કએશા" પણ પી. એા., આસ્ટ્રીયન લાઈડ્સ અને રૂબેટીનો કંપનીનાં એકસંપમાં જોડાઈ ગઈ છે, અને આવતા જુલાઈ માસથી આ ચાર એકસંપ થયલી કંપનીઓએ ચીન અને જેપાન ખાતે માલ લાવ લઈ જવાના નુરના ભાવ વધારવાનું જાહેર કીધું છે.]



THE SMILES OF MEGHRAJ FOR BOMBAY THE BEAUTIFUL.

[After the most overpowering heat, the Monsoon broke in Bombay on the 17th June, 1896.]

મુંબઈ સુંદરી ઉપર વરસવા માંડેલી મેગરાજની મેહેર !

[મુંબઇમાં પલીદ ગરમીથી લોકોએ અને જાનવરોએ હાથ હાથ જીભ બાહાર કહાડયા પછી, ગઈ તા૦ ૧૭ મી જુનથી ચોમાસું ફાટું છે, અને અછી રીતે વરસાદ પડવા માંડયો છે.]



A DOUBTFUL BARGAIN.

Mr. Punch—I say, old fellow, buy this up; he will be another ornament in your Hall!

[It is said that the bust of M. H. A. Acworth will be an ornament in the Civic Hall.]

એક શકભરેલું સાટું.

મી૦ પંચ–એઈ, કાકા, આએ નામીચા ગ્રહસ્થનેબી ખરીદી લેઓ; એબી તમારા દીવાનખાનાનો સનગારજ થઈ પડશે!

[મી૦ એચ. એ. એકવરઠનું બાવલુ શેહેરી બાવાના દીવાનખાનાનો એક સનગાર થઈ પડશે, એવું કહેવામાં આવે છે.]

AN Englishman was once in a train which was "held up" by Carlists in Spain, and overheard a Spanish gentleman, who was overcome with fright, murmuring to himself:—"To die so young, to leave my wife and babes; oh, it is sad! and I haven't even had my *breakfast*."



Peelamae—What a nasty jealous fellow Rain is! Once in a way we have received free passes for the theatre, and he falls in torrents to prevent our going!

Aimae—All the better for us! The latter-day drama has degenerated into ribaldry, pampering vulgar taste.

પીલાંમાય–મરેરે મુવો વરસાદ! એબી મુવો કેવો અદેખો પરયોચ! કધી મથી જારે નાટકમાં જવાની મફતની ટીકીટ મલીચ તારે મુવો એ બસ તુટી પરવા નીકરયોચ, અને આપુને જોવા જવાની આરે એ નરી મરેચ!

આઈમાય–એ તો આપરે વાસ્તે ઘણુંજ ઠીક થાયચ! નાટકોમાં ભરયુંચ સું જે! આજે તો હલકા લોકોના ટેસ્ટને છાજતા નાટક થાયચ. હું તો નહી ધારતી કે આગલી નાટક ઉતેજક મંડળીના હરીચંદ્ર ને નળદમયંતીનાં નાટકોનાં ખાસરાંનાં તરીયાંનેબી આજના નાટકો પુગતા હોય!

THE NEW INDIAN MAGNET—CAN HE LIFT HER?



The little Georgia Magnet has defied the strength of all who have tried to raise her up from the floor of the Tivoli Theatre. The Hindi Magnet is now busy showing the wonders of her strength, and Lord George Hamilton's efforts to baffle her resistance and to raise her up from her strong position are anything but edifying.

[The stand taken by India in resisting the orders of the Secretary of State to pay the expenses of the Suakin Expeditionary force is highly justifiable.—*Newspaper.*]

નવી હીંદી "મેગનેટ"—તેણીને કાકા હેમીલટન ઊંચકી શકશે કે?

નાની જ્યોરજીયા "મેગનેટે" ટીવોલી થીયેટરમાં પોતાની હેરત ભરેલી શકતી દેખાડી છે, અને જેઓએ તેણીને જમીન પરથી અધર ઉચકવાની કોશેશ કીધી છે, તેઓને તેણીએ આજેજ કરી નાખ્યા છે. હમણા હીંદી "મેગનેટ" પોતાનાં બળ ની હેરતો દેખાડવામાં ગુંતાઈ ગઈ છે. તેણી જે જગા પર મજબુત ઠરીઠામ થઈને ચીવટપણે ઉભી રહી છે, તે જગા પરથી



THE CREASY POLE.

Mr. Punch—It's not intended for mediocrities like you, my friends. You can't climb it. It's for persons of stout muscles and good physical and mental strength.

[The first Provincial Service Examination takes place in January next. The standard of test kept by the Government is very high, and only brilliant graduates of the University can expect to pass the examination.]

ઘણો ચીકણો અને સડકણો પોલ.

મી० પંચ—મારા દોસ્તો, તમારાથી એ પોલપર ચહડી શકાશેજ નહી. એ કાંઈ ત મારા જેવા સાધારણ શકતીના અને રમદમો મા ટે નથી. જેઓ તન અને મનનાં મજબુત હોય, જેઓમાં બધી વાતે ઊંચા પ્રકારની શકતી હોય, તેઓથીજ એ પોલ પર ચહડવાની કસરત ક રી શકાશે.

[પ્રાંતીક સનદી નોકરી માટેની પેહલી પરીક્ષા આવતા જાનેવારી માસમાં લેવામાં આવનાર છે. તે માટે જે ધોરણ સરકારે ઠરાવ્યું છે. તે ઘણું ઊંચા પ્રકારનું છે, અને યુનીવરસીટીના થોડા બાહોશ ગ્રાડયુએટોજ એ પરીક્ષા પસાર કરવાની



CHORUS OF THE BOMBAY HAJAAMS.

"What, my dear girl! We come and teach in your schools! Bet you don't catch us with your pice! We scrape up a jolly lot more by shaving! We do!"

[The ridiculously small salaries paid to the teachers of the primary schools in Bombay have set people wondering whether the Joint Schools Committee may not have the services of the barbers of Bombay to teach the young idea how to shoot.]

મેહેતાજી થઇયે કે હજા મજ રહીયે?

મુંબઇના હજામો—અરે તું શું કહે છે, છોડી! શું અમે તારી નીશાળોમાં ભણાવવા આવયે? પણ તું પગાર તે શું મોટો આસે છે કે અમો આ અસતોરા ઘસવાનું છોડી દઈયે! આ હજામતના ધંધા મહી અમને હજી ઘેહીયુ ડુકાની વધારે મળે છે! માટે ના, અમો તો મેહેતાજી ચવાના કરતા હજી હજામનો ધંધો કરવાનેજ વધારે ઠીક સમજયે છીયે!

[મુંબઇની મુળ કેળવણીની શાળાઓના મેહેતાજીઓને એટલા તો હસવા સરખા નાના પગારો આપવામાં આવે છે કે, તે જોઈને લોકો મશ્કેરીમાં બોલે છે કે, આપણી જોઇંટ સ્કુલસ કમીટી નાના બાળકોને શીખવવાનાં કામ માટે મુંબઇના હજામોનેજ નોકરીએ રાખે તો કેવું?]

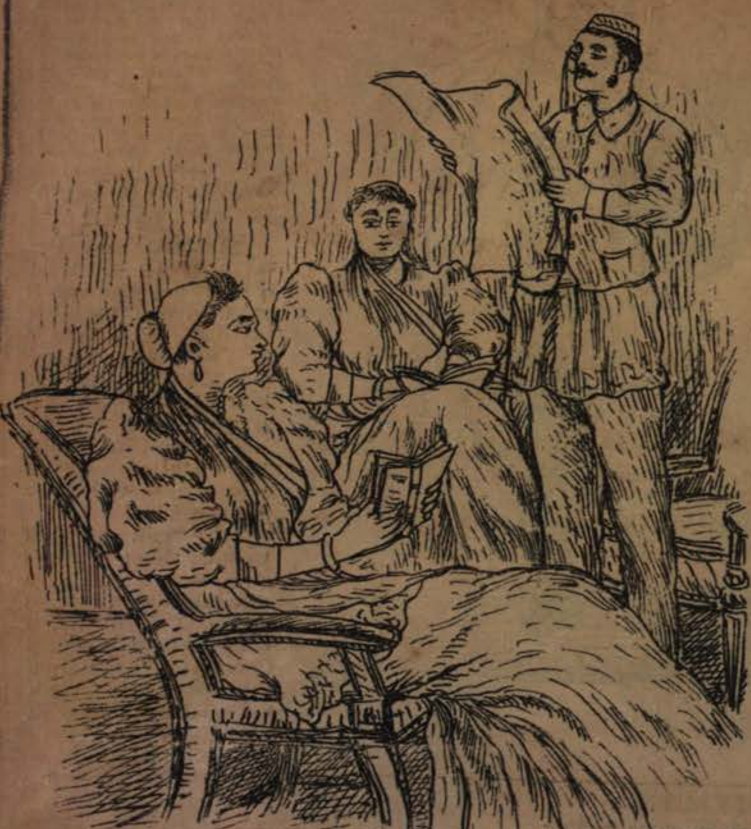
CUPID AND HYMEN

Have now an easy time of it, after having been very busy these last four months. The Hindus and the other natives following in their wake will not disturb the couple for some eighteen months, their Shastras forbidding them to marry till the end of the next Hindu year!

"કયુપીડ" (પ્યારનો ફરેશતો) અને "હાઇમન" (લગનનો દેવતા)

છેલા ચાર માસ સુધી ખુબ મેહેનત, રખડ અને ધામધુમ કરયા પછી હવડાં નીરાંતે ઊંઘ કહાડવા પડયા છે, કેમકે હીંદુઓ અને તેમના સરખા વીચારના બીજા દેશીઓ તેમને દોહોડ વરસ સુધી હવે મુદલજ છેડશે નહી. તેમના શાસ્ત્ર પ્રમાણે આવતાં હીંદુ વરસની આખેરી સુધી તેમનાથી લગન કરી શકાવાનાં નથી, અને જો કીધાં તો લગનમાં વઘનજ પડવાનાં!





Jehangir—Hallo, what's this? Young Sapal has gone and married that rich heiress of five lacs! I wish I had come across such a *Billoo*!

Jari—Yes, and repented at leisure! Why, she would have made you dance like a puppet—a slave obedient to her lightest wish!

જેહાંગીર—ઓહો, આએ સું વરી ? પેલો મારો વાહાલો સપલ તો સધર બીલ્લુ પરણી આયો હેખું ! એને તો પાંચ લાખના આઈતા હલ્લાવાલી બઈરી મળી ગેઈચ ! આહા થાર, મનેબી એકાદ બીલ્લુ હાથ લાગી ગેઈ હોતે તો કીયા મઝાહ પરતે.

જરી—હા, મઝાહ તો કેવી કે હરરોજ બેસતાં ને ઊઠતાં તોબાહ કરતે ! એવી પાંચ લાખની બઈરી લાવે તો ખરા, પછી માલમ પરે કે કેવી તે તમને હુગીલીમાં નચાવેચ ને નાની નાની ચીજમાં કેવા તમને પોતાના તાબેદાર ગોલામ બનાવેચ તે !

WE ARE STARVING!

Pity the sorrows of the poor Mehtajee whose weary limbs have brought him



to your door! Whose hungry stomach meekly prays you would kindly give him a few pice more!

[The Mehtajees, who are employed at Rs. 10 and upwards in the primary schools under the charge of the Bombay Joint Schools Committee, have forwarded a petition asking for an increase of salaries.]

અમે ભુખે મરયે છીયે !

ગરીબ બીચારા મેહેતાજીનાં દુખ પર દયા કરો ! તે બીચારો તમારા બારણે ધ કેલા ખાતો આવ્યો છે, તો તેનાં ભુખ્યાં પેટનો ખાડો પુરવા માટે તેને બે પઈસા વ ધારે આપી તેની પર કરૂપા કરો !

[મુંબઈની જાઈંટ સ્કુલસ કમીટી હસ્તકની શાળાઓના જે મેહેતાજીઓ રૂ ૧૦ અને તે ઉપરનો પગાર કમાય છે તે ઓગે તેમાં વધારો કરવા માટે અરજી કીધી છે.]



THE AFRICAN VENUS.

(*MADAME BRITANNIA IN A NEW GARB.*)

"Oh, my ducky-wucky deary! Don't you cry! Your mamma won't leave you to die in the cold, but will rear and nourish you till there's the last drop of blood in her veins!"

[After the recent exposures in the trial of the Rand reformers at Pretoria a demand is being made to revoke the Charter of Mr. Cecil Rhodes' South Africa Company.]

આફ્રીકાની "વીનસ" (ખુબસુરતીની દેવી).

(મેડમ બ્રીટાન્યા નવા લેબાસમાં.)

"અરે મારાં બુચકલાં, અરે મારાં કચકલાં ! તું ના રડ ! તું ના બીહ ! તુને તારી માય કદીબી એકલું રખડતું રઝળતું મુકીને ઠારમાં થથરવા દેશે નહી, પણ જ્યાં સુધી તેની રગમાં લોહીનું એલ્લું ટપુ હશે ત્યાં સુધી તુંને તે દુધ પાઈને અને પાલીપોષી મોટું કરશે !"

[ટ્રાન્સવાલનું પરજાસતાક રાજ ઊંધું વાળવાને લગતાં કાવત્રાં રચનારાઓની પરી ટોરીઆ ખાતે ચાલેલી તપાસમાં જે ભોપાળાં ઊઘાડાં પડયાં છે, તે ઉપરથી મી૦ સેસીલ રો હડસની સાઉથ આફ્રીકા કંપનીને આપવામાં આવેલો પટો ઈંગ્લંડ રદ કરશે, એવી માંગ ણી કરવામાં આવી છે.]

THE ENTHUSIASTIC SWIMMER.

Mr. punch—May this life-belt protect you, Mahrajah, against the hidden dangers of the tempting waters !

[" Holkar has enemies within his own territories, and some of these have now attempted to discredit him by circulating stories as to fresh oppressin. We have the best authority for stating that these are untrue. Indore is by no means a model State, and much might be done to improve the system of administration; but there is no justification for alleging that affairs have again assumed the complexion of a year ago."—*Pioneer.*]

ઉલટમંદ તરનારો.

મી૦ પંચ—આ નદીનાં લલચાવનારાં પાણી તળેની છુપી ધાસ્તીઓ સામે આ લાઈફ-બેલ્ટથી તારો બચાવ થશો, માહરાજા !



[મહારાજા હોલકરના રાજમાંજ તેમના કેટલાક દુશમનો છે, અને તેઓએ નવેસરથી જુલમાટ ચાલતો હોવાની વાતો ફેલાવી મહારાજાને હીણું લગાડવાની કોશેશ હમણાં હમણાં કરવા માંડી છે. ઘણા ઊંચા પ્રકારની સત્તા સાથે અમો જણાવીએ છીએ કે, એ વાતો ખોટી છે. ઈનદોરનું રાજ અલબત્તે નમુનેદાર નથી, અને તેનો કારોબાર સુધારવાને ઘણું કરી શકાય ; પણ એક વરસ અગાઉના જેવોજ મામલો પાછો થઈ લાગ્યો છે એમ જણાવવા માટે કોઈપણ વાજબી કારણ નથી."—પાયોનીયર.]



SCANT REPOSE.

Hind—Let the poor ox repose under more widening and shadowy branches, m'am. As it is, your tree is bare enough, and the poor animal is left to the overpowering mercy of the scorching heat!

ગરીબ બીચારા બળદીયા માટે ફાંફાં મારવા જેવી આસાએશની જગા.

હીંદ—બાઈ સાહેબ, આ ગરીબ બીચારા બળદીયાને વધ રે વીશાળ ને બેાહુળા ઝાડના છાંયડા તળે આસાએશ આપો તો ઠીક. આ તમારૂં ઝાડ તો તદન સુકું ટટ છે, અને ગરીબ બીચારૂં પ્રાણી ધીકધીકતી ગરમીના ઉકળાટ નીચે ભુજાતુંજ પડયું છે!

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

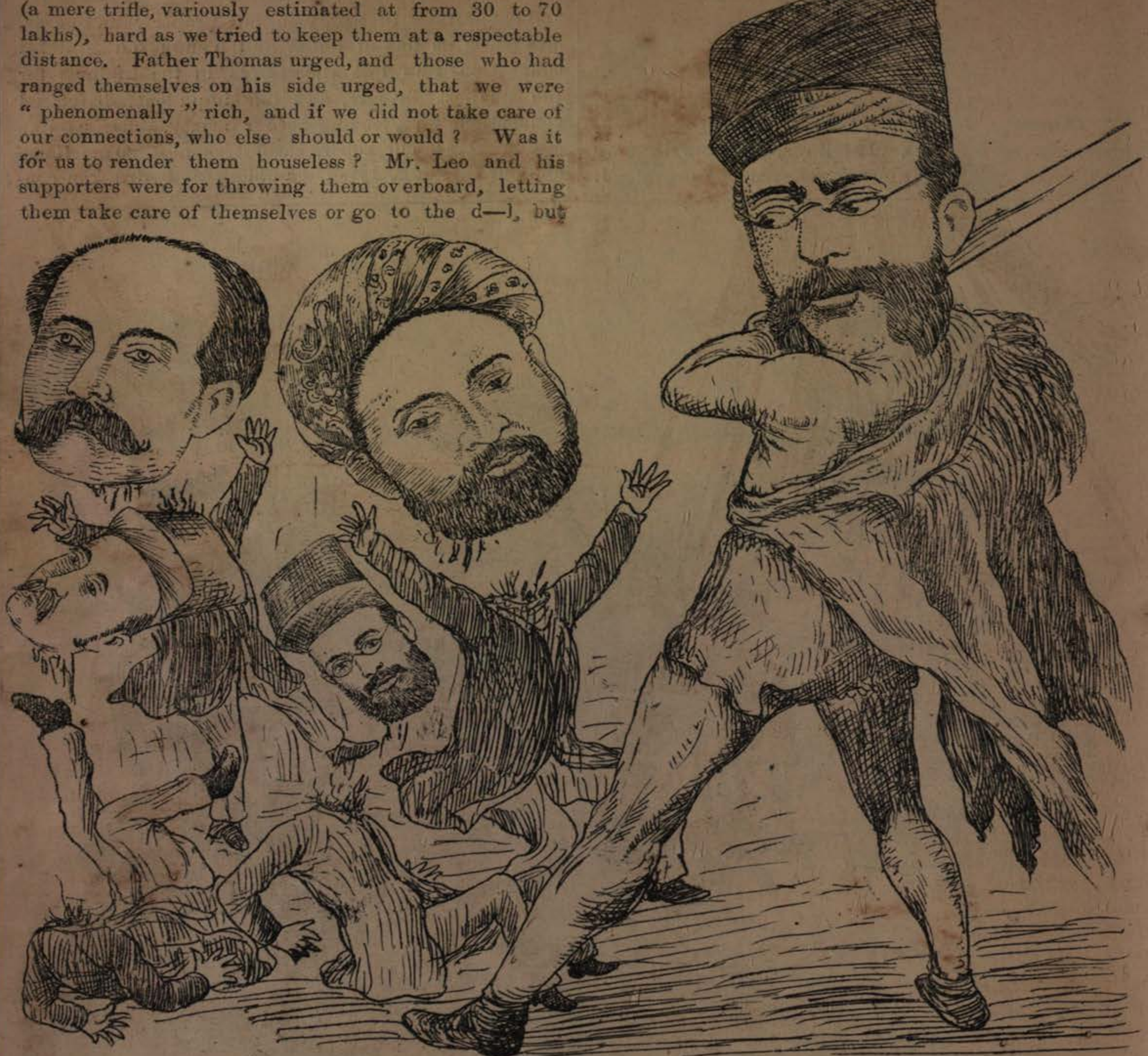
Monday, 15th June.
Thursday, 18th June. } All humanity is bound up by the tie of blood, friendship or business. It follows, therefore, that we have, every one of us, our house-connections, good, bad and indifferent—our borrowing connections and *our lending connections*; our *honourable connections* and our disreputable connections; connections that it would be a pride and pleasure to own and connections that we like to shake off as we would an adder fanged; connections that make life glide easy and smooth with us, and connections that being "near in blood," become "the nearer bloody"; connections that guide and assist and connections that prey on our property and purse, and fleece us out of house and home; our grateful connections who lose themselves in thankfulness for the smallest favours, and our impudent, barefaced connections who, feeding on our bounty, abuse us like coal-heavers; our sober, earnest, honest connections, and our thieving, lying, gambling and drunken connections; the fountain of our joy, and the source of our life-long misery!



SADDLING AND THROWING OVERBOARD!

We, too, the proud Municipality of Bombay, have our house-connections, and we have had no end of trouble with them for years past. My readers know them as well as I, and know how, only a little while ago, our now retired veteran—Father Thomas—

espoused their cause, and saddled us with their cost (a mere trifle, variously estimated at from 30 to 70 lakhs), hard as we tried to keep them at a respectable distance. Father Thomas urged, and those who had ranged themselves on his side urged, that we were " phenomenally " rich, and if we did not take care of our connections, who else should or would ? Was it for us to render them houseless ? Mr. Leo and his supporters were for throwing them overboard, letting them take care of themselves or go to the d—l, but



MAKING SHORT WORK!

the connections were powerful and influential, and Father Thomas got himself so ably propped, that Mr. Leo for once was baffled, *"lost his prestige in the house,"* as one of us sneeringly put it, and we had to own our troublesome connections. Those who fondly hoped however, that the last had been heard of the matter, did not know the stuff Mr. Leo is made of. He had, not his own " lost prestige", but the " prestige"



Propped !

of the House, to vindicate, and he did it in a manner worthy of himself, so that those, who stood hesitating, joined his ranks and he had no difficulty in making short work of his opponents, Mr. Hamilton as substitute for Father Thomas, Mr. Bomaster, Dr. Sanitation and others who wanted to favour the house-owners at the expense of our rich municipality. Mr. Cotton proved himself to be Mr. Leo's ablest henchman, and



Mr. Leo's ablest henchman.

Mr. Pendulum, thanks to his tactics (tick! tick! tick!), struck a middle course which struck at the root of the hollow plea for the city's health, wherewith it was attempted to frighten or coax us into making the house-owners a gift of our money. We are now on the right track. We have not altogether deserted our connections, we are going to look after them, but "only so far, and no further", and we have asked them to shift for themselves after a certain point. It is to be hoped that our connections will prove worthy of us, and that all the trouble on their account is now at an end.

Hindi Punch, 28-6-96.



Thanks for your tactics, Mr. Pendulum.



BREAKERS AHEAD; OR, RANADE'S MOST ARDUOUS AND SELF-IMPOSED TASK.

[The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Ranade's proposal for examinations by compartments comes up for discussion before the University Senate tomorrow.] [*Hindi Punch*, 28th June.]

માર્ગમાં પડેલા પથરા ; અથવા, રાનાડેનું મહા મેહેનત ભરેલું જબરૂં કામ!

[યુનીવરસીટીની પરીક્ષાઓની જે જે બાબતમાં ઉમેદવારો પાસ થયા નહી હોય તેજ બાબતોમાં ફરીથી તેમને તપાસવા, એવી મતલબની દરખાસ્ત આનરેબલ મી० રાનાડે સેનેટ હજુર લાવ્યાછે, તે ઉપર આવતી કાલે તકરાર ચાલશે.] હીંદી પંચ, ૨૮ મી જુન.



"LOVE AND LIFE."

(With apologies to G. F. Watts.)

"As the Angel of Life, . . . he leads the trembling and fragile maiden up the rocky mountain side, and helps her gently over the rough places. The way is steep, and the path 'winds uphill all the way,' but he bids her look up and cheers her fainting soul with glimpse of the celestial heights."—*Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady.)*

હીંદનો રાહબર ફરેશતો.

(જી. એફ. વૉટસની ઘણી ઘણી દરગુજર ચાહીને.)

"તે ધ્રુજતી અને નાજુક કુમારીકાને ખડભચડો પાહાડ વટાવવામાં અને મુશ્કેલીઓવાળી જગા પસાર કરી જવામાં જીંદગીના ફરેસ્તા તરીકે તે મદદ આપે છે. રસ્તો ઘણો ઢોળાવવાળો છે, અને સઘળી તરફ ચહડવા ઉતરવાને મુશ્કેલ પડે એવા ડુંગરાઓ લાગેલા છે, પણ તેણીને તે હીમત આપે છે અને બેહેસ્તમાં દાખલ થવાના પહાડોનો પડછાયો દેખાડી તેણીને બેભાન થતી અટકાવી ખુશાહાલ કરે છે."—જુલીયા કાર્ટરાઈટ (મીસીસ એડી).



PARTIALITY!

Nice things for the Nile Crocodile, while the poor Indian Ox starves!

[The partiality of the British Government for Egypt at the expense of poor India has become a great scandal and has stirred up the spirits of all justice-loving and right thinking Englishmen.]

કેવું પક્ષપાતપણું!

ગરીબ બીચારો હીંદી બળદીયો જ્યારે ભુખે મરે છે, ત્યારે નાઈલના મગર માટે ભક્ષ કરવાને બધી ઊમદા ચીજો બ્રીટાનીયા આનુ હાજરજ રાખે છે!

[હીંદના ખરચે મીસર તરફ જે પક્ષપાતપણું અંગરેજ સરકાર દેખાડે છે તે બીના એક મોટી નાલેશી સરખી થઈ પડી છે, ઇનસાફને ચાહનારા તથા રાસ્ત વીચાર કરનારા સઘળા અંગરેજોના જુસ્સો તે સામે બહુ ઉકળી આવ્યો છે.]



NINE DAYS' WONDER.

Náján—And how is your husband behaving with you?

Goolán—(Wife of eight days) Oh, first rate! During the week that we have been married, he has combed my hair and cleaned my slippers and prepared tea for me, and hasn't allowed me to do a single thing with my own hand!

નવા નીશાળ્યા નવ દાહાડા.

નાજાં—તેં બધી તો વાત કીધી, પણ તારા વરની વાત કરની, ગુલાં! તારો વર તારી સાથે કેમ આલેચ ?

ગુલાં—(આઠ દીવસ થયાં પરણેલી) અરે તેવણને વાસ્તે તો બોલજ ના! આ આ ગામમાં મારા વર જેવા વર તો કોઈના હોસેજ નહી. તેવણ તો મારીપરથી બધા ગોરા ગોરા થઈ જાયચ! અમને પરણ્યાંને આજે આઠ દહાડા થયાચ, તેટલા વખતમાં તો છબરૂ એવણે અને એક કુટ્યુંબી ઉંચકવા દીધું નથી કે નથા કરવા ને આંગળી લગાડવા દીધી! મને તો બસ કંઈજ કરવા દેતા નથી. કંઈ નહી તો એટલા દહાડામાં એવણે મારા પચીસ તીસ વખત બાલ હોરયા હોસે ને ચાલીસ પચાસ વખત તો માથુબાનું ઘોશીને પાછું બાંધ્યું હોસે. વરી મારી સપાટ ને સ્લીપર બી પોતેજ હોસે હોસે નવા કોલ રેસમી રૂમાલે સાફ કરેચ. ને મને આહેબી પોતેજ તઈયાર કરીને અપેચ. ને ખાતી વખતે કોહનામાં મુકબી એવણજ મુકેચ!



THE WOLF AT THE DOOR!

[The latest season reports from the N. W. Provinces and Rajputana show that dire straits of famine are being felt there.]

બારણા આગળ ઉભેલું નાતરસ વરૂ!

[વાવ્ય પ્રાંતો અને રજપુતાણા તરફથી મળેલા છેલા રૂતુ તથા પાકને લગતા સમાચારો ઉપરથી જણાય છે કે, ત્યાં ભુખમરાનું ભયંકર સંકટ ચાલુ થઈ ચુકયું છે, અને મદદનાં બાંધકામો ઉપર લગભગ પોણા બે લાખ માણસોને લગાડવા પડયાં છે તથા કેટલાંકોને મુફ્ત ખોરાક આપવામાં આવે છે.]



"I DRAW MY SWORD AND DRAW MY BILL!"

Britannia—Oh! I'm so glad to see you ready at my word of command to draw your sword for whomsoever I like! Such a willing, loyal, constant and true friend is a real blessing!

Hind—Thanks, for your high opinion, m'am.—Er—er—but—er—by the bye, will you allow me, m'am, to draw a little bill on you for the cost of drawing my sword a your order?

Britannia—H'm—m.,—m—m!!!

"તારી તલવાર ખેંચ અને પઈસાબી તારાજ ગજવામાંથી ખેંચ!"

બ્રીટાન્યા—આહા, મારી વાહાલી, મારો બોલ નીકળતાંજ હું ચાહું તેને માટે તારી તલવાર ખેંચવાને તું ને તઈયાર રેહેતી જોઈ મને થોડી ખુશાલી ઉપજતી નથી! તારા જેવી કામમાં તઈયાર રેહેનારી, વફાદાર, ખંતીલી, અને સાચી સનેહી ધરાવવામાં હું પોતાને ખરેજ ભાયગશાળી સમજું છું!

હીંદ—તમારા ઉંચા મત માટે તમારો ઉપકાર માનું છું, બાઈ સાહેબ. પણ અ—અ—અં—પણ—અ—હું એમ કેહેતી હતી, બાઈ, કે તમારા હોકમ પ્રમાણે મારી તલવાર ખેંચવા માટેના ખરચના પઈસા તમારા ગજવામાંથી મને ખેંચી લેવા દેશો?

બ્રીટાન્યા—હું-એં-એં-એં-એં! હું-અ-અ-અ-મ-મ-મ!

— WHAT IS —

DYSPEPSIA



WE HAVE FOUND A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA AT LAST.

(Or Indigestion as it is also termed) from which so many people suffer? The symptoms differ, and well they might when we come to consider that Dyspepsia is not a single ailment in itself, but many merged into one.

Acidity and distress after meals, pains in the stomach, bowels constipated, dull, listless, and heavy feeling, tongue parched and coated, mouth dry, dizziness, faintness, headache, heartburn, and belching of wind are some of the symptoms of chronic Dyspepsia, which are often accompanied with depression of spirits, extreme nervousness, and irritability.

To successfully treat a combination of maladies which comprise chronic Dyspepsia requires a medicine prepared from the formula of a skilful physician, which we have in

VOGELER'S

CURATIVE

COMPOUND

A rare combination of purely vegetable ingredients, prepared with great care from the formula of one of the leading medical men of London. It acts directly on the liver, kidneys, and stomach, strengthens and gives a healthy tone to the digestive organs, and removes from the system, through the natural channels, all impurities of the blood. It acts promptly, beneficial results are noted almost immediately, and a permanent cure follows, even in the most difficult cases. It is pleasant to the taste; will not harm the most delicate. Put up in large bottles. Dose, only **15** drops, in water.

CURES DYSPEPSIA!

Sold by medicine dealers everywhere at **1/1½** and **2/6**, or sent by Parcels Post by us on receipt of **14** or **30** penny stamps.—The Charles A. Vogeler Co., 45, Farringdon Road, London, Sole Proprietors.

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

WHAT IT WILL COME TO.

The man in front of the bookstall was quiescent. "But I assure you, sir," repeated the attendant, "that this paper contains the latest news and the best written articles. It has correspondents in every part of the world, and its information is at once unique and reliable."

"But how about the City intelligence and the sporting?"

"Prophets of the most wonderful sagacity and success are in command, and have made the fortunes of thousands of readers."

"And Literature, Music, Art, and the Drama ?"

"The very best critics give their finest work to the consideration of the subjects to which you refer."

The man in front of the bookstall wavered.

"Is it a large paper ?" he asked.

"A very large one," was the reply, "but in a most convenient shape. You see, it contains not only the news of the day, but all the best features of a magazine and a cyclopædia."

"But, considering present prices in journalism, it is very expensive."

"My dear sir," said the attendant, "I see it is best to be frank with you. I admit that it is not cheap. But look at the quantity and quality ! Surely it is worth the money ?"

"Well, I suppose it is," returned the man in front of the bookstall, and without more ado he paid the necessary—*farthing* !

GOT THERE LATE.

He took her to the play,
And they were two hours late,
Because she went back fourteen times
To put her hat on straight.

OVERHEARD ON TOP OF A 'BUS.—Passenger in second seat (to his friend, pointing to a man just leaving front seat): "That's an actor."—"How do you know ?"—"He's clean-shaven, and speaks so distinctly. You can always tell. All actors do that."—"Do they ? Then half the people on the London stage—aren't actors. My experience is—many of 'em mumble !"

MADDENING.—Mr. Bawker (distractedly) : "My wife is out of her mind ! She doesn't know what she's saying :"—Mr. Henpeckt : "My dear friend, I sympathise with you ; at the same time I cannot help remarking that I only wish my wife didn't know what she was saying at times, for she says the most awful things !"

'CUTE !—Magistrate (to prisoner) : "What are you?"—Prisoner : "A dock labourer, yer washup."—Constable : "Why, he's scarcely ever out of prison, your worship !"—Prisoner : "Well, I'm always bein' sentenced ter 'ard labour in this 'ere dock, so if I ain't a *dock* labourer, wot am I ? Yah !"

SPITEFUL.—Miss Jellus (to Miss Mature, who is handsome, but not so young as she used to be): "I believe you paint your cheeks."—Miss Mature : "No, I don't ; Nature paints them."—Miss Jellus : "Then I must say I wonder at Nature choosing such a worn-out piece of canvas to work on !"

ADDRESS WANTED.—He (Pompously) : "Ours is a very old family, you know. We came over with the Normans." —She : "Indeed ! But I've never met the Normans. Do they live anywhere about here ?"

"IT SHOWS the inconsistency of a man," said the abnormally new "new woman." "What does ?" "The course the authorities are taking about bloomers. They object to a woman's wearing them." "Yes, and properly." "And the less she wears of them the more they object to it."

"WHAT two beautiful children ! Are they twins ?" said an old bachelor to an Austin lady with two children. "O yes, they are twins," replied the lady. "Excuse my curiosity, madame ; but are you the mother of both of them ?"

PRETTY HOUSEMAID : "An' so you were at the O'Flaherty wedding ?" Coachman : "I wor." P. H. : "An' who was the best man ?" Coachman : "It wor Dennis O'Toole, I seen him wallop three of the biggest chaps in the room afore the plisintries wor over."

COBBLE : "That Miss Slimson is a very sensitive girl. She didn't like it because I called on her last night without being shaved." Stone : "What did she say ?" "She said she felt it very much."

LAWYER : "What is your gross income ?" Witness : "I have no gross income." Lawyer : "No income at all ?" Witness : "No gross income ; I have a net income. I'm in the fish business."

"MY GIRL gave me the marble heart last night," said the single one. "Your woe is naught to mine," said the married one. "It has not been two hours since my wife gave me the marble cake, of her own making.

"SAY, WILKINS, that five-dollar bill you loaned me last night was a counterfeit." "Well, you said you wanted it bad."

"Do YOU think that it is ladylike for a woman to ride a bicycle ?" she inquired. "Yes," he replied ; "unless she insists on riding like a gentleman."

CUSTOMER : "Is it necessary to fee the waiter here ?" Waiter : "Yes, sir." Customer : "Then hand over your fee. I've waited for you nearly an hour."

THE SAME THING.—Journalist (indignantly): "I hear, sir, that you said I was a liar." Jinks : "I simply said that I thought you were a reporter for an evening paper."

INGENIOUS TEACHER : "If the clock were to strike fourteen, what time would it be ?" Intelligent Pupil : "Time to send the clock to be repaired."

A DISCREPANCY.—She : "Young Baggie, I believe, takes his fences well ?" He : "Yaas, splendidly ; but it's a pity his hawse doesn't take 'em at the same time."

MISS ELDERLY : "I am sorry to say no. I should think you could read my refusal in my face." Rejected : "I am not very expert at reading between the lines."

"I MAY be poor, but there was a time in my life when I rode in my carriage." She : "Yes; and your mother pushed it, too."

GRIEF still treads upon the heels of pleasure—
MARRIED in haste, we repent at leisure.

DEFINITION.—"The *Present* Day," *i. e.*, My Birthday

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 25*th June*- The gentleman, so recently appointed by us to fill the void created by death in the ranks of our auditors, has himself, to our regret, succumbed to the "Arch Destroyer," and we are once more on the look-out for a first-class accountant to check our accounts. Once more have some half-a-dozen candidates, like hungry vultures, swooped down upon us, and once more has a committee been appointed to look into, and decide between, their rival claims. It was urged that as the first committee, when it gave us the best man, had also made its choice of the second best, we should take up, and be content with him, rather than go to the bother of another committee and another examination. But we, who feed our auditor fatly, would not hear of such a compromise, and if we must have one, we must have the very best that our money can buy, or none. Would that all our appointments were made with the same care!

Mr. Rienzi Walton, our late Executive Engineer, came up to us again today with his prayer for increased pension, backed up by the old, old story of a telegram that had been delayed in transmission and of a letter that the Post had failed to give up and deliver! The case was put before us, with irksome repetition, by Mr. Hamilton in a lengthy speech, full of special pleading of the weakest kind, which neither convinced Mr. Cotton nor anybody else, but on which we acted nevertheless as if the arguments employed had been unanswerable. A sort of inconsistency, of which, it must be confessed, we make sorry exhibitions now and then! We had the matter before us on a former occasion, and had wisely dismissed it as untenable. We could have done the same today, all the more easily that Mr. Hamilton's arguments could not "hold water." But "my friend" Mr. Cotton appealed to Mr. Mehta and others not to take the trouble to smash them, and "amidst loud applause," we rewarded Mr. Walton's untiring perseverance with the increase he had been begging for. Another Rs. 80 a month out of the municipal treasury! And no one to say a word against this unwarrantable plunder! Not even Dr. Viegas, who at a later stage of the proceedings objected to a paltry payment to a joint-schools pay-clerk! Did I say no one? There were two honourable exceptions, Mr. Seraph and Mr. Dow, who protested, but protested, of course, in vain!

Monday, 29*th June*.- A gala-day with our ornament a l s, our public caterers, our bust-makers, Sir



Special pleading.



Mr. Cotton appealing.

Jamsetjee, Mr. Fazulbhoy and Mr. Hurkissondass! They came to us, begging our acceptance of a bust of our late Commissioner, Mr. Acworth alias Drinoter! They came to us, backed by Mr. Leo, and carried the day, carrying us, too, in spite of ourselves, with them!

Beautiful Bust, so rich and white,
Shining in its own true light!
Place it among the brave and just,
Bust of the Century, beautiful bust!
Bust of the Century, beautiful bust!
Beau-ootiful Bu-u-ust!
Beau-ootiful Bu-u-ust!
Bu-u-ust of the Ce-e-entury,
Beautiful, beautiful bust!

'T will grace our Hall, we hope and trust,
This tiny bit of marble dust!
This tiny bit of marble dust!
Beau-ootiful Bu-u-ust!
Beau-ootiful Bu-u-ust!
Bu-u-ust of the ce-e-entury,
Beautiful, beauti-Ful bust!

After this, what could we do but sing in our turn. Sing our own folly perhaps, but let that pass. Mokanna himself never threw greater glamour over his deluded followers. With Leo's "beautiful bust" ring-



Our public Caterers, backed by Leo.
(With apologies to Baxter.)

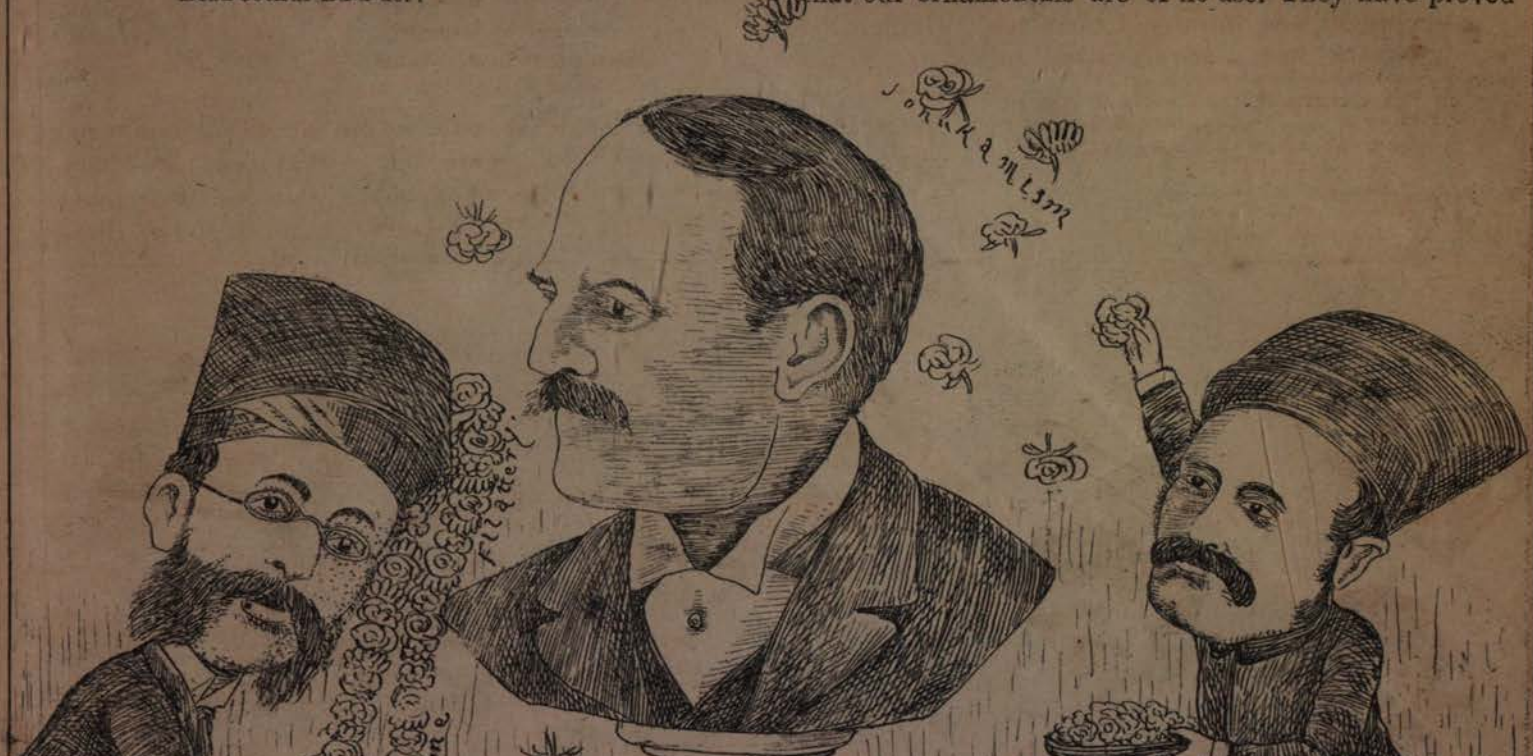
Thus sang our bust-makers in all the pride of hero-worship! And when they left off, Mr. Leo and "my friend" Mr. Cotton, burst into fresh melody!

Beautiful Bust, take it up sharp,
Or you'll rue it, let critics carp.

ing in our ears, we bent the knee to his idol, dancing, and howling piteously:

"Bus! Bus! Bus! Leo, say no more,
Special pleading's such a bore!

Since you wish it, we will, we must,
We must accept this beautiful bust!
We must accept this beautiful bust!
Beau-ootiful Bu-u-ust!
Beau-ootiful Bu-u-ust!



BEAUTI—FOOL BUST!

Bu-u-ust of the Ce-e-entury,
Beautiful, Beauti-Fool Bust!

So we have perpetrated a folly, and perpetuated Mr. Drinoter in marble! There were 16 of us who would have nothing to do with this humbug, but they were a minority, and the minority, that is usually in the right, is always left out in the cold! Who can say that our ornamentals are of no use. They have proved their usefulness by affording us the means of contemplating a beautiful work of art and so improving our esthetic taste! Though such extraneous aid would not be necessary, if our ornamentals themselves came oftener to the meetings! (*Hindi Punch*, 5-7-96.)



CAUGHT IN A GALE !

Fearful look-out ! The boat must capsize, and go down with its precious freight /

[Intelligent Parsee public opinion is so strong against any memorial being sent at the instance of some Parsee priests and others to the Government of India to perpetuate the Baj-Rojgar Trust Funds, that the movement set on foot will very likely go to the wall.]

તોફાની પવનમાં સપડાઈ ગયલું હોડકું !

હાલત તો ઘણીજ ધાસ્તીભરેલી દીસે છે ! બોટ ઊંધી વળ્યા વગર રહે એમ લાગતું નથી, અને તેની અંદર બેઠેલા કીમતી જીવડાઓ સાથ તે પાણીને તળીએજ બેસવાનાં દરેક ચીનહ દેખાય છે ।

[બાજ રોજગારનાં ટ્રસ્ટ ફંડો કાયમ રાખવા માટેનો એક કાયદો બંધાવવાને કેટલાક મોબેદો અને બીજાઓની ઉશ્કેરણી ઉપરથી હીંદી સરકાર પર મોકલવાને તઈયાર કરવામાં આવી છે, તે કોઈ પણ અરજી મોકલવા સામે સમજુ અને વીચારવંત પારસીઓ એટલું મજબુત મત ધરાવે છે કે, આ હીલચાલ ભાંગી પડવાની દરેક વકી રાખવામાં આવે છે.]



AFTER THE WEDDING PARTY.

(*Sisters comparing notes.*)

Jiloo—How did you like Makee singing? Didn't it remind you of the bellowing of a cow?

Hilloo—And wasn't her sister Koomlee's performance on the harmonium a sight to see? Hands and feet in a regular fight with the air and the instrument!

Jiloo—But her husband was the sight of sights! A bearded chimpanzee, and so stylishly dressed!

Hilloo—To look for all the world as if he was a *Curry-Chaval* from Goa.

Jiloo—And when he accompanied his wife on the harmonium, I could have taken my oath there was an ass braying somewhere in the Allbless Baug! Oh! these insufferables!

લગનમાં જઈ આવ્યા પછી.

[પેહલું માટે જુઓ પાનું ૫૭મું.]



Lakshmi—My husband has pawned one of my anklets to join the Provident Fund!

Sakoo—And my brother has taken away all my ornaments to invest in the *Bursat ka Satta*! He says he'll have doubled them, when the rains are over.

Lakshmi—How lucky you are! Another two or three months, and your fortune is made! As for me, I must wait till my husband dies! But if he shouldn't die first—??

લક્ષ્મી—મારા વરે તો મારવાડીને ત્યાં મારા પગનું એક કડું મુકીને "ગરીબાંસે કઈવારી" માં નામ નોંધાવ્યું છે.

સકુ—ને મારો ભાઈ મારા બધા દાગીના લઈને વરસાદનો સટ્ટો રમવા ગયો છે! એ મને કહે છે કે ચોમાસું પુરૂં થતાં એ દાગીના એકના બેવડા કરી આપશે!

લક્ષ્મી—તું કેવી ભાગ્યશાળી છે, સકુ! બે ત્રણ મહીનામાં તારો તો બેડો પાર પડી જશે! પણ મને તો મારો વર સુનાપોર જાય તાંહ સુધી થોભવું પડશે! પણ જો તે પેહલા નહી સુનાપોર ગયો તો પછી—??

THE following lately appeared in a provincial paper: "Mr. and Mrs. Caveys wish to express their thanks to the neighbours who kindly assisted at the burning of their house last night."



THE WONDERFUL FEAT OF BALANCING AN EEL ON THE NOSE.

[The recent action of Mr. Pherozeshah Merwanjee Mehta in leading a majority of the Corporation by the nose in the matter of Mr. Acworth's bust, has been very severly criticised by the Bombay Native Press.]

નાકની ટીચકીપર એક લેવટાને સમતાલ રાખવાનો હેરતભરેલો ખેલ.

[મી૦ એકવરથનું બસ્ટ મ્યુનીસીપલ હોલમાં મુકવાના સંબંધમાં કારપોરેશનના એક મોટા ભાગને નાક પકડીને ચલાવવાનાં મી૦ ફીરોઝશાહ મેહેરવાનજી મેહેતાનાં કામ સામે મુંબઈના દેશી છાપાએ સખ્ત ટીકા કીધી છે.]



Egypt—I don't know where to find money, John, for the Dongola Expedition. My coffers are quite empty.

John Bull—Oh bother it! If this sort of begging continues, I'm sure I'll be pestered to death!

Egypt—Suppose you allow me to dip into Hind's coffers!

J. B.—Hm-m-m!

મીસર અને જાન બુલ.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૫૭ મું.]



THE FELL MURDERER ABROAD !

(The recent tragedies in the Aga Khan Family.)

ત્રાસ વરતાવી રહેલા ચંડાળ ખુનીનો ઓલો !

(નામદાર આગાખાનના કુટંબમાં બનેલા છેલા માઠા બનાવો.)



JOHN AND GEORGE.

George—You'll have to put your hand in your pocket, John, and let me have the cost of the Suakin Expeditionary Force, if these moralists prevail. Try as I may, I don't think I'll succeed in drawing anything out of Hind's coffers if they make a dead set against me!

John—Well, in the first place you ought not to have pounced upon Hind for the money, George. It shows what a miser I am and how I try to throw my burdens on other people's backs!

[The *Times* says that it is understood that the Government, notwithstanding the protest of the Government of India, still intend to charge the Indian Exchequer with the pay of the Suakin Contingent.]

જૉન અને જ્યેારજ.

જ્યેારજ—જો પેલા નીતીશાસ્ત્રીઓ ફાચી ગીયા કેની, જૉન, તેા તું ને તારા ગજવામાં હાથ ઘાલવેા પડશે અને સુએકીન ગયલી હીંદી ફેાજનેા બધેા ખરચ તું નેજ કહાડી આપયા વગર છુટક નહી રહેશે. તેઓ જો મારી સામે બાજતવારીથી ઉભા રહયા તેા, ગમે તેટલાં ફાંફાં મારવાં છતાંબી હીંદની તીજોરીમાંથી મારાથી એક ફુટી બદામબી ઊચકી શકાય એમ મને તેા નહી લાગતું!

જૉન—જોની જ્યેારજ, પેહેલાં તેા તારે પઈસા ઓકાવવા માટે હીંદ ઉપર તરાપ મારવીજ જોઈતી નહી હતી. તેથી તેા તેં આખી જગતને જાણે એવું દેખાડી આપયું છે કે હું જાણે કેવેા એક કંગાળ કંજુસ હેાઉં અને મારા પેાતાના બેાજાઓ બીજા લેાકેાની પીઠ ઉપર નાખી દેવાને હું જાણે કેવી એક મથીમથીને કેાશેશ કરતેા હેાઉં!

[સુએકીન ગયલાં હીંદી લશકરના પગારનેા બેાજેા હીંદી તીજોરી ઉપરજ નાખવાને ઈંગલંડની સરકાર હજી ઈરાદેા રાખે છે, એવું ધી ટાઈમ્સ જાણાવે છે.]



THE FLIES AND THE SWEETS.

During the rains the flies generally hover in large numbers on sweets and dinner tables.

મીઠાસ પર ભમતી માખેા.

વરસાદના દાહડાઓમાં મીઠાસ પર અને જમવાની ટેબલ પર સંખયાબંધ માખેા ભણુભણુ કરતી ઊભાઈ જાય છે.

WHEN a boy begins to wash his neck without being told, it is a sign that he is passing into the ordeal of his first love affair.

"IT SHOWS the inconsistency of a man," said the abnormally new "new woman." "What does?" "The course the authorities are taking about bloomers. They object to woman's wearing them." "Yes, and properly." "And the less she wears of them the more they object to it."



MORE BRICKS!

["Forty of the new members (of Parliament) have joined the Indian Parliamentary Committee, bringing its total strength to the respectable figure of 125. No Government and no majority can ignore the representations of so large a section of the House of Commons. . . . The people of India may well congratulate themselves upon having secured such valuable allies and spokesmen in the House of Commons."—*India.*]

બાનુ હીંદના બંગલા માટે વધારે ઈંટો !

[" પારલામેંટના નવા મેમબરોમાંના ચાલીસ જણાએ સર વીલીયમ વેડરબરને ઉભા કીધેલા પારલામેંટ મધેના હીંદી પક્ષમાં જોડાયા છે, અને તેનું એકંદર બળ ૧૨૫ મેમબરોના સુંદર આંકડા ઉપર ચહડયું છે. આમની સભા મધેના આવા એક મોટા વીભાગ તરફથી જણાવવામાં આવતી બાબતો ઉપર કોઈબી સરકારથી કે કોઈબી બહુમતી ધરાવનારા પક્ષથી અખાડા કરી શકાશે નહી . . . આમની સભામાં આવા કીમતી મીતરો અને બોલનારાઓ મેળવવા માટે હીંદુસ્તાનના લોકો ખરેજ મુબારકબાદી લઈ શકશે."—" ઈંડયા."]



HIND'S NEEDLEWORK.

She has been busy with the scissors, cutting down the new piece to the lowest measure.

[The Government of India has issued a notification asking for tenders for a loan of four crores at three percent. The success which attended the conversion of the four percents into three-and-a-half, has emholdened her to further reduce the rate of interest.]

હીંદનું સીવણકામ.

તેણી કાતરે ચપચપ કાપવા મંડી ગઈ છે, અને નવા કપડાંના ટુકડાનું બારીકમાં બારીક માપ લઈને તેપર કાતર ચલાવે છે.

[ત્રણ ટકાના વ્યાજે ચાર કરોડ રૂપ્યાની નવી લોન હીંદી સરકારે કહાડી છે. ચાર ટકાની લોનને સાડા ત્રણ ટકામાં ફેરવી નાખવાના કામમાં તેને જે ફતેહ મળી છે, તે ઉપરથી હીમત ધરીને તેણે વ્યાજનો દર વધારે ઘટાડી નાખ્યો છે.]



BOMBAY THE BEAUTIFUL.

Refreshed after the recent copious shower baths.

[Nearly thirty inches of rain having fallen in Bombay, the city has assumed its normal condition, and has become quite healthy.]

મુંબઈ સુંદરી.

વરસાદનાં રેલછેલ પાણીથી નાહાયા પછી તેણીના જીવને કેવી શાંતી અને થંડક વળી છે !

[મુંબઈમાં લગભગ ત્રીસ ઈંચ જેટલો વરસાદ પડયા પછી, શેહેરની સુખાકારી અસલ હાલત ઉપર આવી ગઈ છે. અને તેની તનદોરસ્તી સુધરી છે]



"THE TOSA MARU."

She—What a queer Japanese name for a steamer! What can it mean?

He—Why, "Tosa" or *thosā* is a clenched fist, and "Maru" or *maro* is to strike:—a fisticuff, that's what it means. Apparently, the Japanese liner boxing the P. and O.!

She—Ah! I see! It's the boxing then that has done it at last. They are now reconciled you know.

જેપાનીસ સ્ટીમર "તોસા મારૂ."

ધણીયાંણી—એક જેપાનીસ સ્ટીમર નું આએ કેવું વીચીત્ર નામ છે! કોણ જાણે એ "તોસા મારૂ" નો સું અર્થ થતો હોસે!

ધણી—કાંય, "તોસા" અથવા "થોંસા" એટલે મુક્કો, અને "મારૂ" અથવા "મારો" એટલે મારવું—એટલે કે થોંસો અથવા મુક્કો મારનાર! મને તો લાગે છે કે જેપાનીસ સ્ટીમર કંપનીએ પી. ઓ. ને મુક્કા લગાવી કહાડયા છે, તેનો કાંઈ એમાં ભેદ છે!

ધણીયાંણી—હં, હવે હું સમજી! તારે તો કેઠા ઠોંસા લગાવ્યા તેથી બેઉ જણા રાહે રસ્તે આવી લાગાય કે! બેઉ વચે સલાહ ને સમજુતી થઇચ, તેનો ભેદ તો કેઠા એ દેખું!





THE HARDEST NUT.

CRACKED AT LAST!

[The question of the cost of House Connections has been fought again in the Corporation Hall with a virulence never before witnessed, and has at last been settled, it being resolved that the house-owners should pay the cost.]

જબરદસ્ત સખત સોપારી!
આખરે ભાંગી ખરી હો!

[ઘરો સાથે ગટરોનું જોડાણ કરવાને લગતા સવાલ વીસે આગળ કોઈ વાર નહીં જોવામાં આવેલાં એવાં ઝનુન સાથે કારપોરેસનનાં દીવાનખાનાંમાં ફરીથી લડત ચલાવવામાં આવી છે, અને આખેરે તેનું સેટલ એવું લાવવામાં આવ્યું છે કે ઘરવાળાઓએ પોતેજ તેનો ખરચ આપવો.]



"REMOTE, UNFRIENDED, MELANCHOLY, SLOW."

(With apologies to J. MacWhirter, R. A.)

On his way to a seat in the Legislative Council.

ગરીબ બીચારો દુરદરાજ પડેલો, મીત્ર વીનાનો અને દલગીરીમાં ગરક!

ધારાસભાની બે કઠપર પોંહોંચી જવાને રસ્તે એ બીચારો નીકળ્યો છે!

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 47.

MAGISTRATE AND CORPORATOR MR. W. R. HAMILTON,



whose wicket wa[s] scattered by an underhand ball delivered with precision and effect.

[Mr. Hamilton's chagrin must have been complete to find himself deserted at the last moment by the very men on whose influence he had counted to carry the day.—*The "Chokrum Journalist" in the "Advocate of India" on the House Connections debate.*]

મી૦ પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ—નાં૦ ૪૭.

માજીસ્ટ્રેટ અને કારપોરેટર મી૦ ડબલ્યુ. આર હેમીલટન,

જેવણની વીકેટ એક આબાદ તેમજ ટાંકેલા અંડરહેંડ બોલથી હવામાં અધર ઉડાવી નાખવામાં આવી છે.

[મી૦ હેમીલટને જેઓના વગથી જીત મેળવવાની આશા બાંધેલી તેઓએ છેલ્લી ઘડીએ તેને એકલો મેલી દેવાથી તેને સંપુરણ ખીજવાટ ઉપજેલો હોવો જોઇયે. એ. આ. ઈ]



THE HOUSEHOLD MAGNET.

Of wonderful efficacy, when applied to husbands, coming home late from nautch-parties.

ઘર સંસારી "મેગનેટ"

જ્યોરજીયા મેગનેટે પોતાની લોહચુંબકીક શકતીના ખેલ દેખાડયા છે, પણ અહીં મી૦ શોમલાભટ પોત્યાંદાપના અલી મીસીસ શોમલાભટાણી પોત્યાંદાપ એક ઘર સંસારી મેગનેટની જગા રાખવા નકળ્યાં છે. નાયકણીની નાચમાંથી મરઘા બેલતાં ઘર આવનાર પોતાના અલ્યા ઉપર તેમની લોહચુંબકીક શકતી બહુ અસરકારક થઈ પડી છે!

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

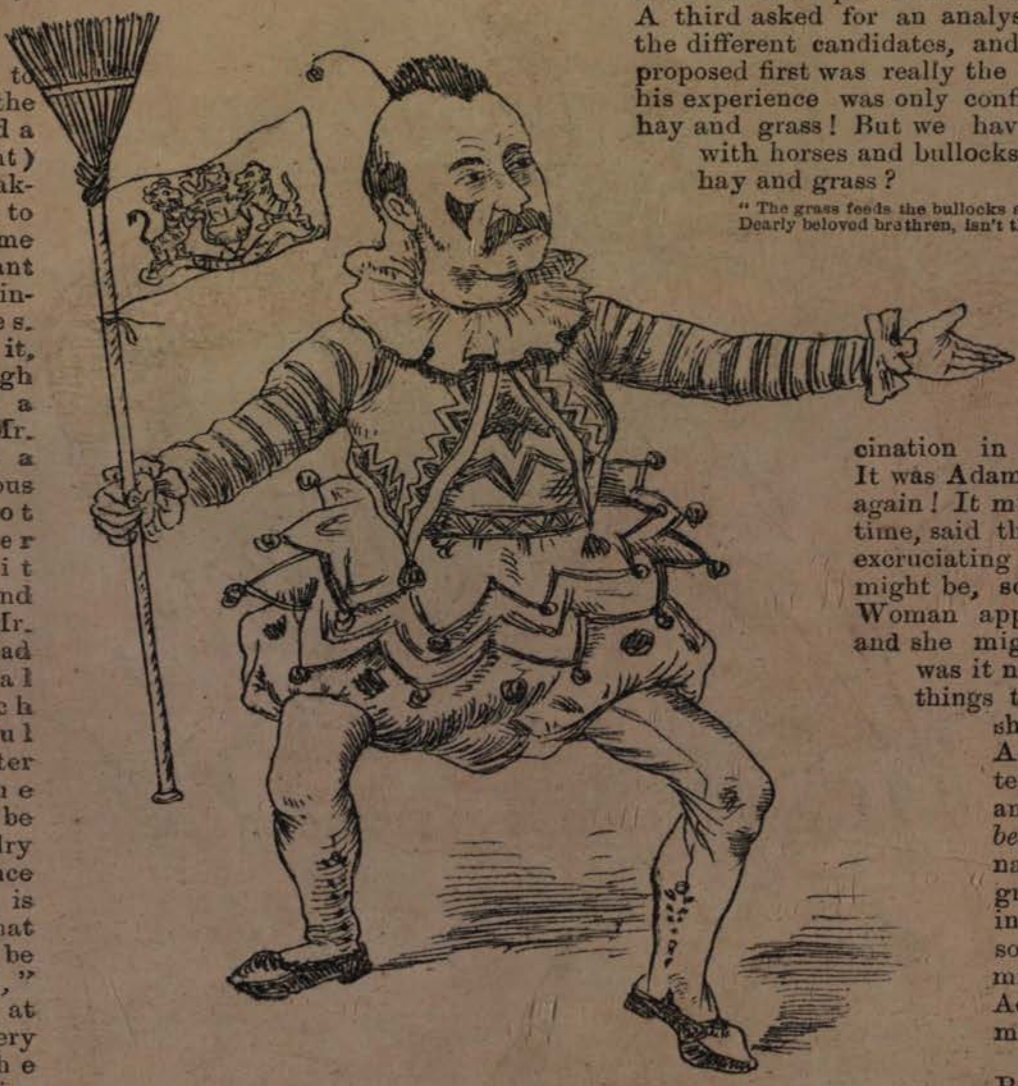
(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 2nd July.
Monday, 6th July. } —"But that I am forbidden to disclose the secrets of *the Council-room*, I could a tale unfold "—in connection with the Colaba Drainage Works, "that would—" Well, never mind what it would do, since I am not going to tell you what it is. Mum's the word. There is a High Court suit in the case, and it did not suit us to discuss it except strictly among ourselves and with closed doors, *in camera*, (nothing to do with the Rontgen Ray) as it is the fashion to call all family arrangements, from which prying curiosity is rigidly excluded. The gentlemen of the Press—the Paul Prys, par excellence, of society, were asked to withdraw for a while to the retiring room, to "cool their heels," as Mr. Dew put it, adding insult to injury. Ordered out like that, it must have been hard



TINKERING.

to go, though they did it, I admit, with a good grace. Comforted perhaps by the thought that Mr. Leo was on their side. He was for allowing them to remain, with a caution not to hear, or hearing, not to divulge. Hard and almost impossible conditions, constituted as human nature is, but surely half-a-dozen reporters might be trusted to guard a secret, if the Corporation of 72 members could. And we are not such a compact body, but that, being torn by a thousand conflicting emotions, there are quite as many leaks in us as in our own famous Reservoir. All the same, *au revoir*, gentlemen reporters ! Reserve yourselves, if you please, for the Reservoir !



Our Comic Man.

It has leaked so often, that it wasn't a surprise to us to learn that the Bhundarwada (John Hay Grant) Reservoir was leaking again ! True to its name, it came up to us for a grant of money for tinkering purposes. And we granted it, of course. Though not without a remark from Mr. Leo, that it was a pity such a seious leakage was not discovered sooner (sooner than ? it occurred ?!) and another from Mr. Dew, that, instead of this perpetual patching, which caused a fearful waste both of water and of money, the reservoir should be allowed to run dry and repaired once for all. Where is the guarantee that it would ever be " once for all," though I grant at once, with every respect for the Grant Reservoir, that so long as it was dry, it would never leak. Either the Reservoir should be left dry of water, or we should make up our minds to let our treasury run dry of money ! We have again voted some thousands. Would that this were our last grant !

Our special committee has given us another auditor, an Adam Thompson for an Adam Smith. Let not my readers think that we accepted this recommendation without a murmur. We are a talking machine, and we talked to our heart's content. One of us, with the strangest of strange inconsistencies, maintained that the committee had no *locus standi*, and had only usurped the work of the Corporation, forgetting that the Corporation itself had relegated the work to the committee ! Another said that the committee which gave us an Adam Smith had named the second best man, and that the present committee having also mentioned the same name, it was he, the second best man, who should have the preference, arguing that a person who came second at two successive examinations deserved to be placed first ! Twice two are—one ! A third asked for an analysis of the merits of the different candidates, and doubted that the proposed first was really the first and best, for his experience was only confined to accounts of hay and grass ! But we have something to do with horses and bullocks, and don't they eat hay and grass ?

" The grass feeds the bullocks and the bullocks feed you,
Dearly beloved brethren, isn't this quite true ? "

A fourth, our comic man, amidst much laughter, asked if there was any peculiar fascination in the name of Adam. It was Adam once, it is Adam again ! It might be Eve, another time, said the comic man with excruciating comicality ! Yes, it might be, so soon as the New Woman appeared in this land, and she might, any day ! And was it not in the fitness of things that the committee should recommend an Adam ? Adam, admittedly the *first* man, and presumably the *best* ! What's in a name ? Evidently a great deal in this instance, and we shall soon know if the committee's trust in Adam has not been misplaced.

Punkahs ! Ah ! Punk-ahs ! We are going to sit and talk under punkahs, thanks to Mr. Leo, who finds the Hall too hot—for him and for us. Once before, young Mr. Wadia (not the Pendulum) had moved the same proposition, but it fell through, punkah-moving not being his forte. It was another mover to-day, and whatever Mr. Leo moves, goes— without saying. Soon enough, the punkah will go over our heads, not only

without saying a word but perhaps also drowning, or rather, blowing away our words! A good hint to such of us as talk too much to hold their tongues! Mr. Kabraji's wound will probably bleed afresh now, for with the punkah waving overhead, his *fancy chair* would make a veritable paradise of the Hall. Will he bring it up again if within hail? And then we shall only want a terrace to make our happiness complete, and neat women, with smart caps and snow-white aprons, to hand us our tea and cake! Ah! What a lovely vista does the punkah unfold! A silent, speechless agitator, and yet more potent than the best, or worst, of our local agitators.

Wave on, punkah!
Wave to and fro!
Rock us, punkah,
Asleep as you go!

(*Hindi Punch*, 12-7-96.)



BLEEDING AFRESH!



BLISS INDEED!



THE FASHIONABLE PARSEE GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

Parin—Just help me out of this difficulty, Jarin dear. Here have I unfolded and tried on a couple of dozen sarees, but I haven't been able to hit on a single one to suit me!

Jarin—Bother these antiquated rags! Just ask Pesi to order a new *Loostrin* for 75 rupees! I have got one myself. I never go to weddings in *old* things!

[*And the wardrobe contained any number of sarees that had not been used more than once!*

આ જમાનાની ફેશનેબલ પારસી બાનુઓ.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનુ ૫૭મું.]



THE SWAN AND THE EAGLE;

OR, THE INDIAN TAXPAYER *VS.* BRITISH INJUSTICE.

[The British ministers have mulcted the poor Indian Tax-payer in all the ordinary expenses of the Suakin Expedition up to December next.]

હીંદી રાજહંસ અને ગરૂડ;

અથવા, હીંદી કર ભરનાર વીરૂધ

બ્રીટીશ ગેરઈનસાફ.

[આવતા ડીસેમબર માસ સુધીનો સુએકીન ગયલાં લશકરને લગતો સઘળો સાધારણ ખરચ ઈગલંડના પ્રધાનોએ હીંદી કર ભરનારને કપાળે ઠોકયો છે.]

THERE'S not much difference between a runaway horse and a clock that is out of order. The former goes and won't stop, while the latter stops and won't go.



"EVIL BE TO HIM WHO EVIL THINKS."

Lancashire Mill-Owner—(*Musingly*) I thought she would starve and die of inanition. But here I find her as hale and hearty as ever!

[Our local Mill Industry is in a flourishing condition, and the present quotations of Mill Companies Shares beat all previous records.]

"જે બુરૂં વીચારે તેનું જ બુરૂં થાય."

લેનકેશીયરનો મીલ માલેક—(મનમાં) હું તો ધારતો હતો કે, એ ભુખે મરશે ને લોહી સુકઈ જવાથી મરવા પડશે, પણ તેને બદલે હું શું જોઉં છું? એ તો બધા દાહડાનાં કરતાં વધારે રાતી માતી, તાજી તકડતી ને તનદરોસ્ત દેખાય છે!

[આપણો સ્થાનીક મીલ ઉદયોગ હમણા ઘણી આબાદ સ્થીતીમાં આવ્યો છે, અને આગળ કોઈવાર નહી થયલા એટલા મીલ કંપનીઓના શેરના ભાવ ઉંચા ચહડયા છે.]



"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!"

(*With apologies to F. Morgan.*)

"Throw you overboard, my darling? Well, not till I find myself drowning in this whirlpool!"

[A scandalous job has been perpetrated through the instrumentality of Mr. Pherozshah Merwanjee Mehta. The bust of the most unpopular Municipal Commissioner the city ever had has been placed in the Council Chamber.]

"બીહીતો ના, બચ્ચા!"

"તુને શું હું પડતો નાખું, મારા કચકલા? કદીબી નહીં! જાંહસુધી હું આ પાણીના વંટોલીયામાં હું પોતાને ડુબી જતી જોઉં નહી તાંહસુધી તો તુને હું કદીબી ફેંકી દેવશ નહી!"

[મી૦ ફીરોઝશાહ મેહેરવાનજી મેહેતાની મદદથી એક નાલેસી ભરેલું કામ બજાવી નાખવામાં આવ્યું છે, અને મુંબઈમાં આગળ કદી નહી થઈ ગયલા એવા એક અપ્રીય મ્યુનીસીપલ કમીશનરનું બસ્ટ કાઊનસીલ ચેમબરમાં મુકાવા પામ્યું છે.]



AFTER SEEING THE LITTLE GEORGIA MAGNET.—TIME 1996.

Meher saw the wonderful feats of the Little Georgia Magnet at the Tivoli Theatre and next day began practising at home, as the latent magnetic power in her body suddenly sprang up. She lifted her mother-in-law and father-in-law in mid air when they began tyrannising over her, asking her to confine herself in the kitchen for the whole day. And she led her husband by the nose all over the room till he consented to be her slave and do all her biddings.

ઈ૦ સ૦ ૧૯૯૬ નો પારસી સંસારી સફો.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૫૭ મું.]



THE HINDU PLAY-GOERS.

Mrs. Shendiarao—What's the play to-day?

Mr. S.—Shakuntal!

Mrs. S.—We'll go, and see it!

Mr. S.—No use! It'll be over by 3 a. m.! We'll go and see Soobhadra! That commences at 8 p. m., and finishes at 5 a. m.! So that we needn't return home until the morning! A good and long enough return for our money.

હીંદુ નાટકો અને તે જોનારાઓ.

[વધુ માટે જુવો, પાનું ૫૭ મું]

AT THE IRANI'S.



Jari—(newly-married) The ice-cream smells of bad eggs. I don't think I shall take it!

Jamshed—Call it vanilla, my dear, and it will go down nicely! The name's everything.

ઈરાનીની દુકાન પરનાં આઇસ-ક્રીમની કાંહાંની.

[વધુ માટે જુવો, પાનું ૫૭ મું.]



A NEW TITLE FOR OUR PARSEE PRIESTS.

The Mahomedans having objected to the use of the Shams-ul-Ulema title for the Parsees, the Parsee high-priests and others have been searching high and low for a suitable substitute to express in one word all the learning that is in them! Our own *Dustoor* Defaldaroo Daharoosdaroo, not to be behind-hand, after *dusting* the cobwebs that have gathered round his aged brains, suggests SHAMS—UL—KHARAN (the King of Asses), as a very sounding title! And here are the appropriate robe of honour and medal!

આપણા પારસી ધરમગુરૂઓ માટે એક નવો ખેતાબ.

પારસીઓને શમ્સ-ઉલ-ઓલમાનો ખેતાબ આપવા સામે મહોમેદનોએ વાંધો ઉઠાવ્યાથી કેટલાક પારસી દસ્તુરો અને બીજાઓ પોતાના માહભારત એલમના ભંડારને એ(ક)સ્તો થાય એવો એક લાયક ખેતાબ શોધી કહાડવાને માથામાંથાં લડાવવા પડયા છે! અમારા પોતાના દસ્તુર ડફ્લદારૂ ડાહારૂસદારૂ પણ આ કામમાં પાછળ પડયા નથી. આ સાહેબો ઉપર ચહડાવો કરવાને પોતાના જુનાં ખખ ભેજાંના પડ ઉપર ફરી વળેલાં ધુળનાં પડને સારી પેઠે તેઓએ ઝાટકી કહાડયાં છે, અને તે પછી એક નવો જોરો, કાનને મધુર લાગે તથા દીલને ખુશ કરે એવો સુંદર "શમ્સ-ઉલ-ખરાંન"નો ખેતાબ તેઓએ પોતાના ભેજાંના ભંડારમાંથી શોધી કહાડયો છે! વળી તે ખેતાબને બેસ્તો આવે એવો માનનો ડગલો અને ચાંદ પણ જોઈએજ જોઈયે, જેથી તેને લગતી ડીઝાઈન પણ તેઓએજ અમારા આરટીસ્ટને પુરી પાડી છે!

લગનમાં જઈ આવ્યા પછી.

[જુવો ચીત્ર. પાનું ૪૧ મું.]

(એ બેહુના પોતાના નજર-નોંધ સરખાવે છે.)

જીલુ-તુને પેલી મક્કીનું ગાવાનું કેવું પસંદ પડયું ? કોઈ ગાય અરડાતી હોય એવું તે તુંને નહીં લાગું વારૂં ?

હીલ્લુ-ને તેની બેહેન કુમલી હારમોનયમ વજારતીતી તે વખતના દેખાવનું તેં સું ધારયું ? તે તો જાણે જેયાજ કરયે ! તેના હાથ ને પગ જાણે હવા સાથે ને હારમોનયમ સાથે લરતા વહરતા હોયની એવી રીતે તેમને તે ચલાવતીતી !

જીલુ-પણ સઉમાં જોવા લાયક સોંગ તો તેના વરે કીધો તેજ ઉતો ! મુવો તો જાણે દાહારીવારો એકુ ચીમપાનઝી વાંદરો હોયની તેવો દેખાતોતો, ને દરેસ તો એવો કીધેલો કે નકરો જાણે-જાણે-

હીલ્લુ-ગોવાથી આવેલો સીનોર કરી ચાવલ રે !

જીલુ-પણ જારે એ પોતાની બઈરી સાથે ગાવા ઉભો તારે હું તો એમજ સમજી કે આલબલેસ બાગમાં કેઠે કોઈ મુવો ગધેરો ભુંકતો હોસે ! મરેરે એવાં કોટકો જોતાં જોતાં તો બધા નીરજ ભરી ચાલયાં !

મીસર અને જાન બુલ.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૪ મું.]

ઇજીપ્ત-ડોંગોલાના ચઢાઇના ખરચ માટેના પઈસા હું કાંહથી લાઉં, તેની મને તો કંઈ સપજજ પડતી નથી, જાૅન. મારી તીજોરી તું તો તળ્યુંજ આવેલું છે !

જૉન બુલ-અરે એ સું પીડા ! જો એવીજ જાતનું ભીખારડાપણું ચાલુ રેહશે તો હું કંટાળીને કાયર થઈ જવશ !

ઇજીપ્ત-પણ તારે જાણે તમે મને હીંદની તીજોરીમાં આંગલું ખોસવા દેઓ, કે બધી પીડા ને પંચાતી પતી જાય !

જા૦ બુ૦-હં અં અં-અંમ ! ઠીક તારે તો !

ઇરાનીની દુકાનપરનાં આઇસ ક્રીમની કાંહાંની.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૫૬ મું.]

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જમશેદ-ચાલ ડીયર, આપરે આઇસ ક્રીમ ખાતાં જઇયે.

જરી-(નવી પરણી આવેલી) હા ચાલોની. પણ મોરીનસ નહી તો હરશને તાંહ છેક કોટવેર જવું પરસે ને રાતના આઠ તો વાગી ગીયાચ.

જમશેદ-કોટમાં સું કરવા જઈયે ? આપરો બેહેરામ ઇરાની કેવો છે ! તેને તાંહથી આઈસ ક્રીમ સસતું ને સસતું, ઘણું ને ઘણું ને વરી સરસનું સરસ મલેચ.

જરી-બરયું ઈરાનાંન તાંહ જવાનું ! મને તો તાંહ નહી આવવા ગમતું ! મુવા એ વાસ મારતાઓને તાંહ કોણ જાય ? બેએએએ; કુઉઉઉ !

જમશેદ-અરે ભલ ભલાઓ તાંહ આઇસ ક્રીમ ખાવા આવેચ. એ લોકના દરવાજા પર ઉભી રેહીને બે ઘરી તમાસો તો જો, તારે તુને સંમજ પરે કે કેવા કેવા લોકો તાંહ આવીને ખાઇ જાયચ તે ! બબે ઘોરાની તો ગારીઓ એ લોકની દુકાન આગળ ઉભી રેહેચ !

જરી-પણ એ ઇરાનીઓના મેલા ને કુવડ હાથજ જોઈને મને તો સુગ લાગેચ ! તે કરતાંબી અં-અં-તમારી મરજી હોય તો ચાલો.

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જરી-મરેરે, તમારા આએ મુવા ઇરાનીનાં આઈસ ક્રીમમાં તો કોહેલાં ઈડાંનાં જેવો વાસ આવેચ ! મને તો સુગ લાગેચ,- હું તો એ નહી ખાતી !

જમશેદ-તું એને કોહેલાં ઈડાંને બદલે જાણે વેનીલાનો વાસ છે એમ સમજ, ડીયર, એટલે પછી પોતાની મેળે તારા ગળાંમાં એ ઉતરી જસે !

જરી-બલા જાણેરે મારી ! મને તો ઓય વામીટ આવસે ! હું તો ઉઠી જાઉંચ !

જમશેદ-કેવી તું ગાંડી બેવકુફ છે ! બાપ જનમમાં કોઇ દાહારે ખાધું હોય તારે કેની !

જરી-સું બાપ જનમમાં ખાધું હોય ! દરરોજ તો અમે મોરીનસ ને હરશ ને બીજે બીજે ઠેકાણે કોટમાં આઇસ ક્રીમ ખાવા જતાંતાં, તાંહ તો કોઇ દાહારેબી આવો કોહેલાં ઈડાંનો વાસ નહી ઉતો !

જમશેદ-એ તો બધી નામે નસારી ભારીરે ! જો તે લોક બી કોહેલાં ઈડાં ડોહોવીને તુને આપે તોબી તું તો કેહેસે કે કેવું સરસ આઈસ ક્રીમ છે ! આએ બીચારા ઈરાનીનું નામ વાએરૂં પરયું, એટલે જાણે એને તાંહનું વેનીલાનું આઈસ ક્રીમબી બધું તુંને ખરાબ ખરાબ લાગેચ !

જરી-એ ધરેરે મુવો વેનીલાનો નાખતોઓ ! વેનીલાને બદલે કોહેલાં ઈડાં કે મુવેલો ઉંદર તો મુવાએ નાખેલો હોસે ! એએએએ ! ઉઠી જાવ ડીયર, તમેબી એ ના ખાઓ નહી તો મદઇનો જીવ બીવ બગરસે !

હીંદુ નાટકો અને તે જોનારાઓ.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૫૬ મું]

મીસીસ શેંડીયારાવ-આજે ખેલ શાનો છે !

મી૦ શેંડીયા-શાકુનતલનો.

મીસીસ-આપણે તે આજે જોવા જઈશું !

મી૦ શેંડીયા-કંઇ જોવાને કામનો નહીં. પાછલી રાતના ત્રણ વાગતામાં તો તે પુરો થશે ! તેના કરતાં તો આપણે સુભદ્રાના ખેલમાં જઈશું ! તે રાતનાં આઠ વાગેથી શરૂ થઇને છેક સવારે પાંચ વાગે પુરો થાય છે, જેથી આપણા પઈસાનો પુરેપુરો બદલો મળી રેહેશે ! બે કલાક ઓછી ગમત મળે તેની પાછળ આપણે પઈસા ખરચયે તેનાં કરતાં જેમાં આખી રાતની ગમત મળે તેમાંજ ખરચયેની !

આ જમાનાની ફેશનેબલ પારસી બાનુઓ.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૫૩ મું.]

પરીન-જરા મને કેહે તો જરીન ડીયર, હું કાહારની માથે માથાં ફોરૂંચ પણ મને તો કંઇજ સમજ પરતી નહી કે મારે સું કરવું. જોની, કંઇ નહી તો વીસ પચીસ સારી મેં છોરી, ને પેહેરી જોઈ, ને પાછી બાંધી, પણ કેહી પેહેરસ તો હું સોભી નીકળસુ તેની મને કંઇજ સમજ પરતી નથી ! જરા તું કેહેની વારૂ કે હું કેહી પેહેરૂં તે ?

જરીન-એ બધાં જુનાં ચીથરાં ને લબોતરાંઓને બાજુએ નાખ, ને મુંગી મુંગી પેસીને કેહે કે અબઘરી જઇને તારે વાસ્તે પોણોસો રૂપયાની લુઅીન લેઇ આવે ! મેં મારે વાસ્તે મંગાવીચ, ને તુંબી તેવીજ મંગાવ ! બરયું, હું તો મરી જાઉં તો જુનામાંની સારી પેહેરીને કભીભી લગનમાં જાઉંજ નહીં !

[અને તોબી જરીન ને પરીનનાં કબટખાનામાં કંઇ સંખયાબંધ ઊંચી સારીઓ પડેલી છે કે જે એકથી બીજી વખત તો તેઓએ પેહેરીબી નથી !]

OFF TO THE WAKE.—Mrs. O'Brien : "Sure, it's a dandy hat entoirely ! Come over here, Patsy, an' see how illegant ye look at a disthance."

ઈ૦ સ૦ ૧૯૯૬ નો પારસી સંસારી સફો.

(નાની જયોરજીયા મેગનેટના ખેલ જોઈ આવયા પછી.)

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૫૫ મું]

નાની જયોરજીયા મેગનેટના ખેલ ટીવોલી થીયેટરમાં જોઈ આવયા પછી મેહેરબાનુને માલમ પડયું કે તેણીના શરીરમાં પણ લોહચુંબકની શકતી કેઠી વરસો થયાં છુપાઈ રહેલી છે. તે એકદમ ઉભરી નીકળતાં તેણીએ પોતાની શકતીના પ્રયોગો પોતાના સાસુ સસરા પરજ પેહેલાં અજમાવવા માંડયાં. સાસુજી અને સસરાજી તેણીને આખો દીવસ ચુહુલાંગણે ચાંપી રાખવાનો અને આખાં ઘરનો ઘસડબોરો તેણી પાસેજ કરાવવાનો જુલમ ગુજારવામાં કંઈજ બાકી રાખતાં નહી હતાં. તેઓને તેણીએ હવામાં અધર ઉંચકી કાહાડયાં અને ફરીથી એવો જુલમ નહી ગુજારવાની જ્યાંસુધી તેઓએ કબુલાત આપી નહી ત્યાં સુધી તેમને અધરજ લટકતાં રાખી મુકયાં. વળી મેહેરબાનુ મેગનેટના ધણી મીસ્તર મંચેરશાહ, મેહેરની ઈછાઓને માથે ચહડાવવામાં પછાત હોવાથી અને તેણીના તાબેદાર ગુલામ તરીકે રેહેવાના કરતાં પોતાનાં માય ને બાપના વધારે તાબેદાર હોવાથી, તેણીએ તેવણ ઉપર પણ પોતાની ચમતકારી શકતી અજમાવવા માંડી. તેવણને નાક પકડીને આખે ઓરડે તેણીએ એવા ઘસડવા માંડયા કે, બીચારા મંચેરશાહને પોતાની મેહેર મેગનેટને માથે ચહડાવીનેજ ફરવાનું કબુલ કરવું પડયું.

હોમી માટે સુંદર કામ !

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૬૬ મું.]

હીલ્લુ–ઓ ! માયરે હવે કેમ કરૂ ! મરૈરે આએ બુટ ટાઈટનાં પરતાં ! મારાથી તો એક ડગલુંબી હવે ચલાવાતું નહીં ! હોમી, જરા તમે એ ખેંચી કાહારો તો !

હોમી–હં, બુટબી કાહારૂં ને તું કેહેતી હોય તો તુનેબી કેડ પર ઉચકીને ચાલું !–સું તુંબી લાર લરવા આવીચ !–તો બરાબર તારા પગમાં આવે તેવાં મોટાં બુટ લેઈ મરયે કેની ?

હીલ્લુ–હેંએ, છરે છઈ, સું વાત લાયાચ !–મોટાં બુટ પેહેરીને સુ તમારી બેહેનોના જેવી કોલણ કે બબરચણ દેખાઉં કે ? હું તો મારા પગ ચીનીના જેવા દેખારવાની, ને તેથી તે લોકનાં રમકડાં જેવાંજ નાહાનાં બુટ પેહેરવાની !

કાઘડો અને શીયાળ.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ ચીત્ર, પાનું ૭૪ મું.]

[ઈસ્પનીતી માહેલી એક કથાનું નવું કથન.]

શીયાળ–કેવું તું સુંદર પક્ષી છે ! અને તારો આવાજ કેવો મીઠો ને મધુર હોવો જોઈયે ! જરા તમારૂં એકાદ સુંદર ગીત તો મારી આગળ ગાઈ દેખાડો, મારા વાહાલા સુંદર કાઘડાજી ?

કાથડો–તમારો ઘણો ઉપકાર થયો, શીયાળ મામા. પણ મામાજી, તમે મને સમજો છો તેવો હું છેકજ ભોલોભટાક ને કાચો નથી હો ! તમારી એવી ભટાઈથી હું કાંઈ તમારી જાલમાં સપડાઈ જઈશ, એમ માનતા બાનતા ના ! હું સારી પઠે સમજુ છું કે, મારી ચાંચમાંની આ મીઠી પુરી પડાવી લેવા માટે તમો નામવર મામાજી મારી તારીફની ભટાઈ ચલાવો છો ! પણ મામા, તમોને તે માટે તો કલ્યુગ પુરો થાય ત્યાં સુધીજ ખોટી થવું પડશે હો !

[પુણામાં ગયે વરસ મળેલી નેશનલ કાનગ્રેસ માટેનો સઘળો ખરચ બાદ કરતાં વીસ હજાર રૂપયાની ફાજલ વરકીંગ કમીટીના હાથમાં રહી છે. આ રકમ સ્ટેનડીંગ કાનગ્રેસ કમીટીને હસ્તક કરી દેવાની નરમ ઘી જેવી સુચના કરવામાં આવે છે.]

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

WHERE POETRY IS PLENTIFUL.—Doesn't it strike you, Dolphy, dear," and the gushing girl gazed dreamily towards the western horizion, "that there is more poetry in the slowly setting sun than in any other object in the universe ?" "I don't know so much about that !" mused the mild-eyed minstrel of many rejections. "I reckon the waste-paper basket runs it pretty close."

BROTHERS OF the Pen.—Professor Squaretoes : "I think I heard you say, sir, that you had completed a book about—er—Derby. May I ask whether you have dealt exhaustively with the—er—antiquities of that interesting neighbourhood?" (Young Sixtofour wonders what the deuce the funny old Johnnie's driving at, don'tcherknow !)

SHE : "Well, good-bye, Chevalier. But I hoped you would have stayed longer with us." The Chevalier (who prides himself on his English "sayings") : "Ah ! sank you, *mais, helas* ! I fear me I must go cook some fish ! ' (For the benefit of the uninitiated we may state that the worthy Chevalier intended to say that he "had other fish to fry.")

RATIONAL COSTUME.—The Vicar of St. Winifred-in-the-Wold (to fair bicyclists) : "It is customary for men, I will not Say gentlemen, to remove their hats on entering a church." [Confusion of the Ladies' Rota and Ixiona Bykewell.]

LEGAL ADVISER : "I suppose I may *take it that* you wish to meet this man's claims as far as you can ?" Hard-up sub. : "Oh, yes, yes, in moderation ! But, y'see, there are several of our fellows owe him something too, and I shouldn't wish to establish a precedent."

JAMES KEITH is married to his second wife, who is continually inquiring if he is fonder of her than he was of his first wife. James invariably put her off with an excuse till the other night, when he remarked—"Tak' my word for't, Jean, if Betty wis leevin' ye widna be here."

BULKETS : "Don't you think your sister will be awfully sorry to marry and leave a nice little boy like you ?" The pet : "Yes She said she'd ha' got married a dozen times over if it hadn't been for me."

SHE (coldly) : "I hardly know how to receive your proposal. You know I am worth a million, of course ?" He (diplomatically) : "Yes—worth a million other girls." She (rapturously) : "Oh, Jack !"

MISTRESS : "Now, Jane, if you are strictly honest and economical when you go shopping I will give you a few extra shillings per month." Jane : "Thank you, mum. I'll think it over, and let you know in the evening."

DEALER : "This violin, madam, is a Stradivarius. It is nearly 200 years old." Mrs. Newrich : "You don't suppose I would take that ? I can afford the latest style, let me tell you."

AT MARGATE.—Stubbins : "Ah ! give me this air—fine and bracing. Far better than Switzerland !"—Hodgson : "I didn't know you'd ever been there, old man."—Stubbins : "Neither have I. But I've seen pictures of it."

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 9th July.—

"Rolling punkah,
Roll amain!
Cooling punkah,
Cool the brain!"

said I, as I entered the Hall, full of Mr. Leo's punkah, and with a sigh of relief, looked up, but saw none. Not however to my surprise, for punkahs are not put up in the Municipal Hall in a day, any more than the Hall itself was built in a day. And we shall not miss them much, now that we are getting into the cooler part of the year. Though it was hot enough in all conscience to-day, hot all round!

Hot for the Standing Committee! "Stand up, gentlemen, and atone for your wanton disregard of previous resolutions. And explain, if you can, why you allowed the Tramway Company to carry on quarrying operations at Mahim, when you must have known, for our own Health Officer had told you, that



DR. BHAL TREMBLING FOR DEAR LIFE.



The boss of the Standing Committee.

excavating sandstone meant excavating the buried ghost of fever!" The boss of the Committee, Dr. Bhalchandra, explained that the permission had only been granted for the monsoon—a monsoon, as it turned out to be, of 12 months! And, added the learned doctor by way of disarming resentment, "the Tram people will fill up the excavation with sweet earth, before the ghost can have the ghost of a chance of coming out!" Not sweets to the sweet, in this case certainly! Mr. Leo looked, and spoke, daggers! Mr. Dew echoed daggers! Dr. Bhal, who stood trembling for dear life in the midst of them, nearly felt their keen edge, and there is no knowing what might have happened, if the soft-spoken Mr. Cotton, doing duty for the punkah, had not interposed with the cool judgment—(short and —sweet or bitter as you like to take it) *not guilty, gentlemen, but don't do it again!*

Hot for Mr. Hamilton, though he raised a "side wind", in order doubtless to import coolness into the discussion. His house-connections are evidently disturbing his night's rest and he has not been able to swallow his last bitter humiliation. He moved two propositions, one after another, harmless-looking enough, to all appearance, but with mischief lurking underneath their placid surface. Propositions calculated to draw us into a fresh discussion of the fiercely contested question which received its quietus the other day, and to enable Mr. Hamilton to twist, if possible, his discomfiture into triumph! But the wary Mr. Leo would not be caught napping, and Mr. Dew had old scores to pay off, which led to an amusing "gorilla warfare" between him and Mr. Ham. If I remember aright, it was, I think, in connection with the appointment of our auditor on the last occasion that Mr. Ham had called Mr. Dew a "*humbug*" in finance who said at one time that we were verging on insolvency, and at another, that we were phenomenally rich! This was too much, and Mr. Dew had his revenge. He called Mr. Ham's motion a "ridiculous" one, which it certainly was, and Mr. Ham himself a most



"Not guilty, gentlemen, but don't do it again!"



Raising a side wind.

resumed the J. S. C., " will you give us a few acres for our boys ?" Wait, said Mr. Leo again ! He would have no unseemly haste in anything. The living and the dying and the dead alike must wait !

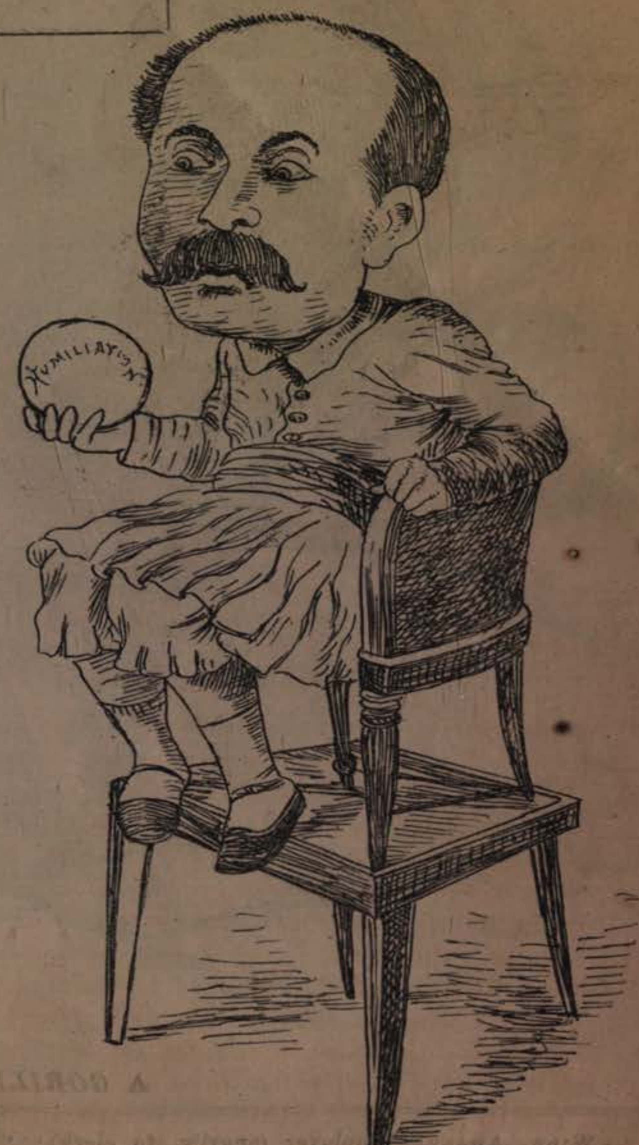
(*Hindi Punch*, 19-7-96.)

SOME people have difficulty in selecting suitable wedding presents, but brides usually look upon diamonds as a brilliant idea.

" unuseful " member who spent himself in " how not to do a thing " ! Let us put our foot down on the motion, said Mr. Dew, and suiting the action to the word, he did put his foot down with the strength of a giant. Our "connections" must indeed be tenacious of life, if they can survive this last act of annihilation !

Hot for the unforunates who go down with falling houses ! The law has defined our present responsibility, which, in brief, is *to do nothing* ! " Will this satisfy us," asked the Commissioner, " or shall we have a special staff for serving the living and the dead ? ' " A special staff, of course," said Dr. Ismail, " let us have a staff—of life." " Wait till budget-time," cried Mr. Leo, " and in the meantime let our *moral* notions supply the law's deficiency ! " In the meantime, too, if people would be so precipitate as to go and bury themselves alive, so much the worse for them ! One comfort, if they are killed, they will no longer be in a position to repeat their mistake, or to reproach us with inhumanity. On the contrary, if the dead could speak, they would defiantly say to us, "you can't do it again," as the pig said to the boy, after he had cut off its tail !

" When the Babula Tank is reclaimed," said the Joint Schools Committee—" *Reclaimed*," innocently asked Mr. Sundernath Khote, " why, didn't Mr. Vincent himself tell us the other day that there was no hope for Babula, and that when most reclaimed, he would be most depraved ? " Needless to add that this tore us asunder with laughter, this *naive* remark of Mr. Sunder-nath's ! " When the tank is filled up,"



Unable to swallow the bitter pill.

A MAN in Scotland who had been raised to the high dignity of justice of the peace was exceedingly proud of his new honour. One day, being on his high horse, he happened to call himself the representative of her Majesty. "Hoot awa'," said a friend who overheard the remark; "You represent her Majesty! Her Majesty, dacent woman, is much better represented on a bawbee!"

"'A HOPEFUL Future M. P." writes wanting to know "If, in the House of Commons—which, as a matter of course, includes 'Short Commons,' and is equivalent to a German 'Diet'—the larder supply of meat is under the supervision of the 'Standing Joint Committee'? Also how long is a joint allowed by such committee to stand? Likewise, whether hot or cold?"



A *GORILLA* WARFARE.

WIDE AWAKE.—Employer (angrily, to clerk): "Mr. Wagster, you're always falling asleep over your work. I don't see what use you are; I really don't know what to do with you."—Clerk (with alacrity): "Why not make a sleeping partner of me, sir?"

PENDENNIS: "If I had known that you were going to drop in on us so unexpectedly, we should have had a more elaborated dinner." "Warrington (wrestling with a tough piece of steak): "Don't mention it, old man; but next time I'll be sure to let you know."



A RARÂ AVIS FROM MADRAS FOR MISS BARODA.

[Dewan Bahadoor Shrinivas Raghava Iyengar, the new Dewan of Baroda, arrived there on 15th July last, and was received with due honours. A Durbar was held in the Laxmi Vilas palace on the same day, when His Highness the Mahraja presented the Dewan with the *Sanad* and the *poshák* of his office.]

વડોદરાબાઈ માટે મદરાસથી આવેલું અસાધારણ કીમતી પક્ષી.

[વડોદરાના નવા દીવાન, દીવાન બહાદુર શ્રીનીવાસ રાઘવ આયનગર, ગઈ તા૰ ૧૫મી જુલાઈએ વડોદરે જઈ પોહોચ્યા હતા, અને ત્યાં તેમને ઘટતો માન સાથે આવકાર દેવામાં આવ્યો હતો. લક્ષ્મી વીલાસ મેહેલમાં તેજ દીવસે એક દરબાર ભરવામાં આવી હતી, અને તે પ્રસંગે મહારાજાએ તેમને તેમના ઓધ્ધાને લગતી સનદ તથા પોશાક એનાયત કરયો હતો.]



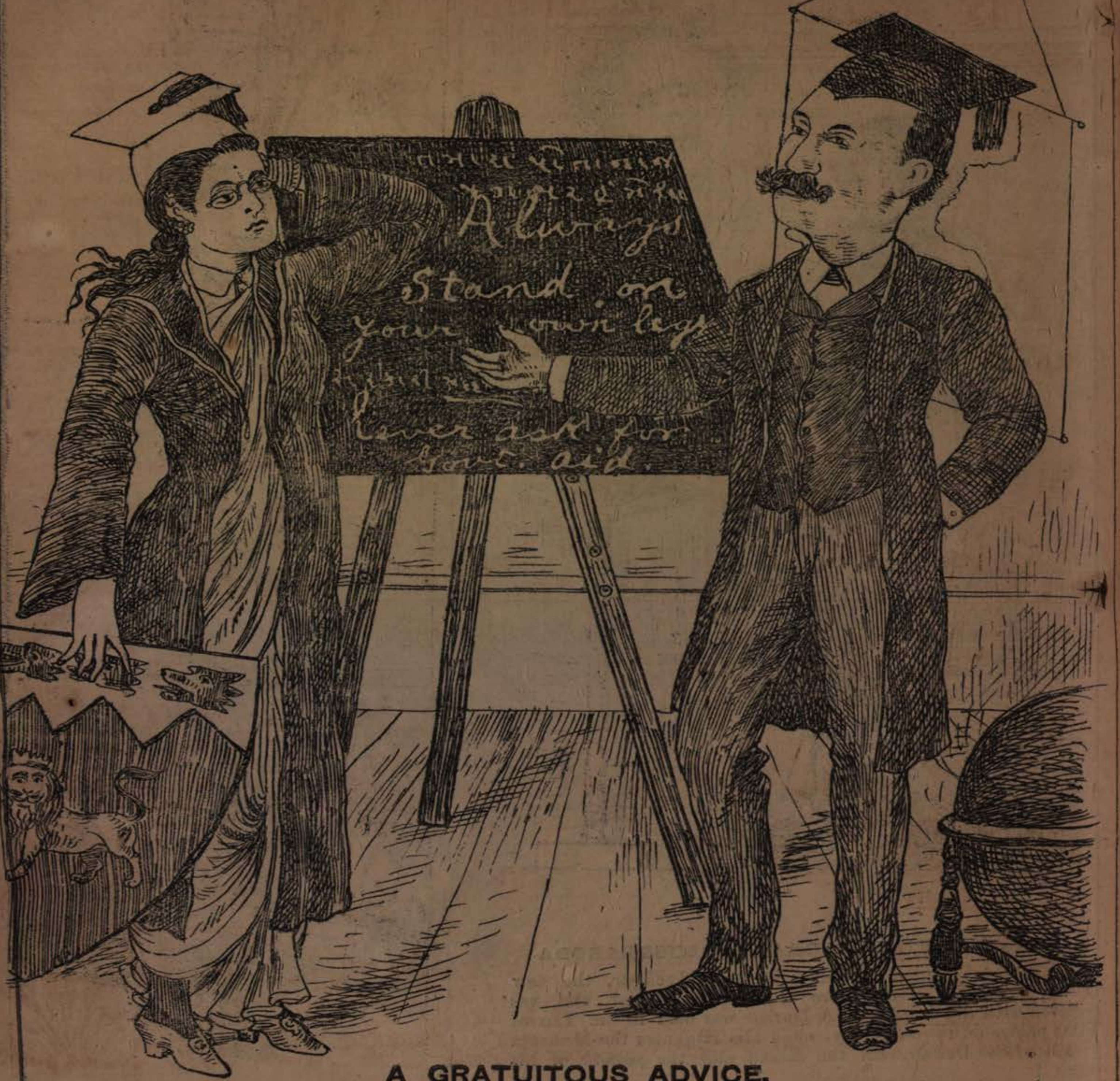
A TALE WITHOUT WORDS.

(OUR SHAMLA BHAT POTIANDASS'S EXPERIENCES OF A RAINY DAY.)

શબ્દો વીનાની એક વારતા.

રચનાર, મીસીસ શોમલા ભટાણી.

(વરસાદના એક દીવસે અમારા મી૰ શોમલા ભટ પોત્યાંદાષને મળેલો અનુભવ.)



A GRATUITOUS ADVICE.

Head-Master Sandhurst—Don't frown, my dear, nor allow yourself to be alarmed by the burden of my lessons! Try to grasp the golden principles of the adage, "*Always stand on your own legs,*" and "*Never ask Government for aid,*" my dear!

[A representation is to be made to the Bombay Government urging them to reconsider their decision to withdraw the University's annual grant.]

વગર માંગવે આપવામાં આવતી સલાહ.

હેડ માસ્તર સેંડહર્સ્ટ—એમ ભવાં ના ચહડાવ, મારી વાહાલી, તેમજ હું તુને જે પાઠ આપું છું તેના બોજાથી તું ગભરાઈ ના જા! "તમારાં પોતાનાંજ પગ ઉપર હંમેશાં ઉભાં રેહેજો" અને "સરકાર પાસ કદી મદદ માગવા જતાં ના," એ કેહેવતનાં સોનેરી નીયમો તારા ધ્યાનમાં ઉતારવાની કોશેશ કર, મારી પ્યારી!

[મુમ્બઈ યુનીવરસીટીને સરકાર તરફથી મળતું આવેલું વરસાણુ હવેથી બંધ કરવાનો ઠરાવ સરકારે કરયો છે, જે ફેરવવા માટે તેને એક અરજી કરવામાં આવનાર છે.]



AN EASY REMEDY.

Mohtibai— (Five feet ten) How long are you *going* to keep me waiting, Jamsi dear?

Jamshed— (Four feet ten) On second thoughts I don't think I shall go with you, love! You're too much above me and I look simply ridiculous, walking by your side!

Mohtibai—That's easily remedied. Haven't I been telling you, ever since we were married to knock off your potatoe-shaped *fentá* and take to the venerable chimney-pot instead? That will give you a tall look!

એક સેહેલો ઉપાય.

મોહટીબાઈ—(જેવણ પાંચ ફીટ દશ ઈંચ લાંબાં છે) આવાય, જમસી ડીયર, તમે તે મને કેટલો વખત એમ તપાવ્યા કરસો? ચાલોની, વખત થઈ આલ્યો!

જમશેદ—(જેવણ ચાર ફીટ દશ ઈંચ જેટલા અને ધણીયાંણી કરતાં એક ફુટ ઠીંગણા છે) જોની મેહટી લવ, મેં ફરીથી વીચાર કીધોય ને હું તો તારી સાથે આવવાનું માંડીજ વાળુંચ! તું એટલી બધી મારી આગળ સલેમાન સાહાટકા જેવી ઉંચી દેખાયચ કે તારી સાથે ચાલતાં મારૂં તો મોહોત થઈ જાયચ ને બધાં લોકો મને રસ્તામાં હસેચ ને મારી મસ્કેરી કરેચ!

મોહટી—પણ તેનો છટ ને પટ ઉપાય કરી નાખોની! હું તમને આપરે પણ્યાં તે દાહારની—એ મહીના થયા—કેહુંચ જે તમારૂં આગ્લે છોલેલા પપેટા જેવું ફેંટાનું ગોબલું ફેંકી દેઓ ને મુંગા મુંઆ મોરીયાં જેવી ઉંચી ને આબરૂ ઈજતની પાઘડી પેહેરો, તે તો તમે માનતાજ નહીં! તમે મહુજેની મોટી જેવી પાઘડી પેહેરવા માંડો ને પછી જોત્રો કે મારી સાથે ચાલતાં તમેબી ઉંચા ઉંચા લાગોચ કે નહી તે!



BEAUTIFUL AND BOUNTIFUL BOMBAY.

[Two months and a half of the monsoon yet, and the register already shows 45 inches—a good fall.]

સુંદર મુંબઈ તરોતાઝગી અને લીલાં લેહેરમાં!

[ચોમાસાંની મોહોસમ પુરી થવાને હજી હડી મહીનાનો વીલંબ છે, તોપણ મુંબઈમાં ૪૫ ઈંચ જેટલો ઘણો સારો અને ભારી વરસાદ અત્યાર સુધીમાં પડી ચુકો છે.]



"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR——?"

[Lord George Hamilton has determinedly plundered the Indian Tressury for the sake of saving the British Taxpayer's £., s. & d.]

"લાવ તારા પઈસા લાવ, નહી તેા તારેા—?"

હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાંના પ્રધાને અંગરેજ કર ભરનારાઓના પઈસા બચાવવા માટેજ ઠરાવ ભરેલા થઈને હીંદી સરકારની તીજોરીમાં લુટ ચલાવી છે.]



IN MEMORIAM.

MR. VARJEEVANDASS MADHAVADASS, J. P.,
Founder of the Madhava Baug and head of the Kapole Banias.
Born, 28*th Jan*., 1817. *Died*, 12*th July*, 1896.

મરહુમ શેઠ વરજીવનદાસ માધવદાસ, જે. પી.,
માધવબાગના સ્થાપક અને કપેાળ વાણીયાઓના વડા.
જનમ, તા૦ ૨૮ મી જાનેવારી ૧૮૧૭. મરણ, તા૦ ૧૨ મી જુલાઈ, ૧૮૯૬.



NICE FOR HOMEE!

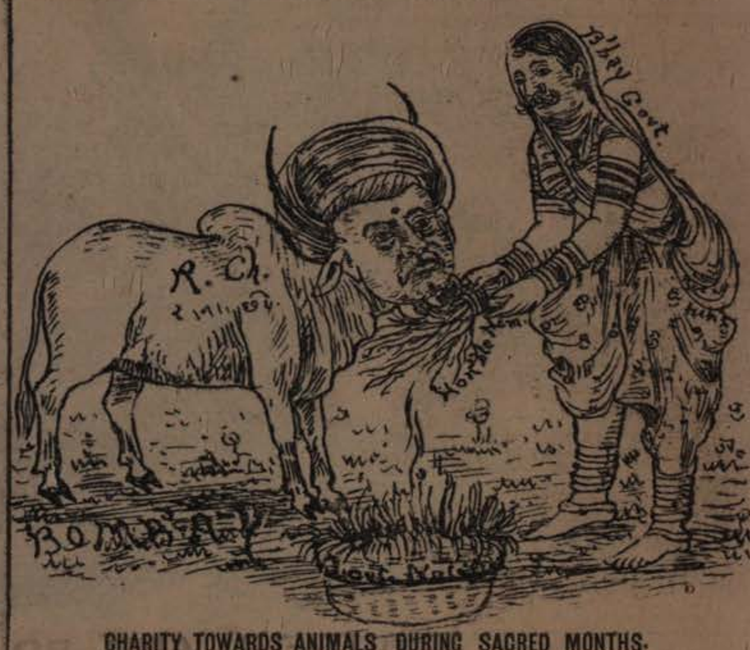
Hilloo—Oh! these tight boots! I don't think I shall be able to go a step further! Do take them off, will you?

Homee—Thank you, and carry you too, I suppose! Why not take your propur size?

Hilloo—Yes, and look like a kitchen-maid! Not I. Give me the dainty China-woman with her tiny shoes!

હેામી માટે સુંદર કામ.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૫૮ મું.]



CHARITY TOWARDS ANIMALS DURING SACRED MONTHS.

THE AHMEDABADI OX, FED WITH GREEN GRASS.

[Rao Bahadoor Ranchhodlal Chhotalal has been once more nominated a member of the Bombay Legislative Council.]

પવીત્ર માસમાં જાનવરેા માટે દાનધર્મ.

અમદાવાદી બળદને ખવાડવામાં આવતું લીલું ઘાસ.

[રાઓ બહાદુર રણછેાડલાલ છેાટાલાલને એકવાર ફરીથી મુંબઈની ધારાસભામાં નેમવામાં આવ્યા છે.]



THE PLUNDERER.

The British highwayman has plundered her of her riches and gone off with them—to Suakin!

[" Humanity and Justice have been outraged, and every Englishman, if he has any sense of self-respect and justice, must quickly remove this igeoble blot which has disfigured the reputation of his fair island."—*The " Mahratta "* on the Cost of the Suakin Expedition.]

જબરો લુટારો.

અંગ્રેજ લુટારાએ ગરીબ બીચારીનું ધન લુટી લીધું છે, અને તે લઈને તે—સુએકીન ચાલ્યો ગયો છે!

[ઈનસાન્યત અને ઈનસાફના કાનુનોને ઊંધા વાળી તેમને અપવીત્ર કરવામાં આવ્યાં છે, અને પોતાને માટે કાંઈ પણ માનની તથા ઈનસાફી લાગણી ધરાવનાર દરેક અંગરેજે પોતાના દેશની આબરૂને કાળી બનાવનારૂં આ શરમભરેલું ધાબું દુર કરવાના ઈલાજ ઝટ લેવા ઘટે છે.—મરાઠા.



THE "STINGING TREE" IN HIND'S GARDEN.

[The Stinging or Burning Tree, in size varying from a bush to a large tree, grows in the Himalayas, and is said to be a terror to men and animals. A missionary, who investigated a leaf of the plant with his forefinger, suffered agony for several weeks, and for ten months felt occasional darting pains in his finger. A specimen of this strange tree has recently been added to the botanic gardens at Madras.]

હીંદના બાગમાં ડંખ મારનારૂં ઝાડ.

[ડંખ મારનારૂં અથવા ડામ દેનારૂં ઝાડ કદમાં નાની ઝાડીથી તે મોટાં ઝાડ સુધીનું થાય છે. હીમાલય તરફ તે ઉગે છે અને માણસોતથા જાનવરો એકસરખી રીતે તેનાથી ત્રાસ પામે છે. એ ઝાડનાં એક પાતરાંની તપાસ એક ખ્રીસ્તી ધરમગુરૂએ ચલાવી, તો તેનાં પરીણામમાં કેટલાંક અઠવાડયાં સુધી તેનાં આંગળાંમાં અગન બળી હતી, અને દશ મહીના સુધી અવારનવાર તેમાં કળતર થતી રહી હતી. અજાયબ જેવાં આ ઝાડનો એક નમુનો મદરાસમાંનાં બાટનીકલ ગારડનસમાં લાવી મેલવામાં આવ્યો છે.]

CHOW CHOW.

Ghee and The Belly.

JALANDHAR NATH writes:—"You look pale and care-worn this morning," remarked my friend, Hemchand, as he accosted me in the Marwari Bazaar yesterday. "Weather, work and worry," I replied, "and add to them lack of padding or adipose matter." "Eat ghee," was his rejoinder, "and enough of it too, and the hidden rocks of your face need never be exposed even when the tide rolling over flesh and spirit is at the lowest." I surveyed my friend closely and my eyes rested on his shining, capacious belly, which was bare, as in fact was his whole body, except what the scanty dhoti, tucked up below the navel, covered. With a graceful curve, the round belly protruded and gravitated downwards, as the hump of



Gravitating.

Punchoba does upwards. It struggled hard to kiss the earth and envied the feet the rest they found thereon. The phenomenon reminded me how in the good old times, according to Æsop, the Belly and the Members had a tiff; but they made it up soon. I fear me, if Hemchand's belly goes on growing in this fashion, another revolt is near at hand. The remote ancestors of man, we are told, walked on all fours. The two arms thus bore their fair share in carrying the heavy and cumbersome belly. Why the poor Shudra legs and feet alone should now be top-hampered by the weight, not only of the Brahmanic Head and the Brahmanic Belly, but of the Kshatryick arms and hands as well, is not clear, and I should not be surprised if in these democratic times the old quarrel is renewed and the Legs and Feet go in for a strike and bring the proud arms down on their hands to share the weight of heavy Bellies. No! friend Hemchand, if Ghee can promote the growth of abdomens in this wise, it is not the food for me!



The Belly and the Members.

TALKING of Ghee, puts me in mind of that arch offender, the "Adulterated Ghee," the author of enormities innumerable, who has so long baffled the skill of learned physicians and criminal anthropologists to diagnose and to treat him successfully in order to check his criminal tendencies. No criminal of modern times has received so much attention as this young *budmash*, the "Adulterated Ghee." Grave consultations have been held; elaborate cases have been drawn up and memoranda and reports without number put forth, in which, the matter has been both analytically and synthetically discussed.

* * *

DYNAMOMETERS, spirometers, craniometers and various instruments have been tried to measure the young delinquent's skull, chest and hands to determine the extent of abnormality which impel him irresistibly to crime. The case has been pronounced hopelessly incurable, and all that remains to be done is to put restraint upon the young criminal's liberty. But where, in the vast reformatories and convict settlements of the Indian Penal Code to confine him, is



Primitive locomotion.

the new difficulty. Every territory or section of the vast Penal Code has been assiduously explored by eminent lawyers and legislators to find a suitable and secure lodgment for the offender, but to no purpose.

* * *

THE Government of India have confessed their inability to provide a safe prison for the offender within the four corners of the Penal Code Settlement. The matter has been sent back to the city of Bombay to see whether local experts conversant with the prophylactics of crime, whose wits have long been sharpened at the whetstones of Golden, Silver and Copper Gangs, can fix upon any strong prison-house within the five hundred odd sections of the Penal Code whence this greasy, slimy, slippery criminal cannot wriggle out to prey upon peaceful society. The City Fathers have now once more undertaken the task of exploration, and I wish them good luck. Adulterated Ghee! thou art a genius, a culprit *non-pareil*, and if thou art ever hunted down and doomed, thou shalt indeed die a heroe's death!

* * *

"Connections!"

JALANDHAR continues :—" My ear is dinned by the noise they make about 'Connections.' Wherever I go, I hear about 'House Connections.' We all know that if houses or families ceased making 'Connections,' the census returns of this great city would show a poor result. 'Connections' cannot be dispensed with; but why all this fuss about them? Was there not a plethora of it in the marriage season just over? The *Sinhasta* has set in and we can have no more of it for some time to come. Is it to make up for the disappointment of action inevitably put off that they talk so much and love to dwell upon the enticing theme? The City Fathers, I am told, are



CRIMINAL ANTHROPOLOGY.



The exploration.

somehow involved in the matter, and are quarrelling among themselves. The orthodox elders in the council, think these happy " connections " should be made for the youthful and inexperienced members of the great family, by the wise heads of the house, and the whole cost met from the common fund of the undivided family. This is how matters are generally arranged among our much married people. But there is a new and progressive party among the City Fathers who seem to be of opinion that we have had enough of these child-'connections.' This is an age of consent and the City Fathers should, they think, keep aloof and let the brunt of selection and expense fall upon the youthful members who should have some idea of the grave responsibility they are undertaking and should measure for themselves, by self-choice, the happiness and misery in store for them, when they have once formed the "connections!" The undivided family system apparently does not commend itself to some of the elders! Reformers don't, as a rule, succeed in this backward country; it is to be seen whether 'connections' by proxy or by self-choice are decreed by our wise City Father." The reform party has succeeded; but the expenses of these "connections" are, as you know, so heavy that your youthful members, O! Jalandhar, are in despair!

(*Hindi Punch*, 26-7-96.)



Without dowries. " You choose for us and pay, Father ! "



"BLESS YOU, MY BOYS!"

[After a period of twenty-two years a reconciliation has been effected between the two factions of the Kapole Bania caste, an intelligent and powerful section of the Bombay Hindus, headed respectively by Mr. Tribhowandass Varjeevandass Madhowdass and Mr. Tribhowandass Mangaldass Nathoobhoy, both parties having come to the understanding that their respective heads should be their leaders by turn every year.]

" સુખી રહો, મારા છોડાઓ, સદા સુખી અને સંપીલાજ રહો!"

[બાવીસ વરસે કપોળ વાણીયાઓની નાતનાં બંને તડો વચે પાછો એકસંપ થયો છે. બંને તડવાળાઓની મળેલી સભાએ ઠરાવ કરયો છે કે, તેમના શેઠયાઓ મી૦ ત્રીભોવનદાસ વરજીવનદાસ માધવદાસ અને મી૦ ત્રીભોવનદાસ મંગળદાસ નથુભાઇએ દર વરસે વારાફરતી ન્યાતની શેઠાઈ કરવી, અને એ રીતે બંને વચે ચાલતો કુસંપ કહાડી નાખી ફાટને સાંધી દેવી.]





ONION-RUBBING FOR HAIR-GROWING.

Meherbanoo—What a calamity ! I'm afraid I'm losing hair fast !

Tehmina—Take a good large onion and rub it hard on the head ! It's a sure remedy and so cheap !

Meherbanoo—Yes, and nasty ! An onion on the head ! Phughhh ! ! ! The idea ! And the smell ! Enough to drive poor Minocher to the club and the theatre ! An onion ! A nice work it will make of the union of our hearts !

બાલ વધારવા માટે માથે કાંદો ઘસો !

મેહેરબાનુ–ઓ આએ સું બલા ! મારા તો બાલ હવે ઘણાજ ખરી જવા માંડયાચ !

તેહમીના–તો તેનો ઝટ ને પટ ઉપાય કરી દેની ! એક મોટો જેવો કાંદો લે ને દરરોજ તે માથાંના તાલકાં પર ઘસર ! બાલ વધારવાનો તે ઘણો અકસીર ઉપાય છે ને વરી ઘણો જ સસતોબી છે !

મેહેરબાનુ–હા, સસતોબી ને વરી વાસ મારતોબી ! માથાં પર હું કાંદો ઘસરૂં ! કુકુકુકુ કુકુ ! બેએએએ ! બરૅરૅ તેનો વાસ ! બીચારા મીનોચેહેર તો તેનો વાસ જોઈનેજ દરરોજ પોણી પોણી રાત કલ્બમાં ને નાટક જોવામાંજ કહારસે ! તારો કાંદો તો કેની, તેહેમી, તે વર બઈએરનાં એકમેકસે મળેલાં દીલનું કાટલું જ કહાડી નાખનારો થઈ પડસે હં ! તું બું કોઈ દાહાડે તે અજમાવી જોતી બોતી ના, નહી તો બાલ વધારવા જતાં વર સાથ વઘેરી બેસસે !

SWEET SEVENTEEN ;

OR, MISS SHENDIARAO IN THE NEAREST FUTURE.

(*Presented without permission to blind and bigoted orthodoxy.*)

મીઠી મધુરી સુંદર સતર વરસની સુંદરી;

અથવા, ઘણાંજ નજદીકનાં ભવીષ્યની મીસ શેંડીયારાવ.

(અસલી વીચારનાં ઝનુની ધરમાંધલાઓને વગર રજાએ અરપણ.)

OH, YOU GIRLS !—She : "I hear Miss Flurts is learning to ride a bicycle." He : "But she rode one last year. Why does she have to learn again ?" She : Another gentleman is teaching her."



THE CROW AND THE FOX.

(A new version of an old fable.)

Fox—What a pretty bird you are ! And what a sweet voice you must have ! Trill me one of your lovely songs, will you ?

Crow—Thank you, Master Reynard ! Do you see any green in my eyes ? And do you expect to catch me with such chaff ? I know your flattery aims at depriving me of this sweet piece of cake I hold in my beak ! But you'll have to wait for it till Doomsday !

[The Poona Congress Working Committee has a surplus of Rs. 20,000 in its hands, which, it is suggested, should be handed over to the Standing Congress Committee.]

કાગડો અને શીયાળ.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૫૮ મું.]



THE MARRIAGE BENEFIT FUNDS FOR THE PARSEES.

All your efforts will prove fruitless, my dear girl ! The fellow is bound to go to the bottom !

પારસીઓ માટેનાં લગનનાં લાભનાં ફંડો.

બાઈ સાહેબ, એને બચાવવાની તમારી બધી મેહેનત ફોકટજ જવાની ! એ તો દરયાને તળ્યે જઈને બેસવોજ જોઈયે !



GOING FOR A SONG !

" Only 10,000 as she is ten years old ! Any rich dotard with one foot in the grave may bid for her ! Not a pie less will her mother take, and that in hard cash before she knocks her down in the matrimonial market ! "

[A deal of controversy is going on among the Bhattias of Bombay about the shameful scandal of parents selling their daughters in marriage to the highest bidders, though on the wrong side of sixty.]

જાય છે, સસ્તામાં જાય છે !

" ફક્ત દશ હજાર ! આ દશ વરસની છોકીના ફક્ત દશ હજાર ! સુનાપેારમાં જવાને તઈયાર થઈ રહેલા કોઈબી માલદાર ઘરડા ખેાખાએ તેણી માટે બીડ કરવી ! દશ હજારમાં એક પાઈ પણ ઓછી નહી,—અને શરત એ કે લગનના બજારમાં છોડીનું લીલાંઉ પુરું થાય તે આગમજ એ આખી રકમ તેણીની માને રોકડે રોકડે આપવી જોઈશે ! "

[ભાટીયા માબાપેા પેાતાની દીકરીઓને પઈશાવાળા ઘરડા ખેાખાઓને લગનમાં વેચે છે તે નાલેસી સામે બહુ જોશભર તકરાર હમણા ચાલે છે.]



OUR SHENDIAJEE.

I. EXALTATION
on being elevated to the degnity of a grand-father!

II. DEPRESSION
at the thought that the dignity means *aged* silvery streaks in his *shendi*!

અમારા શેંડીયાજી.

૧. તેમની ખુશાલી
નેા પાર રેહેતેા નથી, કેમકે તેઓ સંસારી પદવીમાં ચડ્યા છે. અને આજ ને કાલ દીકરીની દીકરીના મમાવા થયા છે! અધધધધધધધધધ!!!

૨. તેમની દલગીરી
નેા વળી કાંઈ સુમાર રેહેતેા નથી, કેમકે તેમને વીચાર આવે છે કે સંસારમાં પદવી વધતે ઘરડા ખખ થયા અને શેંડી કાળીને બદલે ધેાળી થવા માંડી!! ઓઈ!!! ઓઈ!!!!



THE YOUNG HOPEFUL!

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

[The Bombay Government have contributed their share of Rs. 50,000 to the Joint Schools Committee's Building Fund, started by the Bombay Corporation.]

આશાવંતું કચકલું!

"હાઆ, હાઆ, હાઆ, હાઆ!"

[મુંબઈની જાઈંટ સ્કુલ્સ કમીટીને હસ્તકની શાળાઓ માટે ઈમારતેા બાંધવાને કારપેારેશને જે ફંડ ઉભું કીધું છે અને જેમાં તેણે પેાતા તરફથી પચાસ હજાર રૂપ્યા આપ્યા છે, તે ફંડમાં સરકારે પેાતા તરફના ફાળા તરીકે તેટલીજ રકમ આપવાનેા હુકમ કીધેા છે.]

THE REASON.—Peripatetic Parson (who thinks boy should touch his hat): "Have you not seen me before?" Boy: "I mind seein' yer 'orse." P. P.: "How is it you colonials take more notice of the animal than of the rider?" Boy: "Well, ye see, mister, we've 'ad a lot o' 'orses shook by strangers lately."



A SCENE FROM A MIDSUMMER PANTOMIME.

(*As played at the Theatre Royal, Westminster.*)

THE LION, THE CROCODILE, AND THE FAIRY.

ઈંગ્લંડમાં ભર હુનાળામાં ભજવવામાં આવેલા એક પેનટોમાઈમમાંનો દેખાવ.

(વેસ્ટમીનસ્ટરના બાદશાહી થીયેટરમાં કરી બતાવેલો.)

સીંહ, સુસ[illegible] અને પરી.

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

Loth to Part.—"It has long been our proud boast," said the chairman, "that this establishment is kept up entirely by voluntary contributions. I cannot, however conscientiously describe the amount of the past year's donations in the stereotyped way. To do so would be unjust to Mr. B.—(here present)——who is by far the richest man in the town, and who (after two hours of gentle coaxing from one of our lady collectors) most reluctantly assisted our good cause with—twopence! I have, therefore, had the year's receipts entered up in the books as 'voluntary contributions, £915 17s. 4½d.: *in*-voluntary countributions, 2d.—total, £915 17s. 6½.'"

Paving the Way.—"James," said the surgeon kindly to his page boy, "here are a couple of oranges for you. Go and eat them just outside—I can't bear the smell of oranges—and throw the peel on the pavment. Don't throw it in the road, my boy, because the poor horses might slip on it, and break their useful limbs." "Thank you, sir," said James, taking the oranges; "but I allus eat the peel myself, sir; I likes it." "You dare to!" shouted the surgeon, "and I'll use the stomachpump to yon! Throw the peel on the pavment, as I told you!"

Mercenary.—Mr. Spooner (whisperingly, to Irish domestic): "Here's half-a-crown, Kate. Give this letter to Miss Julia, there's a good girl."—Irish domestic (pocketing the half-crown and taking the letter): "Thank yer, sorr. An' now phwat will ye give me not to shew the letter to Miss Julia's pa, sorr?"

A Timely Warning.—"Oh, by the way, you remember that old bore, Professor Dodderington, who took such a fancy to you on the links at St. Andrews last autumn? Well, he's in town, and dying to meet you!"—"Ah—*is* he? Well, he won't meet me if I manage to catch sight of *him* first!"

Things One Would Wish to have Expressed Differently.—He: "I suppose, now that the London season is coming to an end, that you've been very gay?"—She: "Oh, yes—I haven't had a dull moment since I saw you last!"

Encouraging.—Curate (who wishes to encourage local industry): "Well, Adams, how are you getting on with my watch?"—Adams: "Why, it be nigh finished now, zur, an' 'e do zeem to go mortal well, but dang me, if there hain't a wheel as I can't find a place vor summow!"

The Police Band.—Musical party (alluding to the band): "And—er—what march do you consider the most effective, sir?"—P. C. Cornet (absently): "March—um—ha! oh! decidedly the *Frog's March*

Bad Language.—Mistress: "Have you answered the door, Bridget?"—Bridget (savagely, and feeling her head): "Not exactly, mum; but Oi spoke to it jist now whin Oi cracked me head against it!"

An Excellent Thing.—Arthur: "Do you know, Miss Sharp, I'm thinking of getting a bicycle. What do you think of the idea?" Kate: "Oh, do it by all means, Mr. Softcroft! The bicycle, they say, is an excellent thing for the development of calves."

At the Matrimonial Agency.—There is one very attractive client on our books. She has £1,000 capital to each year of her age."—"And what's her age?"—"Twenty."—"What a pity that she is not much older!"

The Exhibition Season.—First chorister: "You're surely not going on without making up?"—Second chorister: "Yes, I am. The people must be tired by now of looking at paintings."

His Fist was Bad.—"Why didn't you answer the letter I sent to you yesterday?"—"I didn't know if it was anything in a hurry. I was just bringing it to you to read to me. Blest if I can decipher it at all!"

The Queen as Umpire.—Her Majesty has decreed "no ball" at Buckingham Palace this season, so no "long hops" will be in evidence.

A Simile.—"And is she really so attractive?"—"Attractive? I should just say so! She's as attractive as the seven cardinal sins!"

She Hadn't.—Where's Ann going with all that luggage?"—"It isn't luggage, dear. Only a few purchases I've made."—"And paid for, I hope?"

Marie: "Why does Miss Passionquill call her book of poems 'Meadow Grass'?" Estelle: "I suppose she had a presentiment that it would remain uncut."

She: "You said I had a face that would stop a trolly car in the middle of the block." He: "I did. It takes a mighty good-looking woman to get a conductor to do that."

"What a self-assertive, conceited sort of individual that phrenologist chap is!"—"Well, you see, one naturally expects him to be rather bump-tious, eh?"

Miss Passe: "How odd you are, Mr. Fly!"—Mr. Fly: "Yes, but I should like to be even with you."—Miss Passe (with a delicious sigh): "Oh! that is sudden."

Particular to a Shade.—They call the Sultan "The Shadow." Solid John Bull does not desire to be considered "the *Valet* of the Shadow."

Distinguished Amateur Artist (to old woman): "What a pretty cottage! May I paint it?"—Old woman: "Lor,' no; it's only just been white-washed!"

Mrs. New-wed (engaging servant): "I hope you haven't a young man?" Susan: "Oh, no, mum; he's nearly fifty."

Most Appropriate Attire.—A "grass-lawn" tennis costume.

Fire and Water.—Surely the international emblem of the fire brigades ought to be the pump-kin.

The job of breaking stones is usually only taken up by the "stone-broke."

Literature seems to be in a bad way when men are fined for "making a book."

Little Miss Onetwono: "Mummy, do the Greenlanders live in greenhouses with greenrooms?"



PATETI PROSPECTS.

Dhun—And what do you propose for the Pateti? Any new dresses for us, any ornaments for me—any——

Pesiba—That all depends on the St. Leger sweep, dear! If it sweeps into our house something like the first prize, why then I'll dress you like a queen! If it does not, we must be content with last year's things! As our native proverb says, *old is gold*, you know!

પતેતીની પંચાતી.

ધન—ને વારૂં તમે પતેતીને વાસ્તે સું કરવા માંગોચ? આપરે એઉને વાસ્તે કંઈ નવાં કપરાં લેવા માંગોચ કેની? ને કંઈ મારે વાસ્તે નવી જનસ—કંઈ નવી ચીજ——

પેસીબા—તે બધાંનો આધાર તો સ્ટીલ્લીજરની સોરતી આવવાપર છે, ડીયર? જો એ સોરતીનો તીકકો લાગી ગીયો ને કંઈ પેહેલાં ઈનામનો તરાકો સેવકને પરી ગીયો, તો પછી તું જો કે તુંને શેહેનશાહબાનું જ બનાવી દેઉંચ! પણ જો તીકકો ને તરાકો ઠેકાણે ને ઠેકાણેજ રેહી ગીયો તો—તો—પછી આપરે સું કરસું—જે ગીયે વરસની ચીજો હોસે તેપર સુગરાના કરવા પરસે! જાણેચ કેની જુનું તેજ સુનું તે!



PRETTY PIROJA'S PRETTY PARASOL.

Here's pretty Piroja under a pretty little parasol! Good enough perhaps for keeping old *Sol* off, but not the impudent rain! And see how the familiar drops play with the sweet one's dress and person! (Small blame to them, the temptation is so great!)

સુંદર પીરોજાની "પેરાસોલ."

આ પીકચર અમારી સુંદર મીસ પીરોજાનું છે, જેવણ સુંદર નાની "પેરાસોલ" (છત્રી) લઈને વરસાદમાં ચાલતાં નીકળયાં છે. એ છત્રી કદાચ "સોલ" (સુરજ) ને દુર રાખવાને કામ લાગતી હશે, પણ સોબાઇ ભરેલો મેગલો તેથી દુર રહેતોજ નથી! એ મીઠી મધુરીયાના કપડાં અને શરીર સાથે તે કેટલી બધી અટકચાલી કરે છે અને છુટ લે છે તે તો જોતો! (પણ તે કરેથી તે સું! એવી છુટ લેવા માટે લાલચ એટલી જબરી છે કે તે માટે તેને કસો ઠપકો ઘટતો નથી!)



A DROP TOO MUCH!

Mrs. Potiandas—What's this ? You said it was doctor's stuff, but it smells more like the nasty mixture with which you are wont to make such a beast of yourself! In this sacred month too! Oh ! the abomi—

[*"I'll teach you to cry oh!," says Mr., P, and he lays his stick on Mrs. with a kindness which she fails to appreciate!*

જરા બેવડો વધારે પડયો !

મીસીસ શેામલાભટાણી પેાતચાંદાપ—એ તમે આ શું કરેા છેા ? તમે તેા મને કેહેતા કે એ તેા ડાકટરને તયાંનું અઉષધ છે, પણ અહીં તેા એાલા મદીરા જેવ ડાનેા વાશ આવે છે,—જે ટાંસીને તમે વારે ઘડીયે વીકાલ વરૂ થઈ જાએા છેા તે અઉષધ લા વ્યા છેા કે હાય, હાય, આ પવીત્ર માસમાં આ શા પાપી કરૂતય ! એા આ કેવેા ધરમ ભરષ્ટ ! આ—

[મીસીસ શેામલાભટાણીનું આ ભાષણ સાંભળતાં મીૹ શેામલાનું મસ્તક ફરી ગયું ! ધનજી ભીમાને તયાંનેા છાંટેા પાણી પેટમાં વધુ પડેલેા હેાવાથી તેની ધુઈ તેમના મસ્તકે ચહડી ગઈ હતી, જેની અસર તરે તેએાએ અલી શેામલીને સારી પેઠે ભાષણેા કરવાનેા સ્વાદ ચખાડી દીધેા !



OUR SERVANTS.

Marian Ayah—Well, Pandoo, what did you make to-day ?

Pandoo,—I made Milk !

M. A.—How do you mean ?

Pandoo—Rather mean, I admit, but what can a fellow do ? One must live, you know, Bai sent me for 3 seers. I brought only 1½ and added enough water to make it three ! And that means three annas in my pocket !

આપણા નેાકરેા.

મેરીયાન આયા—કેમ પાંડુ, આજે તેં બાઈને કેમ બનાવી કહાડી ?

પાંડુ—મેં તેા આજે ફકત તીન આના કહાડયાસ ! બાઈએ તીન સેર દુધ લાવવા મને સાંગીતલાતા, પણ મીહીર સેર ગેતલા અને તેમાં દીર મેર પાણી ટાકુન તીન સેર બ



THE IRE OF MEHTA-JEE PANTOOJEE AROUSED !

Mehta-jee—Eh, what, you won't allow me to ask you a question, eh ? Then take this, and this and this !

[The Bombay Government having disallowed a question put by the Hon'ble Mr. Pherozeshah M. Mehta regarding the dissatisfaction created by the system under which appeals from the decision of the Agency Courts in Kathiawar and elsewhere are disposed of by the Bombay Government, Mr. Mehta has appealed to the Governor General in Council, as the matter is one affecting the right of interpellation of members.]

મેહેતા-જી પંતુજીનેા પીત્તેા ઉછલી આવ્યેા.

મેહેતા-જી—હેં એ, શું બેાલ્યેા ? મારાથી તને સવાલ ન પુછાય, હેં એ ? એમ કે ? ત્યારે લે આ, એાઊં ! લેતેા જા !

[કાઠયાવાડની એજનસી કેારટના ચુકાદાએા સામે કરવામાં આવતી અપીલેાનેા જે રીતે સરકાર ફડચેા કરે છે તેથી ફેલાયલા અસંતેાષ વીષે આનરેબલ મીૹ મેહેતાએ પુછવા માંગે



TH GAMBLING ON GOKAL ASHTHAMI DAY. *(An episode on the last Gokal Ashthami !)*

(1) Your gold bangles, my own Ali! And I'll double them!!—(2) What? Your life first?—(3) Well, then, your bangles or your life! (4) Or both, you daughter of a wretched old miser?

ગોકલ અષ્ટમીને દીવસે રમાતો જુગાર.

(ગઈ ગોકલ અષ્ટમીના દીવસની એક કહાની.)

(૧) લાવ તો અલી મારી, તારી સોનાની બાંગડીઓ લાવ! હું તે તને બેવડી કરીને પાછી આલીશ!! (૨) હેં એં, શું કહે છે? તારો જીવ જાય તોય તે ન આવે? (૩) અરે તારો જીવ લઈશ,—નહી તો લાવ અબઘડી! (૪) રાંડ સાંઢ, તારા મનઅહી શું સમજે છે? મુંગી મુંગી આલી દે, નહી તો બાંગડી પણ લઈશ ને તારો જીવ પણ લઈશ! રાંડ, તારા ભીખારી કંજુસ બાપ જેવો મને શું સમજે છે, હેં એ?(!!!!!)



THE HEN AND HER CHICKS.

"See the hen and all her chicks,
She gives to them the food she picks."

[The Provincial Budget Estimates presented at the meeting of the Bombay Legislative Council show an increase of revenue all round: the Land revenue being estimated at Rs. 2,77,34,000; Salt, Rs. 54,000; Abkari, Rs. 29,00,000; Income Tax, Rs. 18,44,000; and Forest, Rs. 18,65,000.]

મુંબઈની સરકારી મરઘી અને તેણીનાં પીલાં.

[મુંબઈ ઈલાકાના આવક ખરચના જે અડસટા મુંબઈની ધારાસભા હજુર રજુ કરવામાં આવ્યા હતા, તે ઉપરથી મેહેસુલમાં સામાન્ય રીતે વધારો થયલો માલમ પડે છે: જમીનની મેહેસુલ રૂ ૨,૭૭,૩૪,૦૦૦; નીમકની રૂ ૫૪,૦૦૦; આબકારીની રૂ ૨૯,૦૦,૦૦૦; ઈનકમટેક્ષની રૂ ૧૮,૪૪,૦૦૦ અને જંગલની રૂપયા ૧૮,૬૫,૦૦૦ ની અડસટવામાં આવી છે.]



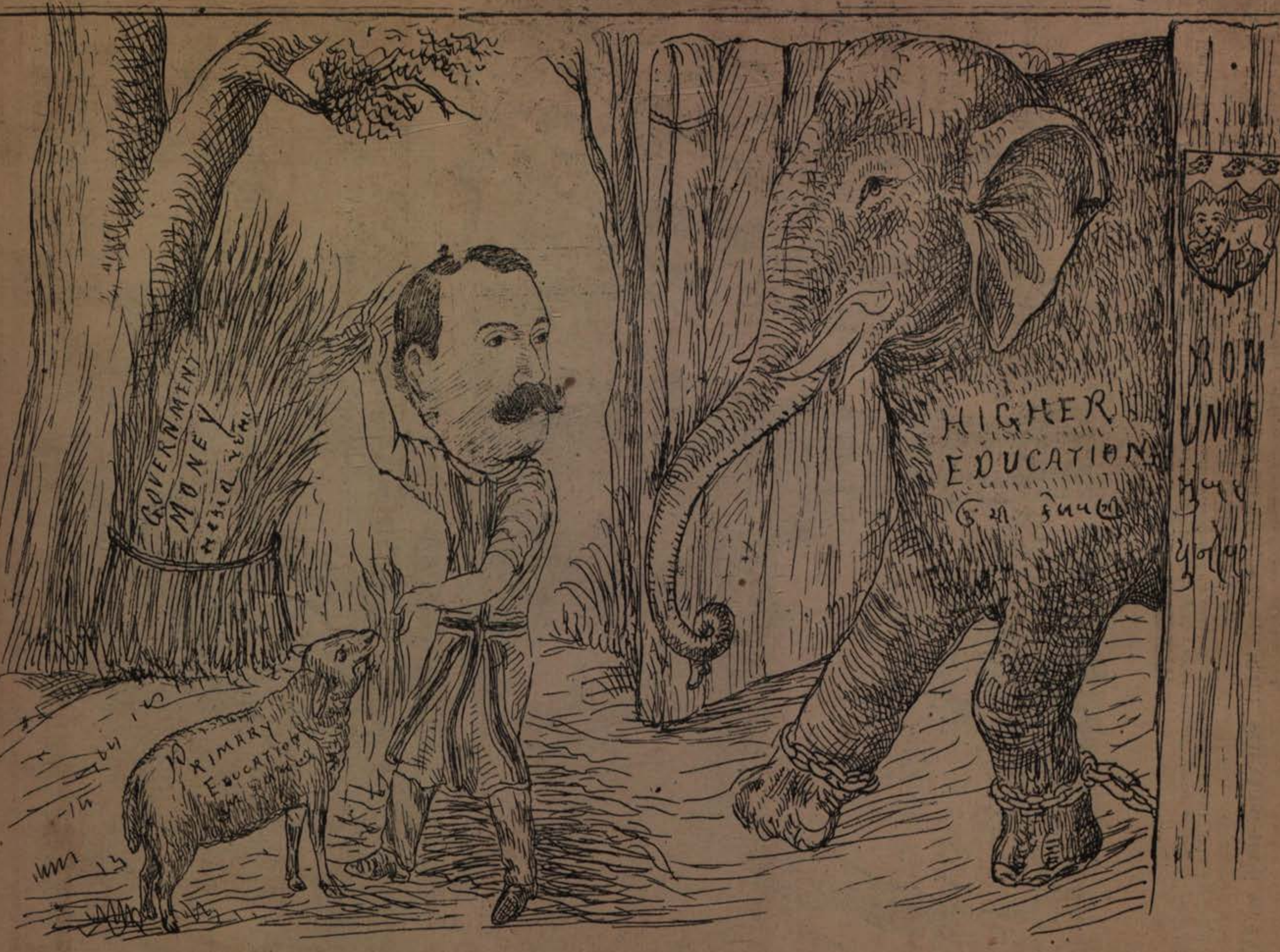
ROCKS AHEAD!

[There is a general lamentation over the Congress Funds. Owing to want of them, the British Committee in England might not, it is feared, be able to carry on its work, and the Congress itself might be wrecked one day on the rock of Indian selfishness and indifference and thus come to a premature collapse.]

સામા દેખાતા ખડક !

"સાવધ રેહેજો, સાવધ રેહેજો !"

[કાનગ્રેસની નાણા સંબંધી હાલત માટે ઠેકાણે ઠેકાણેથી શોકના આવાજો ઉઠવા માંડયા છે. નાણાંની તંગીને લીધે ઈંગલંડ ખાતેની બ્રીટીશ કમીટી પોતાનું કામ ચલાવી શકશે નહી એવો ભય રાખવામાં આવે છે, અને ખુદ કાનગ્રેસનું કામ પણ એક દીવસે હીંદીઓની એકલપેટાઈ અને બેદરકારીના ખડક સાથ અથડીને ભાગી જશે, અને એ રીતે તે કમોહોતે મરણ પામશે, એવી અશુભ આગાહીઓ થવા માંડી છે.]



A MOST UNWISE ACTION: STARVING THE GIANT BEAST TO FEED THE LITTLE LAMB.

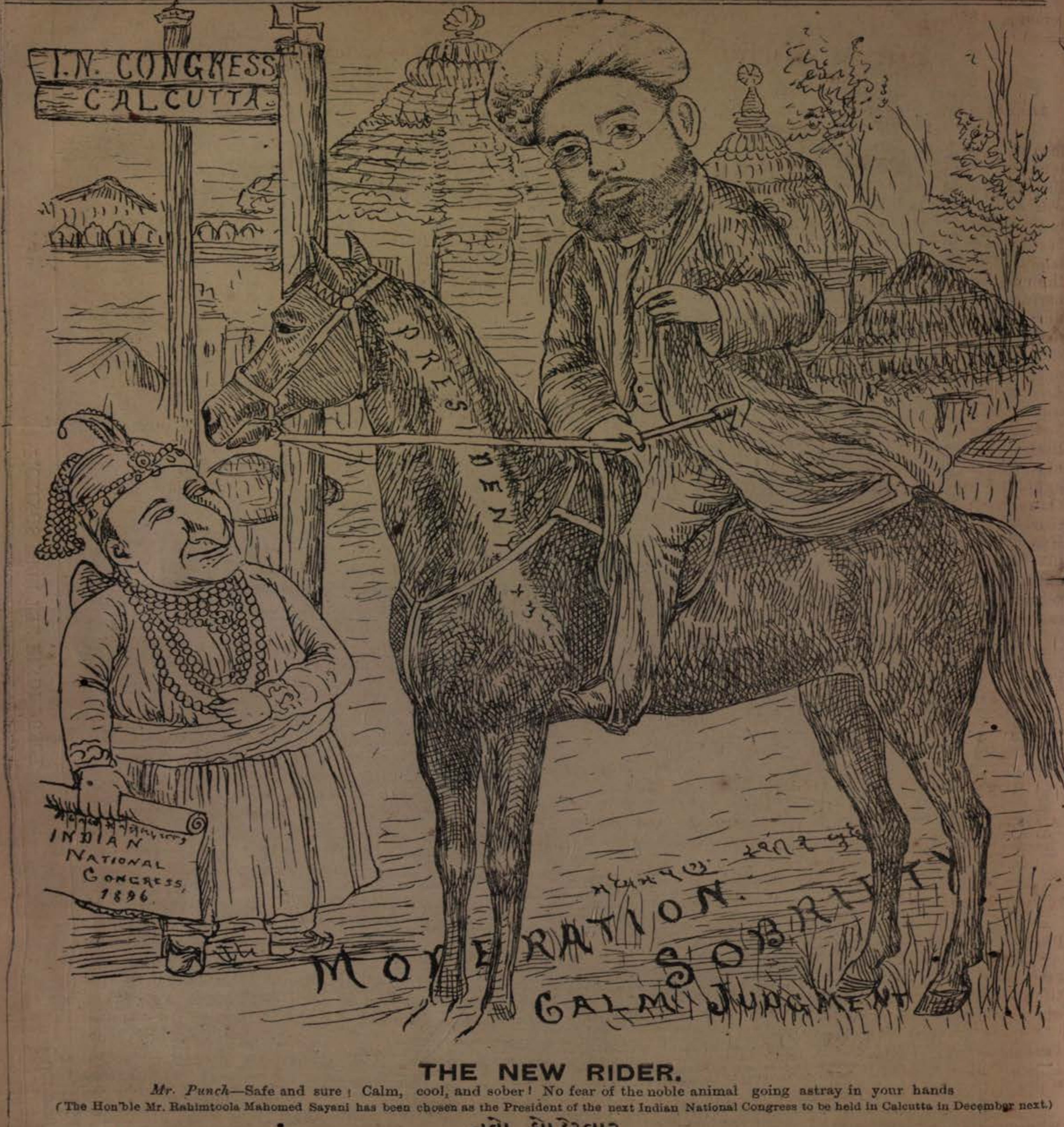
S-ndh-rst—Don't you draw near me, sir! I must first of all think of this little lamb! You may take care of yourself in the best way you can! I must leave you to your own resources!

[The policy of Government in starving higher education under the cover of assisting primary education has been very severely criticised in the Press and in the Legislative Council.]

ઘણું જ ગેરડાહપણભરેલું કામ : નાનાં ઘેટાંને પાળવાને ખાતર રાક્ષી જાનવરપર પાડવામાં આવતો ભુખમરો.

સેંડહર્સ્ટ—મારી નજદીક ડોકયાં તાણીયાં કર ના! મારે તો સરવેથી પેહલો વીચાર આ નાનાં ઘેટાંનોજ કરવો જોઈયે! તું તારા ગમે તેમ તારું ફોડી લે!

[મુળ કેળવણીને મદદ કરવાનાં ઓઠાં તળે ઊંચી કેળવણીને ભુખે મારવાની સરકારની રાજનીતી સામે છાપામાં અને ધારા સભામાં હમણાં બહુ સખત ટીકા કરવામાં આવી છે.]



THE NEW RIDER.

Mr. Punch—Safe and sure ! Calm, cool, and sober ! No fear of the noble animal going astray in your hands

(The Hon'ble Mr. Rahimtoola Mahomed Sayani has been chosen as the President of the next Indian National Congress to be held in Calcutta in December next.)

નવો ઘોડેસ્વાર.

મી૦ પંચ–નહી ગડબડયો, નહી ધાંધલ્યો, અને ખાત્રી ભરેલો ! શાંત, ઠંડો અને ધીરો ! એવા સ્વારના હાથમાં આ ઉમદા પ્રાણીની લગામ છે, એટલે તેને આડું તીડું જવાની તો કસી ધાસ્તીજ નથી.

[કલકતા ખાતે આવતા ડીસેમ્બર માસમાં મળનારી હીંદી નેશનલ કાનગ્રેસના પ્રમુખ તરીકે આનરેબલ મી૦ રહીમતુલ્લા મહમદ સયાનીને પસંદ કરવામાં આવ્યા છે.]

CHOW CHOW.

Inside out!

THE "X" rays are the latest wonder of the world, and of all men, those belonging to the medical profession have been most exercised over their vast capabilities for good and evil. Nothing is hidden from them, nothing sacred to them. Far-reaching, deep-searching, they lay bare the innermost recesses of the hearts of men, exposing everything in all its nude beauty or deformity. When Professor Rontgen laboured to discover these all *Xeling* rays, he little thought what an instrument for terror he was preparing for persons with unclean minds, or with saw-dust for brains. Fancy a medico, passing for a learned man and posing as a great authority on diseases and their remedies, subjected to the searching examination of these tell-tale rays and found wanting! Looked up to and respected and feared, and sought at consultations, and eagerly called at anxious death-beds, how in a moment he shrivels up into the insignificant little humbug that he is, and how those that hung on his encouraging or hope-destroying words, listen to the exploded idol no more! They see him through and through, (no mere figurative boast this, but a stern reality) deep down to the very marrow of his bone. He stands unmasked in all his hideous deformity, displaying, like the veiled prophet of Khorasan, a fair exterior, with rottenness within! Cruel, inexorable, relentless ray! But while such a terror to the false, it is a source of never-failing delight to the true. With nothing within him that cannot stand the fiercest light of day, he fearlessly invites every one into the parlour of his heart, saying like the spider to the fly, 'tis the prettiest little parlour that you ever did espy. "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung"—whether Rontgen Ray or not! Hail! Most Xellent ray! Hip, Hip, Hoo—ray!

* * *

A Cynic's definitions of Imperial Policy.

WHAT is "Imperial Policy?" And what is meant by "Imperial Interests?" Here are a few definitions jotted down in hot anger and wild rage by a wanton cynic, after reading the Suakin-debate and the Indian Budget-debate speeches in both Houses of the Imperial Parliament:—

(1) A term to be used whenever any colourable pretext can be invented to fleece the poor Indian ryot.

(2) A convenient handle in the hands of the responsible Ministers of the Crown, to be turned at their sweet will and pleasure, just to save the pockets of the British tax-payer at the expense of the Indian.

(3) A phrase to be proclaimed from the official housetops of Westminster whenever a "squalid" imposition of burdens on the back of the down-trodden "nigger" is to be defended.

(4) A big drum to be sounded loud and long whenever an act of spoliation of the Indian ryot is determined upon.

(5) A safe resort in argument whenever India is to be treated "as an Oriental barrack which the British Cabinet of the day may draw upon at pleasure."

(6) A fine pretext under the garb of which British ministers may give the "nigger" cold comfort by trying to convince him that they would act with the "most careful and scrupulous justice" whenever dealing with his money-bag.

(7) A term to cover the many sins of omission and commission, and of inequity and injustice, on the part of the responsible officers entrusted with the Indian Treasury.

(8) A reference to be made times out of number whenever perverse Ministers of the Crown are bent upon astounding the world by a "masterpiece of melancholy meanness."

(9) A quotation to be hurled at the heads of all political cynics whenever they warn a Cabinet of Ministers against its defiance of public opinion at home and exciting "in India a serious and even dangerous amount of just discontent."

(10) A reed to lean upon when Ministers are demoralised and are at their wits' end to fish out a decent excuse "for a piece of mean and odious tyranny."

(11) A lame excuse to be put forward whenever there is a want "of that element of hypocricy, the doing homage to virtue."

* * *

The annual solemn farce.

TRULY comical is the system under which the Budget is discussed in a grave assembly like the Legislative Council by the elected members with all the solemnity and gravity of a Solon or a Socrates! Long after its time! It began its existence in April last, and the revenue and expenditure have been going out and coming in these five months. And yet this ancient thing is not discussed until the middle of August! The elected members read long speeches like so many funeral orations, and the members of Government, instead of going in for a good deal of pious anger over their verbosity and prying inquisitiveness and laying aside for the moment their bureaucratic spirit and official superiority and hot-headedness, are all roses and kisses! The solemn farce has been relegated to the official Record Room to stand over till this day next year! Oh for a hand to confound its authors and perpetrators!

Hindi Punch, 6-9-96.

* * *

The Ganpati Melas.

ARE the Ganpati *melas* organised on any rational basis? Decidedly, yes. Jean Jacque Rousseau complained that the tendency of modern civilization, with its complicate religious, social and political machineries, was to degenerate the races and to make them unhappy. The millennium, according to him, lay in going back to primitive ways. Look at the illiterate, unsophisticated Bankoti domestics singing their simple and monotonous chanties and posturing and gyrating in the primeval dance, to the tune of the *mridang*! How happy and contented in their simple and primitive enjoyment! They do not envy the foreigners waltzing and whirling in the brilliant ball rooms, with fair partners clinging to their arms! How

can such an object lesson be lost upon the cultured sons of Maharastra? Some of the songs, composed for the *melas* at Poona, are said to be more fit for female warblers, and fears are entertained that they may make the patriotic singers effeminates. It may be so; but it is done with a good object. The drills and evolutions prescribed at the *melas* have a direct tendency to make those who pass through them manly and graceful in bearing and martial in spirit. Too much of this is apparently not considered good, and an antidote is provided in the songs meant for female throats. The gentle woman's side of human nature needs to be cultivated and the *mela* programme provides for it. The constitution, you see, is complete. The critics who denounce the *melas* are short-sighted. They lament the neglect of physical exercise by our graduates and in the same breath they blame these young men for the open air exercise of the dance in the circle so wholesome, bracing and efficacious in counteracting the baneful effects of cramming for University Exams!

* * *

The Split at Calcutta.

So there is a split in the Congress Camp at Calcutta, and the scenes which disgraced the capital of the Deccan last year are being again enacted with a freshness and a vigour worthy of a better cause. Party strife, petty jealousies and personal vanity reign supreme at present in the City of Palaces, and those who have been busily preaching in season and out of season the doctrine of Unity and Self-sacrifice, are just now the foremost in showing the spirit of faction and stirring up the cauldron of squabbles, disunion and disaffection, like so many witches in Macbeth. "Boil and bubble, boil and bubble, double, double toil and trouble," seems to be their latest motto, and they have proved themselves but too faithful to it.

* * *

The Baboo's tall talk.

While these personal quarrels are being played out, the work of the coming Congress is left to take care of itself as best it may. Last year it was the orthodox Mahratta who tried all he could to shatter the fabric of the Congress; this year it is the Brahmo Baboo and the pseudo-patriotic Bengalee who are trying their strength at it. In the heat of their personal recriminations and private grievances, these worthies of Calcutta have entirely lost sight of the common public object, and have, for the present at any rate, cast to the wind their tall talk of Patriotism and their loud howls about Self-sacrifice, Common Weal, and Unity. Is it *"Union is strength"* that they are preaching? Nothing of the sort. It is *ego* all over! Their tall talk and their howls all relate to their own precious selves. The objects of the Congress have been allowed to sink into insignificance before their individual interests. Such are our patriots! Such our Congress-platform orators! At present the laughing stock of the Anglo-Indian world, which enjoys the fun and frolic of the situation at Calcutta to its heart's content.

Wanted, Common Sense.

When at Ahmednagar about a couple of years ago poor Lord Harris hurled his shaft against the Mahratta of the Deccan, who, in his Lordship's opinion, wanted a little bit more of common sense, he was taken to task severely by the Native Press, particularly of the Deccan. After all, however, our ex-governor was not far wrong in his estimate, as all sensible people found out to their disappointment and amazement last year. The pseudo-patriotic Mahratta of Poona did not belie Lord Harris's words, when he tried to obstruct the path of the Congress by making a parade of his fads and fancies about the Social Conference, and making himself ridiculous in the bargain. That was all owing to his having taken leave of his common sense. It is now the Bengalee Baboo who is following in the footsteps of his brother of Poona. In the present most deplorable state of things at Calcutta, he has shown himself utterly void of common sense. Poor man, he stands greatly in need of it. Without it his lot seems to be very pitiable, as he is sinking fast in the mire of party strifes. It is hopeless to expect him to come out of it unless his brain is fully drugged with that wholesome drug recommended by Lord Harris for the Deccani Mahratta. The Bengali Baboo should get it at any cost.

Hindi Punch, 20-9-96.

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

A Matter of Habit.—"I've noticed a curious thing about Mrs. Snifton when I meet her at parties, which is that she never begins to talk until about midnight."—"That's about the time her husband usually comes home."

The Bishop's Sermon.—The Bishop's wife (to the Vicaress, who is getting drowsy): "May I lend you my smelling salts?"— The Vicaress: "Oh no, thanks! I would much rather go to sleep!"

Ingratitude. — Brown: "Why doesn't Walker stop to speak? Thought he knew you!"—Smith: "Used to: but I introduced him to the girl he married. Neither of them recognises me now!"

Reward Offered.—The gentleman who was wrapped up in himself, and directed by his landlady to Victoria Station, must have gone wrong, as he has not since been heard of.

Not the President.—Gentleman: "My lad, can you direct me to the Bank of England?" Shoeblack (with withering scorn): "Go on: do yer fink I should be doing this if I was a Bank director.

"There, there!" said Mrs. Blue-Myrrh, picking up her little boy, who had stubbed his toe, "don't cry. Be a man, like mamma!"

None Too Cordial.—The Hostess: "I suppose there is no use of asking you to stay to dinner?" The Caller: "Not in that way.

New Name for a once Favourite dish.—Rabid-pie

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINEANT.)

Thursday, 3rd September.
Monday, 7th September.

" Now each councillor
Who enters here
In pomp and solemnitee,
Must rise in his place
With courtly grace,
And bow three times to me."

By Jove, a familiar sound, and turning round, " burst me," said I, " if this is not Mr. Acworth's bust! The same features, the same bold front, the same eye, like Mars, to threaten and command, and the self-same voice!" Smuggled into the Palace, without our knowledge! True, we had accorded our



" No sound, no face of joy to welcome *me* ! "

gracious permission, but how comes it, thought I that the " friends and admirers," who so spent themselves, both in and out of the Hall, in the attempt to raise this monument to sterling worth, have robbed themselves and the public of the glittering pageant of an opening ceremony? How is it that there have been no veiling, no fanfarring, no speechifying, no unveiling and no huzzaing? And the bust moaning complained:

" No sound, no face of joy to welcome us ! "

True, said I in commiseration,

" Nor trumpet was heard, nor musical note,
As the bust to the palace was carried,
Not an orator discharged his thundering shot
" O'er the spot where our Hero has tarried "——

and will tarry to the end of time, or rather, till time end him, for marble is but mortal, and who,

" . . . . . . , . . Who can trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust ? "

But all this is neither here nor there, nor yet in the days' proceedings. Only, seeing the bust, I could not restrain my heart from bu'sting.

To begin with the business, as I got into my accustomed seat, I heard Dr. Bhal introducing to us a famous knight, one *Sir Plus*, of quite Falstaffian proportions, who but seldom visits us, and is awfully slippery, though very desirable company. He needs



Sir Plus !

very careful watching, has to be cribbed, cabined and confined in a place called a bank—not the one whereon the wild thyme blows—and a stuff named *interest* is

the only compound that agrees with him.

> "Comptoir and Credit Lyonnais,
> Hongkong and Shanghai,
> Chartered, and National of Injiay,
> Or any one, say I."

Here are your banks to choose from, cries Dr. Bhal, let us instal Sir Plus in any one of them. "Nay, nay," replies Mr. Bomaster, "say not *one*, or who shall choose the best ? This *Sir Plus* is a man of many parts, each worth its weight in gold, so take him all in all, or rather in pieces, and put a bit here, a bit there and a bit everywhere. Thus if you miss him in one corner, you may catch him in another. Don't you know, gentlemen, how unwise it is to trust all your ventures to one bottom ? I tell you,

> 'Put not your jewels in one casket,
> Nor all your eggs in one basket;
> If the casket is stolen, the jewels are gone,
> If the basket is broken, the eggs are done'

for, and we are done brown ! " Unhappily, this wise counsel of Mr. Bomaster did not prevail. And we are going to pick and choose. Good luck attend us ! Hail ! *Sir Plus* ! May your shadow never grow less !

As the natural result of the elation caused by *Sir Plus'* visit, we provided a quarter lac for our house-connections at Colaba and Parel. Yes, a quarter lac ! And mark, reader, a few of the details. A head plumber—a plumber too, as Mr. Vincent assured us, of



Dr. B. Chandra smiled benignly as the moon !

head and brains—for Rs. 450 ! Two inspectors (plumbers also) for Rs. 125 each ! Again two plumbers, each for Rs. 75 ! One draughtsman———but, need I multiply figures ? We absolutely revelled in them, and Dr. B. Chandra, as he told the glittering series smiled benignly as the moon ! Not so, Mr. Bomaster, who wanted to know why the head plumber had been rated so high, and what had been done to "plumb his intellect." For, said he, we must not allow ourselves to be led by the blind, blind as we ourselves are where figures are concerned, or we should all tumble into a ditch ! And a pretty figure we would cut there ! But Mr. Vincent assured us that the plumb had been carefully taken by the Committee, standing, and the depths had been ascertained to be all right. And then, as if the name itself had a charm to silence all opposition, "remember, gentlemen, that it is our own *Mr. Chandler* ! " Well, there are chandlers and chandlers, the poet Gay's chandler, for instance, who,

> ". . . . . . with his basket on his shoulders borne,
> With tallow spots thy coat."

"Ah ! I spot him now," said Mr. Dew, "isn't he the *patent* chandler ? If so, it is a patent fact that—" But here the matter ended, and as for the patents that our officers are or are not interested in, the Commissioner is going to write us their history, when we shall know what's what and who's who. Our favours like fortune's, are unequally distributed, and a plumber earns in a single day more than our Joint-school master gets in a month !

Mr. W(heel) Barrow, our energetic secretary, is about to retire, and strangely enough, unlike ordinary wheels, after *re-tiring*, will move for us no longer. So long as he has moved, however, he has moved, it must be admitted, long enough, a matter of a quarter century, in the right direction, and with equal credit to himself and to us. Under the circumstances, the strongest wheel must tire. Not but Mr. Barrow will go on a little longer yet. "Shall I complete the calendar, I am busy with, of your oldest and most important records ?" If you please, and we will make it worth your while. "And will you give me something to make up for loss of exchange ?" Certainly. But Dr. Gas exploded : "Hold on ! How dare you usurp the functions of the Standing Committee, and meddle with finances which don't concern you ? I yield to no man in my appreciation of Mr. Barrow's virtues, and to me especially he has been courtesy itself. All the same, if he wants his reward, let him go to the Committee, that is, come to me and I'll oil his wheel for him." Or raise him a bust, suggested one, or a statue, suggested another, or——— But with so much blowing from all sides, poor Dr. Gas was naturally put out, and Mr. Barrow is in special committee, or rather, a special committee has been appointed by us to sit *on*, or *in* barrow—whichever way you may like to put it.

Put out, only to flicker again ! With heroic disregard of the taunts levelled against his English in the Barrow matter, by members who doubtless thought theirs perfect, Dr. Gas moved that the condition of our slaughter-house (not the one where the Queen's English is mercilessly murdered, though Prof. Muller might well be asked to look after that too,) was not what it should be, and needed improving. Vet-Surgeon



Dr. Gas put out !

Mills followed in the same strain, advocating the erection of sheds where cattle and sheep might be inspected before they were passed for slaughter! How very humane we are, even in our inhumanity! Poor, senseless brutes! If they had our reason, they would take good care never to "pass"!

We are such gourmands. We want everything of the purest, and our ghee especially must be **A1**, free from fat, though itself a generator of fat in others! **Mr. Bomaster** complained that in the heart of the city a fearful adulteration was going on, and that if his supply failed, it would be bad for the Corporation! My own *corporation*, I mean, he added by way of reassuring us. "You could not have tried Billimora, my own, my native land," said Dr. Cow-horn, himself as rich in corporation as the stoutest of us.

"I have tried your eel, your famous eel,
So savoury, though so slippery,
But I did not think you were so strong
In pure, unmixéd ghee!"

"Oh! Mr. Bomaster, how could you look at me and doubt?" "Look



Flesh against flesh ; or, Billimora Ghee against Mowa Ghee.

at me for that matter," Mr. Bomaster replied, "and say if you can set Billimora against Mowa." Here was flesh against flesh! I expected to see a stiff tug of war, and hoped that Dr. Sanitation, whose keen eye detects decay even in the grass that gathers on our Lakes, would move one of his formidable propositions, asking the Commissioner to send in his report on the relative merits of Billimora and Mowa ghee, illustrated with photographs of Dr. Cow and Mr. Bomaster with the Rõntgen ray! But a petty skirmish was all that came off between Mr. Dew and Mr. Bomaster, the latter asking the former to eat ghee, and plenty of it, if he would be true to the saying:

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

In *corporation O!*, cried Mr. Dew, pointing derisively to Mr. B.'s rotundity! But though thus put off for the moment, the subject is coming up again shortly. In the meantime,



Many returns of a happy Pateti!

"Bumpers, dinners and the purest ghee,
And many returns of a happy Patetee."



THE TOAST OF THE SEASON.

Mr. Parsee Punch—"Parsee Charity, ever green, ever fresh, ever young!"

પારસી નવાં વરસની સલામતી

મી૦ પંચ—સદા ફુલતી, સદા તાજી, સદા જુવાનીના જોશ સાથ ઉછળતી પારસી સખાવતની તનદરોસ્તી અને સલામતી સેવક **પંચ પારસી,** પારસી પંચને નામે ચાહે છે, અને તે સદા ખીલતી રહે, સદા તે હસ્તી રમતી આખી દુન્યાને ખુશાલ કરતી રહે, એવું સેવક પંચ ઈછે છે! હુરરેએએ! પીટ પીટ પીટ હુરરેએએ!



THE HAMADRIAD OR THE GIANT COBRA AND ITS VICTIMS.

Lieutenant Y. H. Branson of the 28th Madras Infantry shot the other day a hamadriad measuring 15 feet in length, Wanted another Branson to shoot this one in Bombay.

[Very keen speculation in mill shares is going on in Bombay.]

" હેમાદ્રાઈઆદ " અથવા જબરો રાક્ષી નાગ અને તેના ભેાગ.

મદરાસની ૨૮ મી પયદલ રીજમીટના લફટનંટ વી. એચ. બ્રાનસને થેાડા દીવસપર પંદર ફીટ લાંબા એક જબરા રાક્ષી નાગને ગેાળીથી ઠાર કીધેા હતેા. જોઈયે છે,–તેવેાજ એક બીજો બ્રાનસન, આ મુંબઈમાં પેદા પડેલા હેમાદ્રાઈઆદને ઠાર કરવા માટે!

[મુંબઈમાં મીલેાના શેરેાનેા જબરેા સટ્ટો હમણા ચાલે છે.]



ALWAYS ONWARD, ALWAYS FORWARD!

OR, PARSEE SPIRIT, EVER FRESH AND EVER YOUNG, ON THE "PROGRESS" ROAD-RACER.

હંમેશાં આગળ, અને આગળ વધતોજ !

અથવા, "વધારા"ની બાઈસીકલપર સવાર થયલું સદાનું તાજું, સદાનું ઉછલતું, સદાનું લોહીયાર "પારસીપણું."



READY FOR HIS INNINGS!

THE PARSEE NEW YEAR, YEZDEZARDI 1266 : TUESDAY, 15TH SEPTEMBER, 1896.

પોતાનો દાવ લેવાને તઈયાર ઉભેલો ક્રીકેટર !

પારસી નવું વરસ, યઝદેજરદી ૧૨૬૬ : મંગળવાર, તા૦ ૧૫ મી સપટેમ્બર ૧૮૯૬.



THE OGRE IN THE THANNA FOREST CHASING AWAY THE POOR!

[Great hardship is being suffered by the poor Kathodees, Thakurs, Katkaries and other hilly tribes of Bhivandi and Salsette Talukas owing to the recent new Forest rules, depriving these mountain tribes of their ancient right to bring head-loads and cart-loads of dead fire-wood from the forest, it being the sole means of their bare livelihood.]

થાણાના જંગલમાં પેદા પડેલો પલીદ.

ગરીબ બીચારાં નીરઘોળોને ત્રાસ પમાડીને તેમને કેવાં નાહાસભાગમાં તેણે નાખી દીધાં છે!

[ભીવંડી તથા સાસ્તી તાલુકાઓમાં ડુંગરાઓમાં વસતા કાઠોડી, ઠાકુર, કાતકરી વગેરે ગરીબ લોકો ઘણા જુના વખતથી જંગલોમાંથી ખરી પડેલી લાંખલીઓના ભારા બાંધીને તથા ગાડાંઓ ભરીને લઇ જવાનો જે હક ભોગવતા આવ્યા હતા, તે જંગલોને લગતા નવા કાનુનો મારફતે તેમની પાસે લઈ લેવામાં આવ્યો છે.]



A PATETI HOAX.

Behman—What a shame' Bachoo dear! I can't remain at home this Pateti—such a lot of work to go through, and my "signor" won't let me stay away!

Bachoo—So sorry, love, but business first and pleasure after. Please your signor, and he will doutless know how to please you. A bundle of notes, as a Pateti present, won't be bad to begin the year with!

[*Poor innocent! She little knows the brute is going to his club!*

પતેતીનો એક બુટ્ટો.

બાહમન—આફીસનોબી મારીપર સું જુલમ છે, બચુ ડીયર! જોની પપેતીને દહાડે મારાથી ઘેરમાં રેહેવાસે જ નહીં! સવારના સકારેથી તે અરધી રાત સુધી અને આફીસમાંજ ઘસરમોરો કર્યા જવું પરસે! સીનોરે કેહયું એ કે કામ થયુંજ અહુરી મીયું આ વાસ્તે મારે રાત ને દાહાડો બેસીને બસ તે પુરૂં કરીજ નાખવું, ને પપેતીની કંઈ છુટી બુટી લેવી નહીં!

બચુ—હવે સમજ્યા, લાવ! સું કરસો.–પેહેલાં કામ, પછી મોજ. સીનોરને રાજી રખોની, કે તે તમુનેબી રાજી કરવાનું ધ્યાનમાં રાખે! કોણને ખબર,–કદાચ નવાં વરસ જેવે દાહાડે આભીસમાં તમને આવેલા જોઈ ને સીનોર ઘણોજ ખુસ થઈ જસે ને કામપર તમારૂં એવું ધ્યાન જોઈને મનમાંજ બધું સમજી જસે, ને મુંગો મુંગો પપેતીની પરજેટને સસે નોટનું પરીકું વારી ને તમારા હાથમાં મુકી દેસે!

[ગરીબ બીચારી ભોલી બચુ! તેને થોડીજ ખબર છે કે તેવાણના "લવ" બાહમને તો કલબમાં "ઓલી" કરવા જવાની બધી જોડવણ રાખી છે!



A PICTURE OF CRYING AND WHINING.
(PICKED UP NEAR THE BOMBAY SHARE MARKET.)

રડતી અને કકલતી સુરતોનો ચીતાર તો જુવો!
(મુંબઈના શેર બજાર નજદીક ઉતારી લીધેલો.)

સટો રમીને તેમાં ખુવાર અને ખારસ્તે હાલ થયા પછી કાકાઓ પોતાના બાપ બપાવાને નામે લાંઘન કરવા બેસે તેમાં તે [illegible] વજે વારૂં ?

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THE NEW YEAR COMPLIMENTS.

A ROUND OF AMENITIES.

(1) My congratulations, Dastur Saheb Peshotun! Be what you should be, a religious guide and teacher, free from prejudices and true to the spirit of your faith, and stoop not to patching and padding in religious matters.

(2) Sir Jamsetjee, my respects! I wish you a head on your shoulders, as the head of the Bombay Parsees!

(3) Sirdar of the Deccan and Dustoor of the Deccan Parsis! Preach without fear and practise what you preach. Take not your cue from your brethren of Bombay. We want no trimmers.

(4) Many happy returns of the day, Sir Dinshaw, and many happy and happier cosmopolitan charities!

(5) Roar louder than ever, Mr. Mehta, in the cause of truth and justice! Always a lion, never a weathercock!

(6) Mr. N. N. Wadia, in a new sphere! A trustee of the Parsi Punchayet Funds! May our trust in you be never misplaced, and may you *never* be true to your *other* name! A pendulum is useful only in its proper place, but we want no oscillation in public life. Steady and sober, if you please.

પારસી પતેતીની મી૦ પંચ પારસી તરફની હમાજોર.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૧૬૯ મું.]

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HER 1266 TH APPEARANCE!

Manager Mr. Punch—Ladies and Gentlemen, here is Lady Parsi-Community, who has been before you ever so many times and who, I'm sure, needs no introduction from me. She has always a good account to render of herself, and from what I have seen of her in the past, I feel convinced that the new season we are now entering on will be a brilliant one. Three cheers, Ladies and Gentlemen, and three times three, for this phenomenal wonder, at once an old stager and a debutante!

[The Parsee New Year, Yezdezardi 1266, commences on Tuesday, 15 th September, 1896.]

બાનુ પારસી–કોમનો ૧૨૬૬ મો દેખાવ!

મેનેજર મી० પંચ—બાનુઓ અને સહસ્ગો, તમારી હજુર ઉભેલી આ બાનુ પારસી–કોમ એટલી બધી વખત તમારી સનમુખ આવી ગઈ છે કે, તેણી સાથ તમને નવેસરથી ઓળખ કરાવવાની કશી જરૂર હોય એમ હું ધારતો નથી. હમેશાં પોતાના કામનો જે હીસાબ તેણી રજુ કરે છે તે સદા ખુશાલી ભરેલો અને સંતોષકારકજ હોય છે, અને તેણીની [illegible]



THE MIGHTY GANESH.
(As seen through the Rontgen Rays.)
GANESH CHATURTHI, 10TH SEPTEMBER, 1896.

મહાન શ્રી ગણેશ.
(રોન્ટજનની રોશનીનાં કીરણોમાંથી તેનું લંબોદર કેવું દેખાય છે.)
ગણેશ ચતુરથી, તા૦ ૧૦ મી સપટેમબર, ૧૮૯૬.





MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS—No. 49.

MR. SHAPOOR B. SPENCER,

the Captain of the Parsee team that played the Presidency at Bombay.

[A protest by half a dozen players of the Parsee team having been sent to the selection Committee against Mr. S. B. Spencer's selection as captain, they have been forced to Select a new one in the Presi-Parsi Return Match at Poona.]

મી૦ પંચનાં ફેનસી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૦ ૪૯.

મી૦ શાપુર બી. સ્પેનસર,

મુંબઈમાં પરેસીડેનસીના અંગરેજો અને પારસીઓ વચ્ચે રમવામાં આવેલી ક્રીકેટ મેચ વેળાના પારસી ટીમનો કેપટન.

[મી૦ શાપુર બી. સ્પેનસરની પારસી ટીમના કેપટન તરીકે કરવામાં આવેલી પસંદગી સામે ટીમના આસરે અરધો ડજન રમનારાઓએ સીલેકશન કમીટી ઉપર એક પરટેસ્ટ મોકલ્યાથી, પુણા ખાતેની પ્રેસી-પારસી રીટરન મેચમાં મી૦ આર. એસ. કુપરને કેપટન તરીકે નેમવો પડયો છે.]

PUTTING HER PRETTY DAINTY TINY FOOT DOWN!

OR, LUCK-TRYING ON THE PARSI NEW YEAR'S DAY AT A DISCOUNT.

બહાદુર બાનુ નીતીએ પોતાનો સુંદર નાજુક નાનકડો પગ કેવો મજબુતીથી સરપનાં મસ્તક ઉપર મુકયો છે!

અથવા, પારસી નવા વરસને દહાડે નસીબ અજમાવવાના કામને પારસીઓ વચ્ચે પડવા લાગેલી મજબુત લાત.

AFTER THE PATETI DINNER.



Poor Dolee! Doing penance for a round of gaieties at the club! And small wonder too! Champagne, cognac, white wine, whiskey and brandy never go well together!

પતેતીને દહાડે કલબમાં પેટ ભરીને ખાઇ પી આવ્યા પછી.

ગરીબ બીચારી દોલી! કલબમાં પતેતીને દાહાડે હેધી પાલ્યાની માફક ખાઈ પી તથા પેટ ભરતી મોજ મારીને પછી બીજે દહાડે તેનો પસ્તાવો કરી બદલો વાળવા બેઠા છે! અને એમ પસ્તાવો કરવો પડે તેમાં કાંઈ નવાઈ છે? શંપીન, કોંઈનો, વાહીટ વાઈન, વીસ્કી અને બ્રાંડીની બાટલીઓ સાથે સાથે ઢીંચિયાં કીધેલી એકદમ જરે તે કેમ!



A PATETI FACT.

Pa.—Hullo, Keki! Up so early!

Keki—Juth to put on my new booth for Pateti. You will leth me teep them all day and nighth, even when I dho to bed, won't you, dear pa?

કેકીની પતેતીની મોજ નવાં બુટમાં!

બાવા—હલો, દીકરા કેકી! આજે એટલો વેહેલો કાંય ઉઠયો હોસે?

કેકી—તો આધે પતેતી ગે, ને પતેતીનાં નવાં બુઠ વેહેલાં વેહેલાં પેહેરવાનાં મજે તેથી, બાવાજી, હું તો સતારેથી ઉઠયો! હૈ: બાવાધી, મને તે આખો દાહારો ને રાત પેહેરી રાથવા દેશો તેની? ને હું રાતનાં પુઈ ધવધ તારેબી પેહેરીનેધ પુવથ તેની?



THE INDIAN CHANTICLEER AT WESTMINSTER.

[Mr. Muncherjee Merwanjee Bhownagree's latest utterances on the subject of the Separation of the Executive and Judicial functions have been very well received in India.]

વેસ્ટમીનસ્ટરમાં વાસતો હીંદી મરઘો.

[ન્યાય અને કારોબારી ખાતાંઓના ઓધા છુટા પાડવાની બાબતમાં મી૦ મનચેરજી મેહેરવાનજી ભાવનગરીએ હીંદી બજેટ ઉપરની તકરાર વેળા પારલામેંટમાં દરશાવેલા વીચારો આ દેશમાં પસંદ કરવામાં આવ્યા છે.]



PALIBA'S PATETI PORT.

(1) Not so easy, as you think! (2) At last! (3) Now then, my dear! Many happy returns of the day! May overflowing plenty crown—— (4) But the port is unpleasantly plentiful! It has soiled Mrs. P.'s pretty new saree, and Paliba flies from the impending wrath!

પાલીબાનો પતેતીનો પોર્ટ.

(૧) તું ધારેચ તેટલું ભુચ એંચી કહારવાનું સેહેલું નથી હો, ડીયર! (૨) પણ, હો હો,—નીકળચો, નીકળચો,—આ એરે નીકળચો ખરો! (૩) આ લ લે ડીયર. સાલ મુબારક થાય ને આપરી રોજી રજખમાં દાદાર હોરમજદ વધારો કરે, આબાદી ને બરકત આપરા ઘેરમાં ઉભાઈ જાય, ને—(૪) પણ ઓજના! પોર્ટ પોતે એટલો બધો ઉભાઈ રીયો કે મીસીસ પાલીબાની નવી કોરી પતેવીની સારીનું સપરમે દાહાડે નખોડ વાળી નાખ્યું! પોર્ટના ફીણ કરતાં વધારે ફીણ ફીણ મીસીસ પાલીબા થઇ ગયા, અને નવાં વરસને દાહાડે સેતાન દાહાબો કરવાને મી૦ પાલીબા મીસીસ આગળથી ઊભી પુછડીએજ નાહાઠા!



MISERIES OF MARRYING TALL GIRLS.

(A Pateti episode.)

Meher—Oh Chandjee dear, I feel giddy! Prop me up, do. I fear I shall fall!

[*What a fall it would be! Chandjee thinks, and does his LEVEL best!*

સલિસાત સાટકા જેવી ઉંચી બઈરી પરણવાની પીડાઓ.

(પતેતીને દીવસનું એક કોટક.)

મેહેર—ઓ ચાનજી ડીયર, પકરો તો,—પકરો તો,—મને ફેર આવેચ! મને જરા તમારો ટેકો આપો તો, નહી તો હું ઓય તુટી પરસ!

[ગરીબ બીચારા ચાનજી! રખે ટેકો આપવા જતાં તેવણનાં મહુકલા દીલ પર મેહેર તુટી પડે, તેના વમાસણમાં તેઓ પડયા છે! અને તોપણ પોતાની સંભાળ રાખીને તેવણ મેહેરને મદદ આપવાને બનતું કરે છે!



THERE WILL SOON BE SMOKE ALL ROUND!

[We think the Viceroy will consider himself more honoured by the Maharaja (of Baroda) expending such a large sum (of three lacs) in some work of great public utility to commemorate his visit than by feting him with all kinds and degrees of tamashas and fireworks.—*Kaiser-i-Hind.*]

જરા થોભો, જલદીથીજ બધેબધ ધુમાડોજ ધુમાડો થઈ રહેશે!

[વડોદરા ખાતેની નામદાર વાઈસરાયની મુલાકાત વેળા તમાશા અને આતશબાજીના ધુમાડામાં વડોદરાના મહારાજા ત્રણ લાખની મોટી રકમ ખરચી નાખે તેનાં કરતાં તે નામદારની મુલાકાત યાદગાર રાખવા માટે તે રકમ કોઈ મોટાં જાહેર ઉપયોગના ખાતાંની સ્થાપના પાછળ ખરચવામાં આવશે તો તે નામદાર પોતાને વધારે માન મળેલું [illegible], એમ અમો ધારીયે છીયે.—કયસરે હીંદ.]



Turn up their nose!

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 17*th September*.—Put not your trust in articles of food, and of Ghee, beware particularly. For, don't you see, the wicked adulterator is at work, and in order that a little quantity may go a long way, he mixes freely. So freely indeed that flesh-eaters and vegetarians, who both indulge in Ghee, turn up their nose, for who knows and who can tell to what extent the adulterator's honest zeal in the exercise of his thriving trade may not carry him, and what foreign abominations he may not use in the scandalously offensive admixture! The matter is not one of yesterday or to-day. It has been on the tapis ever so long, (*tant pis* for us) and being intimately connected with the portion of our earthly belongings of which Dr. Sanitation keeps the key—I mean, health—it has exercised the minds of people in and out of the Corporation and of the Government, and the law has been invoked to make short work of the adulterator. But the work is not so short, or so easily done as you may imagine. With spectacles on nose and clothed in the robes of office, the law has been pondering and deliberating and labouring over a little bill, and this bill has been bandied about between two Governments and from them to us, and from us back again to them, while the adulterator has been all the time laughing in his sleeves at the bill and all of us, concerned in its making, put together! In other places and under less paternal governments, the first man suspected and caught, would have been summarily dealt



"GENTLEMEN, THE QUEEN!"

HINDI PUNCH—Our warnest and sincerest felicitations! True woman and true Queen! Long may she live and reign!

[Her Majesty the Queen to-day exceeded the longest reign of any former British Sovereign and has received congratulations from all parts of the world.—*Telegram, London, 23rd September.*]



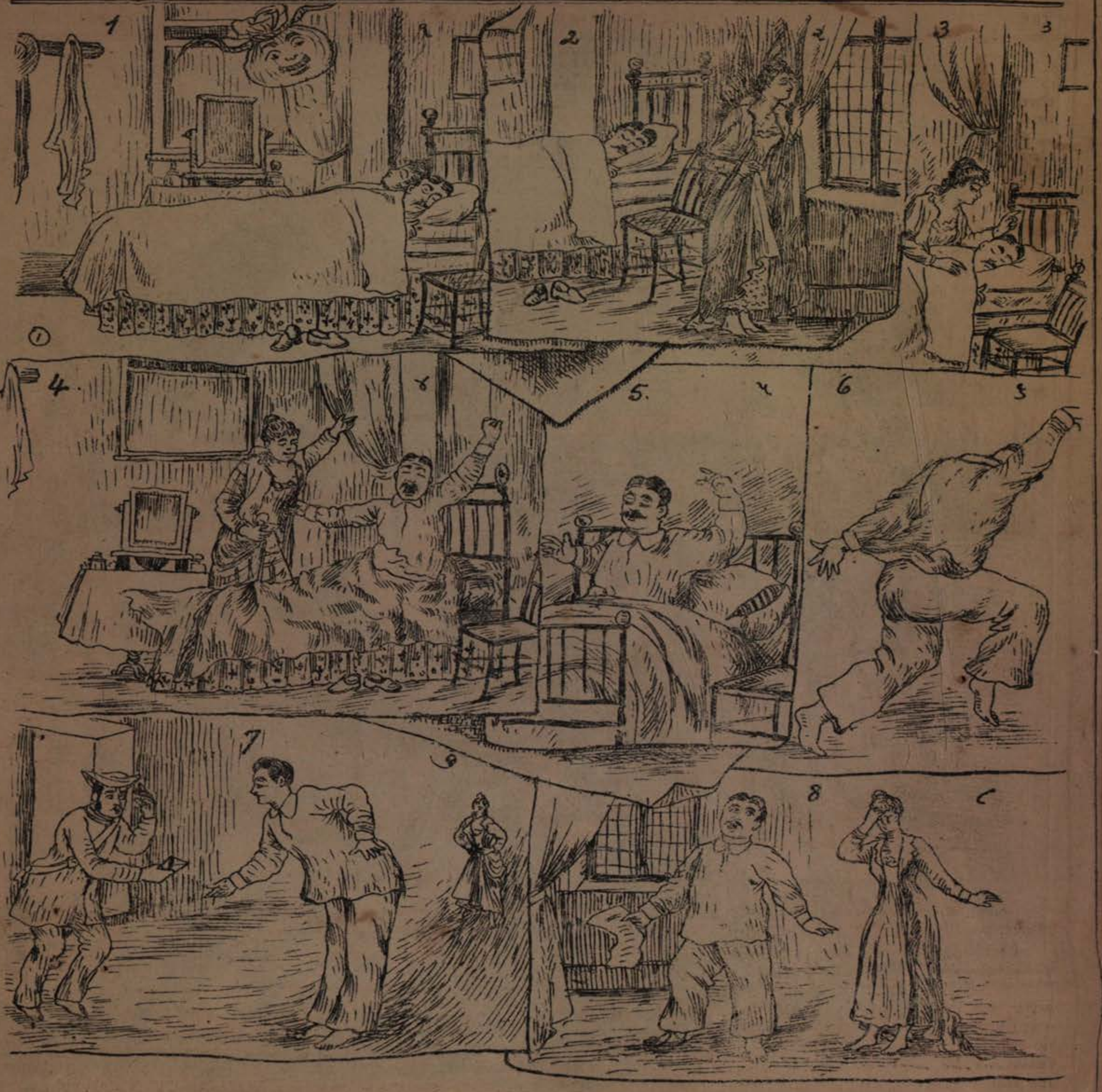
" ગ્રહસ્થો, નામદાર મહારાણીની સલામતી ! "

હીંદી પંચ—આપણી દીલોજાનીભરી અને ખરા જીગરની મુબારકબાદીઓ એ નામદારને આમીન થાઓ ! ખરીજ ભલી સ્ત્રી ! ખરીજ ભલી રાણી ! તે લાંબો વખત જીવો અને રાજ કરો !

[આગલા થઈ ગયલા અંગરેજ રાજકરતાઓના કરતાં સરવેથી વધારે લાંબું રાજ આજે નામદાર મહારાણીએ કીધેલું તવારીખમાં નોંધાયું છે, અને તે માટે દુન્યાના સરવે ભાગોમાં થી તે નામદારને મુબારકબાદી ઈછવામાં આવી છે.—**તાર**, લંડન, તા૦ ૨૩ મી સપટેમબર.]

with, drowned in his own nasty ghee and gibetted as a warning and an example to his fellows, or made to swallow it all himself and suffered to live and fatten on it, or rot as he might. With us, better far that thousands should stuff their insides with objectionable matter than that our hasty action should lead to the destruction of one *possibly* innocent man! And the retail dealer might be innocent, say the Government. Amen, cry Mr. Leo and Mr. Barbhaiya! He is after all only the middle-man, and he may have been taken in by the wholesale dealer! We must not forget that it is *wholesale* swindling. Let us therefore go to the "head and front of the offence," and like "homocene," put our finger on the right, that is to say the *wrong* spot! But this *finessing* did not suit

does not look as if he was born yesterday. He knows the tricks of the trade, and has, besides, a reliable nose to guide him. We have therefore let the bill go forth, as it came to us, with the hall-mark of our approbation, and if no further scruples arise and the law moves a little quicker than is its wont, we may yet succeed in annihilating the adulterator, whether first man or middle man! Dr. Cow-horn, Mr. Bomaster, and other corporators, reduced to the necessity of importing from Billimora, Mowa or Mahableshwar, rejoice! The time is drawing near when you may live and thrive on Ghee, bought in Bombay, of spotless purity! The trap is laid, (deadlier far than our *nahani* traps) and we may soon laugh at the adulterator who has so long laughed at us! They laugh best



DICK'S DREAMS OF THE ST. LEGER SWEEP.

(1) *Time 2 a. m.* He dreams of money bags. (2) *Time 5 a. m.* His wife hears a knock at the door. "Who's there?" "*Tàr hae, m'am saheb, tàr hae!*" (3) She hurriedly wakes up Dick, (4) who yawns half sleepily, (5) and waking up (6) runs to the door. "Sure a telegram from Calcutta and a big win in the St. Leger!" (7) Snatches, opens, and reads it Oh! the cruel fates! Only a wire from his superior announcing some Government orders. Not an order on the Bank for a lac or so! (8) Alack the day!

છેલી સીલ્લીજરની શરતની સેારતીનેા તડાકેા મારી જવાના ડીકના હવાઇ સ્વપના.



GRANDMOTHERS OF THIRTY.

Gunga—I do wish I hadn't myself married so early, and let my little daughter marry early too!

Seeta—Where is the trouble now? You occupy an enviable position and are looked up for advice and guidance! A grand mother at your age, and not satisfied! Well, some people never are!

Gunga—Reason enough to be satisfied! Isn't there? A grandmother at thirty! Hardly in the world before you are out of it! It's time they raised the marriageable age in law! There would be no more young grannies then!

ત્રીસ વરસની ઉંમરે મમઈ બપઈ.



OH THE RASCAL!

Pahloo—Hilloo love, where did you get this saree of yours!
Hilloo—Oh, it has been with me these many months.
Pahloo—It's so lovely! I won't allow you to put on any other but this on the Pateti day! You look so nice and charming in it!

[*The rogue thus tried to be free from the burden of paying a new bill for the New Year purchases!*

અરે કેવો લુચો!

પાહાલુ–હીલ્લુ લવ, આએ સારી તેં કાહારે લીધેલી? એ તું કાંહાંથી લાવી?

હીલ્લુ–એ તો કેટલા મહીના થયા મેં લીધેલી છે. કંઈ નહી તો બે વરસ થયાં હોસે!

પાહાલુ–અંહં! એ કેવી મજેહની ને સરસ છે! તું પપેટીને દહારે બસ એજ પેહેરજે હં, લવ! હું તુને બીજી કોઈ સારી પેહેરવા નથી દેવાનો! એમાં તું એવી સરસ શોભેચ–એવી સરસ શોભેચ–ને એવી એસકી દેખાયચ કે બસ નહી! નકરી જાણે બેહેસ્તની પરી!

[અને એવી લભાસ હાંકી તથા સહરાગાત કરીને શસ્કલ પાહાલુએ નવાં વરસે નવી સારીની ખરીદીના આંકડાં ચુકવવાની જંજાલમાંથી પોતાનો ચુપચુપ છુટકો કરી નાખ્યો।]



A SOLILOQUY.

Hypocritechand—(A Jain reformer) I'll talk of flying over lands and seas to spread the true faith and make Jains of the Yankees, but when it comes to be a question of marrying them to our dear girls—our own pretty Janes—mum's the word! And as for eating and drinking with them at the same board, mum's the word again! And if you ask me to renounce orthodoxy and consent to the re-marriage of an innocent virgin-widow, mum's the word once more! Tall talk and small work, is my motto!

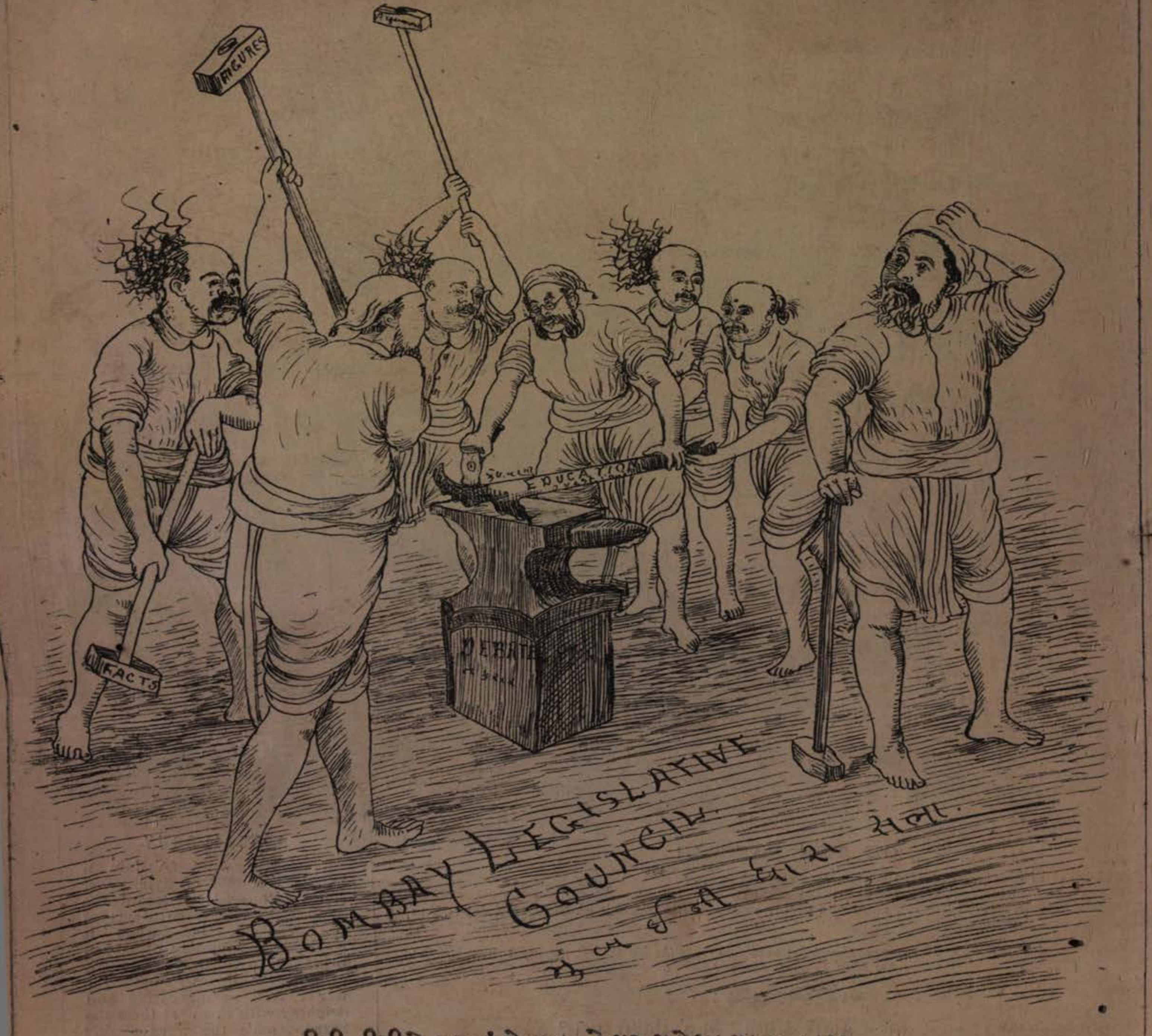
એક સ્વગત ભાષાણ.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૧૬૫ મું

FORGING!

OR THE ENTHUSIASTIC SMITHIES AT VERY HARD WORK.

[The question of education and the policy of Government with regard to it were discussed by the non-official native members at the last meeting of the Bombay Legislative Council, and the Government were taken to task for withdrawing from assisting higher education.]



ટીપી ટીપીને ઘડાતું પોલાદ—તે પર થડોથડ પડતા ફટકા.

ઉલટમંદ લુહારો કેવા જબરા કામે વળગી ગયા છે!

[મુંબઈની ધારાસભાની છેલ્લી બેઠક વેળા પ્રજા તરફથી પસંદ થયલા સઘળા દેશી મેમબરોએ કેળવણીનો સવાલ અને તે પ્રત્યેની નામદાર સરકારની રાજનીતી વીષે વીવેચન કરયું હતું, અને ઉંચી કેળવણીનાં કામમાંથી સરકાર દુર થતી જાય છે તે માટે તેઓએ તેની સામે સખત ટીકા ચલાવી હતી.



TURKISH DEFIANCE *VS.* BRITISH HESITATION.

[A letter has appeared from Lord Hugh Cecil, who is staying with his father, the Marquis of Salisbury, at Walmer, in which, while denouncing the infamous government of the Sultan, he says it would mislead the Armenians if they were made to think that England alone was able to intervene in their behalf, and that there was no hope until the feeling abroad equals the excitement in England on the subject.]

તાન પર ચહડેલા મીયાં તુરકીની કુંફરાજી અને પત્રાજી વીરૂધ ઢચુપચુ થઈ.ગયલા જાન બુલની આનાકાની.

[આરમીનયનેા તરફથી ઈંગલંડમાં ચલાવવામાં આવતી ઉસકેરણીના સંબંધમાં વડા પ્રધાન લારડ સાલસબરીના દીકરા લારડ હયુ સેસીલે ઈંગલંડના વરતમાન પત્રોપર એક પત્ર લખ્યો છે. તેમાં તરકીના સુલતનના કારોબારને નામોશીભરેલો કહી તેવખોડી કહાડે છે; પણ તેજ વખતે તે ચેતવણી આપે છે કે, આરમીનયનેા તરફથી ઈંગલંડ એકલે હાથે બાહાર પડી શકશે એવો ખયાલ તેમના મનમાં ઉતપંન નહીં થાય તેની સંભાળ લેવી; કેમકે તેથી તેઓ ખોટે રસ્તે દોરાઈ જશે. વધુ તે એમ જણાવે છે કે, આ બાબાતમાં જે પરકારની લાગણી અંગરેજ પરજા ધરાવે છે તેવી લાગણી યુરોપના બીજા દેશોમાં ઉસકેરાય નહીં, ત્યાંસુધી આરમીનયનેા તરફથી કાંઈપણ કરી શકાવાની આશા રહેતી નથી.]



BEHIND THE VEIL!

(The Club Kitchen.)

(1) "Come Dola, look sharp and bring up the turkey!" "Up in a moment, sir!" And while the moment is flying, Dola and another are sawing away—at the turkey, unyielding even in death! (2) The roast kid is no better! (3) Nor the boiled potatoe! Oe! Oe!! Oe!!! (4) "Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would *tear*!"



પરદા પછવાડે.

(વરાવાને કાહાડે પારસી કલબોનાં બબરચીખાનામાં એક ડોકયું.)

(૧) " આલ દોલા, જલદી ટરકી લાવ ! કેટલો વખત થયો ! " " લાયો હાઆઆબ ! આ એક પલમે લાયો હાએએએબ ! " પણ એકને બદલે એકસો પલ ઉડી ગયા તો બી કરવતીએ વેહેરવા છતાં, ટરકી એટલી ટફ છે કે, તે વેહેરતાં વેહેરતી નથી ! (૨) રોસ્ટ કીડના પણ તેવાજ હાલ અવતાર છે ! કુરસી ને હથોડાને પણ કસી દાદ તે આપતું નથી ! (૩) ને આગ્મે બાફેલા પટેટા જુઓ ! ઓઈ ! ઓઈ ! ! ઓઈ ! ! ! (૪) ને આગ્મે આખાણીઆ મરઘીબી જુઓ ! કેવી તેપર તુટાતુટ ચાલે છે, અને તોપણ મીસીસ દોલા અને માસ્ટર દોલાની સઘળી કેપજેપ છતાં તે તુટતાં તુટતી નથી !



IS *DIS*—UNION STRENGTH?

Miss Congress—What a bad outlook! While they are fighting, here am I, left all alone to take care of myself as I best can!
[The Native Society of Calcutta is just now divided into factions, and party strife, petty jealousies and personal grievances seem to be the order of the day.]

કુ-સંપમાં બળ છે ?

મીસ કાનગ્રેસ—સગન તેા કંઈ સારા દીસતા નથી! પેલાઓ એક બીજાના ટેાટા પીસવામાં એટલા બધા રેાકાઈ ગયા છે કે કેાઈને મારી તેા પરવાહ જાણે છેજ નહી! બધા મને પડતી નાખી અને ગમે તેમ મારૂં ફોડી લેવાને મને રખડતી મુકી ગયા છે!

[કલકતામાં હમણા દેશીઓ વચ્ચે બહુ પક્ષેા પડી ગયાં છે, અને અપસ અપસની મારામારી, અદેખાઈ, અંટસ અને અગત વાંધાઓનુંજ હમણા ત્યાં રાજ ચાલે છે.]

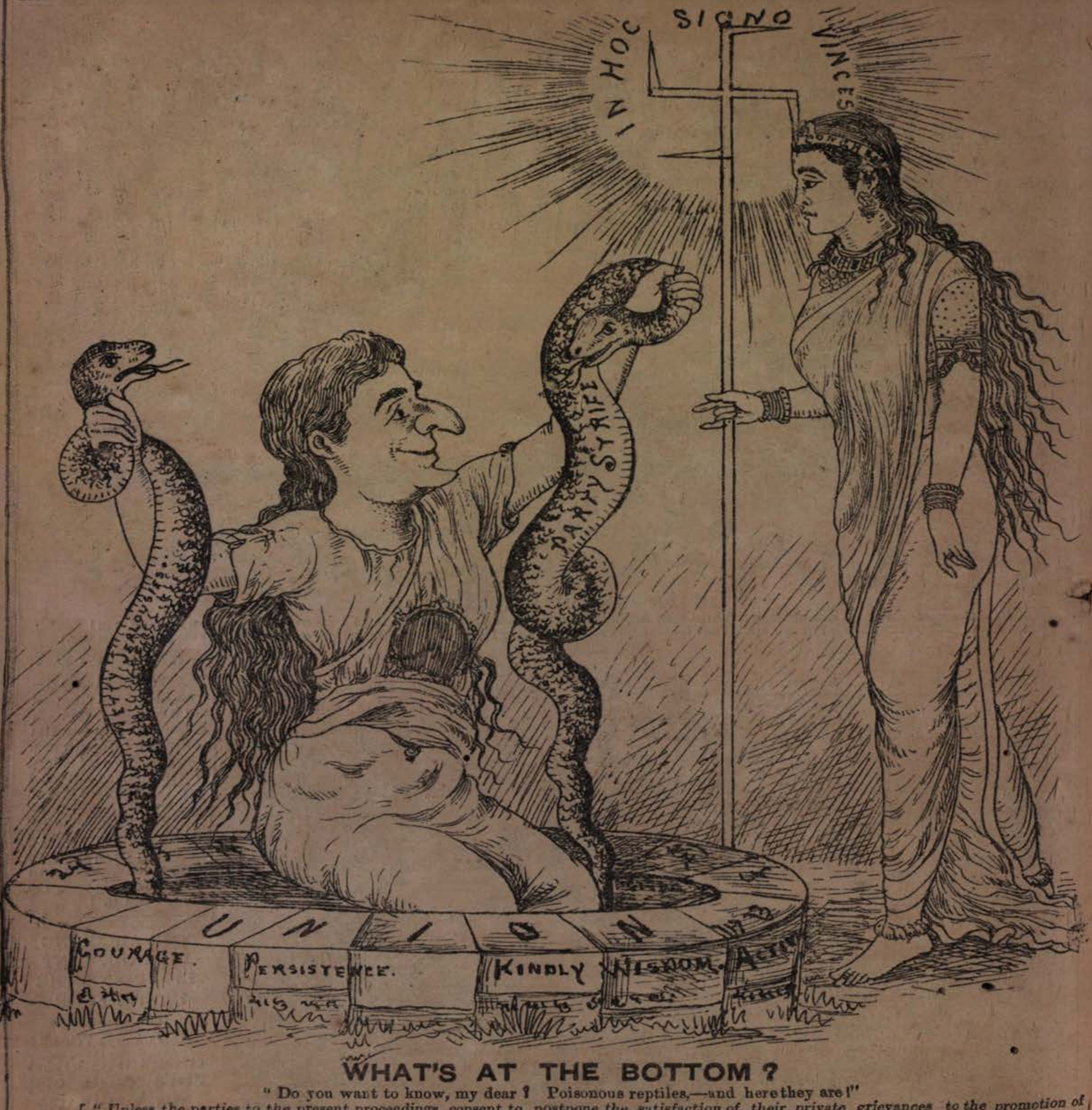


THE ALLURING INCANDESCENT LIGHT AND THE BOTTERFLIES.

[*With apologies to "the Chicago Times."*]

લલચાવનારી ઈનકેનડીસંટ લાઈટની ભભુકદાર રેાશની તરફ ખેંચાઈ જતાં પતંગીયાંએા.

રેાશનીપર તેઓ દેવાના બની જઈને આખરે જાન ખેાઈ ખાડામાંજ પડે છે!



WHAT'S AT THE BOTTOM?

"Do you want to know, my dear? Poisonous reptiles,—and here they are!"

[*"Unless the parties to the present proceedings consent to postpone the satisfaction of their private grievances to the promotion of* their common public aims, they are likely to jeopardise the success of the approaching Congress in Calcutta."—*Statesman.*]

તળ્યાંમાં શું છે ?

" તળ્યાંમાં શું છે તે તું જાણવા માંગે છે, મારી વાહાલી? તો જો આ,–ઝેરી સરપો ! "

[" પ્રજાના લાભની નેમોને આગળ વધારવાને અને પોતાનાં ખાનગી વેરો લેવાનું મુલતવી રાખવાને જ્યાંસુધી ચડસ પર ચહડેલા સાહેબો કબુલ કરશે નહી ત્યાં સુધી કલકત્તા ખા તેનાં આવતાં કાનગરેસની ફતેહને તેઓ નુકસાન કરનારાજ થઈ પડશે "–સ્ટેટસમેન.]

પારસી પતેતીની મી૦ પંચ પારસી તરફની હમાજોર.

(જુઆ ચીત્ર, પાનું ૧૪૮ મું.)

૧ સાલ મુબારક, દસ્તુર સાહેબ પેશોતન, સાલ મુબારક ! દસ્તુર તરીકે દીનના ખરા રાહબર થાઓ, વગર તાસુબીએ દીનની ખરી ખુબીઓ આશકારા કરતા રહો, અને ગાબડાં તથા થીંગડાં મારવાનાં કામ પર તો કદી આડી નજરે જોતા વટીક ના !

૨ સર જમશેદજી, હમાજોર બાદ ! હમા અશો બાદ ! સાલ મુબારક બાદ ! પારસીઓના "સર" તરીકે, તમારાં ખભાં પર એક સાબેત, સુધ અને સંગીન "સર" હંમેશાં લઈને તમો ફરો, એવી નવાં સાલની ભલી દુવા તમોને ચાહું છું તે આમીન !

૩ દખણના સરદાર અને દખણી પારસીઓના દસ્તુર સાહેબ હોશંગ, મુબારક નવું સાલ તમોને ! સદા વાએજો એવી વાંચજો કે રસ ગળે ને કટકા પડે અને મુંબઈ મધેના તમારા ખીચડાખાઉ અને ગાબડાંમારૂ ભાઇબંધોનાં ગાબડે ગાબડાં નીકળી જાય !

૪ મુબારક નવું સાલ, સર દીનશાહજી, મુબારક નવું સાલ ! ઘણાં ઘણાં નવાં સાલ જોવાને જુગ જુગ જીવતા રહો, અને હમદીન અને જુદદીનનાં સામાનય ભલાંનાં કામો માટેની તમારી દુજતી સખાવતનો રોહ એકસરખાં રીતે ચાલુ રાખો !

૫ સાલ મુબારક, સાલ મુબારક, મી૦ ફીરોઝશાહ મેહેતા ! ઇનસાફ અને રાસ્તીની હીમાયતમાં સાંહનાં જેવી ગરજના વધારે અને વધારે સદા કરતા રેહેજો ! હંમેશાં એક સીંહજ રેહેજો, અને પવન પર પીઠ ફેરવનારા "વેદર-કૉક" (મરઘા) કદી પણ થતા ના !

૬ મી૦ નવરોજી નસરવાનજી વાડયા, તમોને સાલ મુબારક થાઓ ! નવાં સાલની શુરૂઆતથી તમારી નવી કારકીરદીનો નવો સફો ઉઘડયો છે, તે સફો તમારાં સોનેરી કામોની હકીકતથી સોનેરી અક્ષરે લખાઓ. પારસી પંચાયત ફંડના ટ્રસ્ટી તરીકે તમોમાં પારસી પંચે મુકેલો "ટ્રસ્ટ" (ભરૂસો) ખરો પડો, અને જે બીજાં નામથી તમો સાહેબ ઓળખાઓ છો તે નામને તમો ખોટું પાડો ! એક "પેનડયુલમ" તેની લાયક જગાએ ઉપયોગી હોય છે, પણ જાહેર જીંદગીમાં એક પેનડયુલયની માફક એમથી તેમ અને તેમથી એમ ઝોલા અને ડોલા ખાવાના પરવડે નહી. માટે મેહેરબાની કરીને, સાહેબ, ઠરેલ, દ્રઢ અને સ્થીર રેહજો !

છેલ્લી સીલ્લીજરની શરતની સોરતીનો તડાકો મારી જવાના ડીકના હવાઈ સ્વપના.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૧૫૭ મું.]

(૧) છેલ્લી સીલ્લીજરની ઘોડદોડની શરતની સોરતી નીકળવાને દીવસે મરઘા બોલવાનો બે વાગાનો વખત હતો અને ડીકે સ્વપનો જોયો કે જાણે પઈસાની કોથલીઓનો તેનીપર વરસાદ વરસે છે.

(૨) બે પછી ત્રણ, ચાર ને પાંચ વાગા, ને તે વખતે મીસીસ ડીકે પોતાના ઘેરનું બારણું ધપાધપ ઠોકાતું ઊંઘમાં સાંભલયું. તરતજ કુદકો મારીને બીછાનાપરથી તેણી ઉઠી, અને બારી આગળ જઈ તીણા આવાજે તેણીએ પુછયું : "કૌન હય ? કોનકુ પુછતા હય ?" મેમ સાહાબને તરતજ રસ્તા પરથી જવાબ મળયો કે, "મેમ સાહાબ, તાર હય સાહાબ કે વાસ્તે તાર લાયા હય !"

(૩) તારનું નામ સાંભળતાંજ મેમ સાહાબના મોહડાંપર કાંઇ અજબ ચમતકારી અસર થઇ ગઇ. તેણીએ દોડતી જઇને ડીકને હીલવી હીંચોરીને ઉઠાડવા માંડયો : "ડીક, ડીક, ઉઠ; કલકતેથી તાર આયોચ ! સોરતીનો તાર આયોચ !"

(૪) ડીક અરધી ઊંઘમાં બવાચી પર બવાચી ખાતો અને "ડેમ," "સુઅર," કરતો જેમ તેમ જાગયો.

(૫) અને જેવો જાગયો તેવોજ ઉઠયો,

(૬) અને લાગેલો બારણાં તરફ દોડયો. દોડતાં દોડતાં તે મનમાં મલકાવા ને છલકાવા લાગયો કે, "આહા, ખચીત કલકતેથીજ તાર આયોચ એટલે સીલ્લીજરની સોરતીમાં સેવકને અછો તડકો પડી જવાની તેમાં ખુશ વધાઇ આપનારી ખબર હોસેજ હોસે !"

(૭) એમ મલકાતા ને છલકાતાં તેવણ દરવાજા પર આવયા અને તરતજ સીપાઇના હાથમાંથી તાર લીધાં, ઉખેડયો અને વાંચયો–પણ ઓજજા ! એ ડીકને એકાએક શું થઇ આવયું, અને તેના ચેહેરા ઉપરની ખુશાલી એકદમ ઉડી કાંહ ગઇ ? અરે કમબખત નસીબ ! સોરતીના તારને બદલે એ તો ડીકના વડા તરફનો તાર હતો, અને તેમાં કેટલાક સરકારી આરડરો (હુકમો) બાહાર પાડવાની ખબર આપેલી હતી, પણ ડીક ધારતો હતો તેવો કોઇ બેંક ઉપર લાખ એક રૂપયા માટેનો તે આરડર નહીજ હતો !

(૮) અરે, અફસોસ ! કેવું કરૂર ભાગય ! કેવો કમબખત દહાડો ! ગરીબ બીચારા ડીક સાહેબ ! ગરીબ બીચારાં તેનાં મેમ સાહેબ !

ત્રીસ વરસની ઉંમરે મમઈ બપઈ.

[જુઓ ચીત્ર, પાનું ૧૫૮ મું]

ગંગા–હું પોતે એટલી બધી નાની ઊંમરે નહી પરણી હોત અને મારી નાની દીકરીનેબી એટલી વેહેલી મેં પરણાવી નહી હોત તો કેવું ઠીક થાત !

સીતા–પણ તેમાં થઇ શું ગયું ? પરણીને સંસારી થઇ તો તારો દરજજો વધયો અને ઘર બેઠાં લોકો તુને સલાહ અને મસલત પુછવા આવે છે ! આટલી ઊંમરમાં તું મમઇ થઇ બેઠી, ને તોપણ તુંને સંતોષજ નથી એ કેવી સંતાપની વાત છે ! પણ ખરી વાત,–ઘણા લોકો બસ એવાંજ હોય છે કે તેઓ પોતાની ચહડતી હાલત પર કદી સંતોષ ધરતાંજ નથી !

ગંગા–અરે સંતોષ સંતોષ તું શું બકયા કરે છે, સીતા ! સંતોષ ધરવાનું તે કાંઇ મારી પાસે જેવું તેવું કારણ છે ? ઓહો ! ઘણુંજ જબરૂં ! જોની, ત્રીસ વરસની ઉંમરે તો હું મમઇ થઇ ! એટલે હજી તો દુનયામાં હું દાખલ થવાની શુરૂઆત કરૂં તેટલાં તો તેમાંથી બાતલ થવાની શુરૂઆત થવા માંડી ! એ કંઇ જેવી તેવી સંતોષની વાત છે ? હું તો ધારૂં છું કે કાયદા મારફતે હવે છોકરીઓની પરણવાની ઉમર વધારવાની ઘણીજ જરૂર છે ! તેમ થશે ત્યારેજ મારા જેવી જુવાન મમઇ બપઇઓ હસ્તીમાં આવતી બંધ પડશે. બાકી નહીં તો તેઓનું બજાર હમણા ઘણું ઉભાય છે અને હજી હવે પછી વધારે ઉભાશે !

Candid.—Parson : "Halloa, you boy there ! are you stealing apples ?"—Boy : "Yes, sir ! Want some ?"

એક સ્વગત ભાષાણ.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૧૫૯ મું.]

ઢોંગીચંદ-(એક જઈન સુધારક) જઈન ધરમનો ફેલાવો કરવાને મારા જઈન ભાઈઓને હું દેશ પરદેશ મોકલીશ, હું તેમની મ રફતે મરીકાનોને વટલાવીશ ને તેમને જઈન બનાવવાની કોશેશ કરીશ, પણ તેમને અમારી પ્રીય જઈન પુત્રીઓ સાથ પરણવાની વાત આવી તો હું બસ સુનોસાવજ થઈ ગોલાંટજ મરી જઈશ! વળી એ મરા વટલાવેલા જઈનો સાથ એક પંગતે બેસીને ખાવા પીવની વાત જો કોઇએ કરી તો ત્યાં પણ હું મુંગો મંતરજ બની જઈશ! એટલુંજ નહી, પણ જો તમો મને આમ કેહેશો કે મારે અસલી વીચાર છોડી દેવા અને ખુદ મરી પોતની નાતની એક નીરદોષ બાલ વીધવાને પુનરલગન કરવા દેવાને મારે કબુલ થવું, તો ત્યાં પણ હું ચુપચાપજ બનીને પથર થઈ બેસીશ! હુ તો મોટી મેટી વાતોજ કરીશ, અને ગજના ગજ ભરશ, પણ તસુ ફાડીશ નહી! એજ, ભાઈઓ, મારો તો નીયમ છે!

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

Shock to a trusting nature.—"I am sorry to have to tell you, young man," said the aged clergyman, "that the sermon you delivered this morning was preached by John Wesley more than a hundred years ago." "Is it possible?" exclaimed the young divinity student, both shocked and grieved. "I—I found it in a volume of sermons published by the Rev. Philetus Muggins in 1825, and long since out of print? Whom can one trust?"

An Earwigger.—Miss Tuffun: "I am surprised, Mr. Dodger, that you should have insulted me by making such a remark."—Mr. Dodger: "What do you allude to, Miss Tuffun?"—Miss Tuffun: "I understand that you told Miss Spiteley that I carried my years well."—Mr. Dodger: "Quite a mistake, I can assure you. What I really said was that you carry your ears well, and so you do, don't you know."

Diplomacy.—Mrs. Jellus (interviewing parlourmaid): "I am afraid you won't do. You see, you are very good-looking, and my husband, being an artist, is a great admirer of female beauty, and—"—Parlourmaid (interposing): "Yes, ma'am, any one can see that by his marrying you!"—Mrs. Jellus: "Er—well, anyway, I will give you a month's trial!"

The New Woman.—"My dear Miss Picton, do you know that your starched front is all damp?"—"Yes, I know. I have just been seeing my *fiance* off to India, where he will remain for two or three years!"—"And you have been weeping?"—"What do you think of me? Not a bit of it! He did the weeping."

The Reason Why.—"Dr. Nasmyth is quite young, but he has got a good practice already, and his patients all seem to like him. Don't know how he's managed it."—"Simply enough. He tells all the imaginary invalids that they are very ill, and all the real invalids that they are well."

Old gent: "Well, my boy, there. I've made my will, and I've left nearly all my money to you, and my lawyers are to be trustees."—Boy (who knows a thing or two): "Well, guv., wouldn't it be better, y'know, to leave them the money and appoint me trustee?

The Eastern Question and the Water Famine.-Eastender (who has just called for "two of Scotch"): "Gi' us the water, my dear."—Barmaid: "*Give* you the water, indeed! As you are a regular customer, you can have the two of whiskey for nothing, but the *water you must pay for*."

Extensive Feet.—"I think Minnie has offended Charlie Jones."—"Oh! Why?"—"Well, you see, Charlie was saying at dinner that in the afternoon he had felt so tired he could hardly put one foot before the other, and she said: 'Well, it is rather a long way.'"

"Savoir-vivre."—Mamma (to George, who is escorting his sister to a party): "Now mind you keep an eye on Minnie."—George: "Oh—er—well, you know, mother, it doesn't do for a fellow to be always watching his sister. Other chaps don't like it, you know!"

Thwarted Ambition.— She: "You *did* startle me! I thought you were dead!"—He (a trifle bitterly): "I declare, you seem quite disappointed I'm not in Africa!"—She (apologetically): "No; I don't mean that. Only—I *do* so want to see a ghost!"

Envy.—"How are they all at home, Green?"—"All right, thanks, except my wife, and she's got a swollen face. The doctor says it seems to be in fashion our way."—"For goodness' sake, don't tell my wife, or she'll want one too."

An old song (slightly altered) likely to be popular in Europe this autumn.—"Have you seen the Czar, boys, have you seen the Czar?"

"Oh, Charlie," gushed the young wife, "the tortoise you bought from the costermonger is growing simply *enormous*! I do believe it will be a turtle soon, now."

What is the difference between the "X rays" photographer and the Robert-loving housemaid?—One sees the heart on the beat; the other the sweet-heart "on the beat."

Ambiguous.—"You never come and see us nowadays, Hankey."—"I am really so occupied with business that I have no time. Haven't even time to amuse myself."

"Are you crying, dear?"—"Crying?"—"No, I see, dear. It's the eyebrow you put on this morning. The heat of the room has started it running down your cheek."

A Russian company has obtained the right to dig for gold in Corea—in fact the Coreans seem to have given Russia much en-Corea-gement.

Lost, Missing, and Wanted.—The customary weekly harangue of the German Emperor. Reporters, please note.

The proverb says that there is no use crying over spilt milk, but the milkmen cry milk every day.

Nomenclature.—The professional cricketer who makes a "duck's egg" ought surely to be dubbed a "quack."

She: "A handsome, original, and interesting man I *could* marry——"—He: "Oh, you flatter me!"

Change for a Sovereign.—The Czar's tour.

Man of "mettle"—Millionaires.

CHOW CHOW.

The Bubonic Plague.

JALANDHAR NATH writes :—"Who is this Bubonic Plague? Why, one of the greatest Sanitary Prophets, one of the immortal Mahatmas, who now and then visit large cities for the physical salvation of suffering humanity. He deals in no words and grinds no reports,—this great Sanitary Commissioner. His ways are mysterious,—thoroughly Mahatmic,—his judgment decisive, his method sure. 'Why does he seek obscure corners instead of making his august presence known among the great ones living in superb *pavan mandirs* in this mighty *nagri*?' Because all true prophets seek the salvation of the poor first who are the greatest sufferers. All prophets, in all times, have appeared and worked among the lowly and the forsaken, and the rich have afterwards been drawn towards them as iron towards the load-stone. Thou canst easily call to mind, *Punchoba*, many places on this orb, once obscure but now famous and held in veneration because sanctified by the visit of some great soul who worked and prayed for the weal of the people. People of Mandvi and Khetwadi! Blessed are ye! Long neglected by the wise and the rich whom ye blindly worshipped, your destiny is henceforth altered! The advent of the Great Bubonic Plague,—the infallible adviser in hygienic matters,—will now draw towards you the rich, the proud, the ornamental, the 'khoorchi-seekers,' the medicos, the lawyers, the debaters, the



THE ADVENT.

city health-preservers and a host of other pilgrims—some even from distant Calcutta—to have a *Darshan* of the Mahatma. As I have said above, the Mahatma is not for words or reports. He means Work, and Sharp Work too, for the good of his chosen people. His activity is now visible. His teaching is simple and effective. The City Fathers and their pampered servants may well flout and despise the wretches living in crowded and filthy localities, and turn a deaf ear to their groans; but they cannot ignore the work of the Mighty Bubonic Mahatma. His visit to the city is, verily, a blessing in disguise.

* *



THE RIDE—No. 1.

"WHAT is this Mahatma's *vâhan* or vehicle?, Well, I don't know that he has any, except air or ether or some other subtle "X" matter or motion. The *bhagats*, or the chosen disciples, themselves do not know how he came hither: some guess he rode either some sheep rescued from the Bandra *mukti-sthan*, or came borne on the wings of some species of



THE RIDE—No. 2.

poultry from Andheri; but this cannot be, as he has not vouchsafed his *darshan* in those places. Many, again, are of opinion that His Mightiness came riding the newest pattern of glass bangles from China. The pious ladies of Mandvi and other districts, considering

these bangles sacred henceforward, are removing by hundreds the jingling chrystal wristlets from their persons, to the infinite disgust and despair of the local dealers. Some think he came concealed in bags of sugar



THE RIDE No.—3.

or dates, or in dubbers of ghee in right stow-away fashion. There are others, and their number is great, who believe the Great Sanitary Prophet strode the rat—mighty Ganesha's favourite vehicle. Judging from the salvation so freely meted out to rats, and the careful attention bestowed by scientific experts on these hitherto despised creatures, there is every likelihood of the rat becoming more sacred still.

* * *

"I HAVE spoken of the sufferers or sinners above. It is given out in some quarters that the greatest sin prevailed in the district where the granary of this city is lodged, to wit, Mandvi. The grain lords have, they say, served Mammon too long and too faithfully, and therefore required to be purged of their sins; hence the presence of the deliverer among them.

* * *

"THE BUBONIC MAHATMA is not very well pleased, I am told, with the prying curiosity of Drs. Viegas, Blaney, Ismail Jan Mahomed, Patel, Surveyor, and others, who were foremost in announcing to the world his presence and his work. The Great Sanitary Reformer, like the retired Mahatma he is, loves quiet and works best when the gaze of the world is not fixed upon him, and his *modus operandi* is not scrutinized and studied by a host of physicians impertinently eager to learn his secrets.

* * *

"YET another speculation is that the visitor is a High Priest come hither to preside at a great sacrifice—a holocaust—preliminary to some grand sanitary undertaking by the Civic Fathers of 'Bombay the Beautiful.' May the labours of the awful visitor cease; may he depart soon in peace to the Mahatmic regions; and may some substantial and permanent good be the outcome of his brief but ever memorable sojourn in our midst, is my heartfelt prayer!"

* * *

Honour to whom, &c. ALL honour to Dr. Viegas, Mr. Ibrahim Rahimtulla, Dr. Ismail Jan Mahomed, and other gentlemen of the medical fraternity! With a fearlessness and an independence of spirit worthy of the occasion, they have rendered the city a signal service at a time when a great wave of death and disease has been passing over it. Their powerful voice has been raised in the cause of humanity, and they have hunted down with a will the Demon of Culpable Negligence, Disgraceful Carelessness and Inexplicable Dilatoriness, who had taken possession of the Bombay Civic Father's Health Department. Their method and their action have roused the department from its deep lethargy and have forced it to work, work and work!

* * *



THE GREAT SANITARY REFORMER!!!

WORK after three weeks of fearful ravages! Better late, perhaps, than never! Though in life and death interests, a day's delay often causes an infinity



THE SACRIFICIAL ALTAR.

Health Department had to be awakened to a proper sense of its duty by the beating of drum, and the blowing of bugles in its very ears! And when aroused and goaded to action, its apologists in the Press had the hardihood and effrontery, the brass and cheek, to say it was all a mere scare! Everything was smooth and calm at Mandvi, according to these impudent apologists, and only irresponsible medicos of the type of Dr. Viegas, and brainless fellows of the stamp of Mr. Ibrahim Rahimtula, were creating a false and groundless alarm and tomtoming their own precious selves in the bargain! These apologists have at last had to hide their diminished heads before the plethora of facts placed before the public by independent gentlemen of the Press, and not only the Bombay public but the Government as well are very thankful to Dr. Viegas, Mr. Ibrahim, Dr. Ismail, and others who did their duty fearlessly, notwithstanding the thunderings and blusterings and brow-beatings of the now vanquished apologists and trumpeters of Dr. Weir and his department.

* * *

Nero Fiddled, &c. IT could be proved to the hilt that people were dying at Mandvi, in the very beginning of September, and the direfu malady that was raging in that thickest part of the



HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR, &c.

of regret. Sleeping the sleep of Koombhkaran, unmindful of what was going on before its very nose, the city must have commenced its fell work of havoc a week earlier. And yet it is anwful commentary only

the management of civic affairs in Bombay, that while the plague was making its way surely, steadily and stealthily, the head of the Health Department and the head of the Municipality were airing themselves at Poona! Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, and here in the First City in India, in the year of grace 1896, we have found history repeating itself with a vengeance!

* * *

The Jubilee of Baron de Harlez. WHILE the *soi disant* Dust-oors of the Parsees, not caring to clean the dust of centuries from their brains, are devoting their time and energy to such shams as the substitutes for *Shams-ul-Ulema*—the glittering caudal appendage after which they have been hankering and thirsting—and are never weary of dragging the bigoted and the blind in the mire of religious humbugs and superstition, it is gratifying to have to record the work of one European Oriental Scholar who has devoted his time and labour in bringing to light the true principles of Zoroastrianism. Professor Doctor Baron C. De Harlez is the one European savant whose work the Zoroastrians of Bombay ought to recognise with gratefulness and thanks. His whole Avesta translation and works on the Iranian History and Literature are worthy monuments of a literary life. Dastoor Saheb *Punch*, the guide, philosopher and friend of all true Zoroastrians in all matters spiritual, temporal, &c. &c., sends his best wishes to the learned Professor on the occasion of the Jubilee of his appointment to the University of Louvain, which has just been celebrated, with all the honour and respect worthy of the great event, by all the savants of the world.



DESERVING.



THAT DREADFUL CHILD!

Tehemina— Ma dear, how nice if you had marriad uncle Minocher who is quite as tall as you, and let pa marry aunty Manek as small and stunted as himself! you would then have been well matched!

અરે તારૂં ખચર થાય
રે તારૂં બ્બુચીનું !

બ્બુચી તેહેમીના—
માયજી, તમે મીનોચેર
માસાની સાથે કાંય નહી પ
નયાં ? તેવણુ કેવા તમા
રા જેવાજ લાંબા ને ઊચા
છે ! ને બાવાજીને માણેક
માસી સાથેજ કાંય નહી પ
ણવા દીધા ! માણેક માસી
કેવાં બાવાનાં જેવાંજ ઠીં
ગણાં ને બટકાં છે !-પછી ત
મારા લેકનું જોરૂં કેવું મ
જેહનું દેખાતે, ને લોકો
રસ્તામાં તમને ને બાવાને
સાથે જોઈને મસકેરી કરે
ચ તેમ કોઈ કરતેબી નહી!



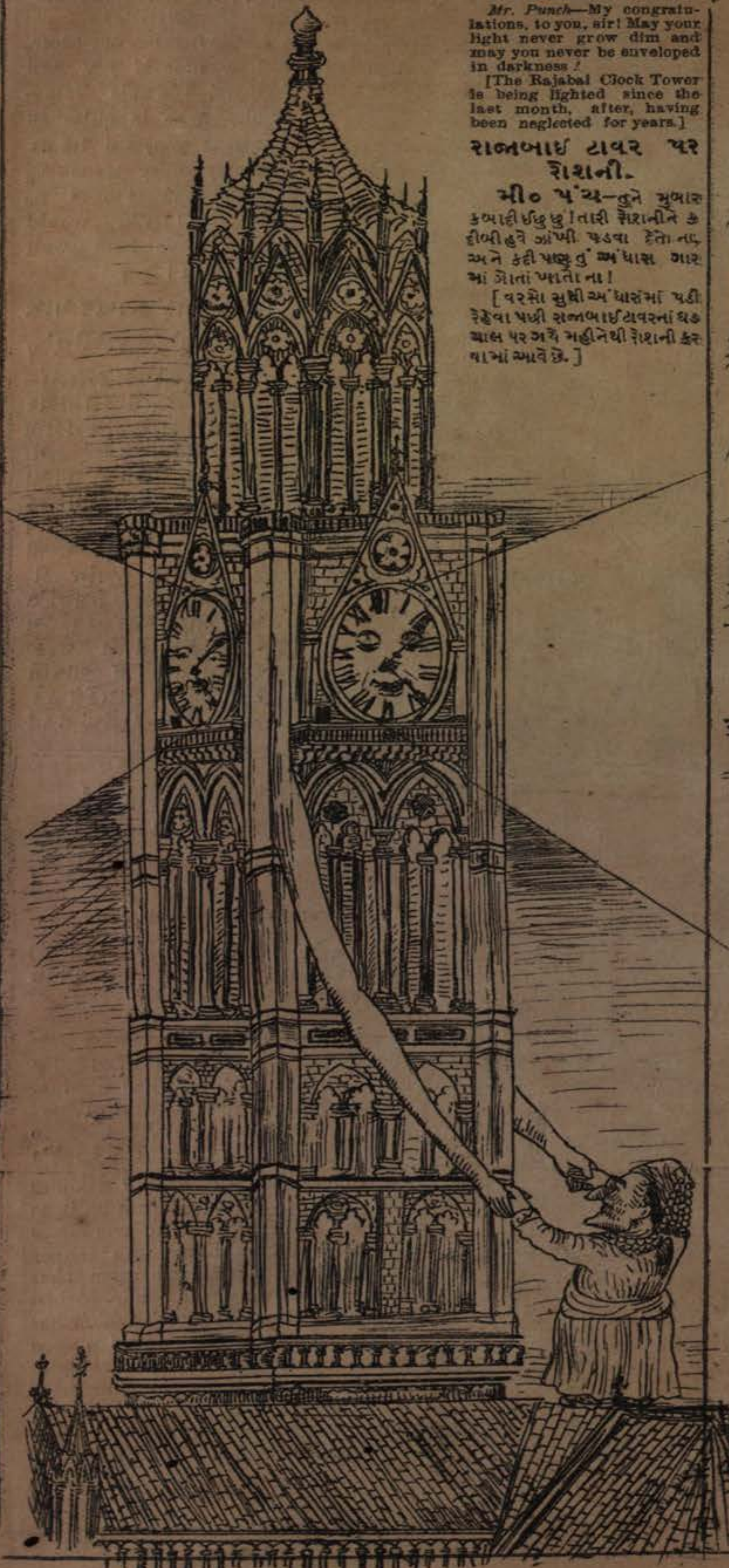
THE SHADOW OF DEATH!

The Shadow—(*To the Bombay Civic Father*) Your life or a clean bill of health!

મોહોતનો ઓલો !

ઓલો—(મુંબઇના શેહેરી બાવાને)
તારો જીવ લાવ, નહી તો તારી શુધ સ્વચ્છ
તનદરોસ્તીની હુંડી લાવ !

SUCCESS HAS A SOFTENING EFFECT.—Bavious (who has a last achieved quite a decent literary position): "Do you know, I used to assert that the mere fact of a book's reaching a sale of 50,000 copies was enough, of itself, to stamp it as being an utterly vile and worthless production. Somehow I, no longer feel quite so convinced upon that point!"—Mævius (who has at last produced a dramatic work which has already run a fortnight, and is even running still): "Perhaps you're right. Anyhow, I myself am no longer of opinion that a man is necessarily a genius just because he has written a play that was hissed off the stage the first night!"



THE LIGHTED TOWER.

Mr. Punch—My congratulations, to you, sir! May your light never grow dim and may you never be enveloped in darkness!

[The Rajabai Clock Tower is being lighted since the last month, after, having been neglected for years.]

રાજાબાઈ ટાવર પર રેાશની.

મી૦ પંચ—તુને મુબારકબાદી ઈછુ છું! તારી રેાશનીને કદીબી હવે ઝાંખી પડવા દેતેા નહ, અને કદી પણ તું અંધારા ગારમાં જાતાં ખાતેા ના!

[વરસેા સુધી અંધારામાં પડી રેહેવા પછી રાજાબાઈ ટાવરનાં ઘડીઆલ પર ગએ મહીનેથી રેાશની કરવામાં આવે છે.]



I DRINK TO THE HEALTH OF THE BOMBAY HEATH DEPARTMENT!
Which has provided me with a rich harvest this season!

મુંબઈનાં તનદરેાસ્તી ખાતાંની સેવક તનદરેાસ્તી ચાહેચ!
જેણે સેવકને આ મેાસમમાં ઘણી ઉમદા કમાણી કરાવી છે!



A SACRIFICE!

Ali—What a shame! They want this *potian* of yours to be burnt! And it isn't even 50 years old! A great Zoolum, to be sure, my Pemla's father!

Alo—Let them burn it, Ali! Better that it should burn than that you or I should, or both!

એાઈ! એાઈ! આ કેવેા મેાટેા ભેાગ!

[વધુ માટે જુવેા પાનું ૧૯૭મું.]



LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT!

(1) Ha! ha! ha! What a drum for making a noise, for loudly proclaiming both itself and us! (2) Boo-hoo-oo! What a collapse! To hear it, who could have thought it would so soon spend itself!

[The Parsee Girls' Marriage Benefit Fund, started with loud huzzas by Dr. R. N. Khory and others, has at last succumbed, it being resolved at a meeting of the members to put it in liquidation.]

(૧) આ ચીત્ર જુવો!
(૨)અને પેલું જુવો!

(૧) હાઆ ! હાઆ ! હાઆ ! આહ, કેવું મોહું પડઘમ છે હો! કેવો મોટો ઘોંઘાટ કરે છે, હં! એ ભમ ભમ વાગે ચ એટલે જાણે એનીબી ને અમારીબી નામના બધે બધ આસકારા થઇ રેહેઆ! વાહ! વાહ! વાહ! (૨) બહુ–ઉ–ઉ–ઉ–ઉ! એવું થઇ ગીયું! અમારૂં પડઘમ તો ફાટી ગીયું અરે કોણે ધારયું તું કે એના એવા હાલહવાલ થસે!

[પારસી છોકરીઓ માટેનું લગનનાં લાભનું ફંડ, જે ભારે ધામધુમ અને ઢોલ તાસાના અવાજ સાથ ડાકટર રૂસ્તમજી નસરવાનજી ખોરી અને બીજાઓએ ઉભું કીધું હતું, તેના આખરે હાલહવાલ થયા છે, અને તેને ફંડઆમાં ભઈ જવાનો ઠરાવ કેરવામા આવ્યો છે!

DR. MAKHMAR'S BAD LUCK

Dr. Makhmar—Here's the plague raging in Mandvi, my dear, and my opinion is not sought for, and will not be until it comes in the neighbourhood of our dispensary! What a pity that, with such a chance my name should remain as obscure as before I was born! Bad luck!

Mrs. M.—Why not shift to Mandvi? If the plague won't come to us, let us go to th plague! We must help oureselves, you know!

Dr. M.—Not use! Not a soul knows me there, and I fear they will rather die of the plague than of me. Here is our chance, or nowhere.

Mrs. M.—Then let us hope for the best, dear! The plague may yet find us! If it does not, then is our luck bad indeed!



ગરીબી બીચારા ડાકટર માખમારનું કુટેલું કરમ!

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૧૯૩મું.]



THE MODERN CORNELIA!—"AH! THESE ARE MY JEWELS!"

[According to the statistics kept by the Health Department from the 24th September last 199 cases of the Bubonic Plague have occured up to yesterday, out of which 105 have proved fatal!]
[*Hindi Punch*, 4-10-96.]

આ જમાનાની કોરનીલીયા!—"આહા! આ મારાં ઝવેરો છે!"

અરે કોઈ આ જમાનાની કોરનીલીયાનો ઘાન કહાડી નાખો!

[સીપીઓ આફ્રીકેનસની બાયડી કોરનીલીયાને પુછવામાં આવ્યું કે તેણી ઘરેણાં ગાંઠાં કાં પેહેરતી નથી, તેનો તેણીએ પોતાનાં બચ્ચાંઓને દેખાડીને જવાબ આપ્યો કે, મારાં ઝવેર અને ગરેર તો આ છે.]

[ગઈ તા૦ ૨૪ મી સપટેમબરથી મુંબઈનાં તનદરોસ્તી ખાતાંએ રાખેલી વીગત પ્રમાણે ગઈકાલસુધીમાં "બ્યુબોનીક પ્લેગ" નો રોગ ૧૯૯ જણને થએલ હતો, જેમાંથી ૧૦૫ જણાં અત્યાર સુધીમાં મરણ પામ્યાં છે.]
[હીંદી પંચ, તા૦ ૪ થી અકટોબર ૧૮૯૬]



THE COLD HAND!

EXTENDED TOWARDS THE POOR VICTIM OF STARVATION.

[Famine has visited India, the Central Provinces, the Rajputana, the North-West Provinces and the Punjab having come in its grasp. Grain riots have taken place at Nagpur, Cawnpore and Agra, the shops of the grain-dealers being looted by the starving poor.

થંડોગાર હાથ !

ભુખમરાના ગરીબ ભોગ તરફ લંબાવેલો.

[હીંદુસ્તાનમાં દુકાળ ચાલુ થયો છે, અને તેના પંજામાં મધ્ય પરાંતો, રજપુતાણા, વાવ્ય પરાંતો અને પંજાબ સપડાઈ ગયાં છે. નાગપુર, કાનપોર અને આગરા ખાતે ભુખે મરતાં લોકોએ અનાજના વેપારીઓની દુકાનોપર લુટ ચલાવી છે.]



A STATUE TO BE RAISED IN THE MANDVI WARD,

IN MEMORY OF THE VISIT OF THE GREAT BUBONIC PLAGUE MAHATMA TO *URBS PRIMA IN INDIS.*

માંડવી વૉર્ડમાં ઉભું કરવાનું એક બાવલું,

હીંદુસ્તાનનાં પેહેલાં શેહેરમાં મહાન મહાતમાં "બ્યુબોનીક પ્લેગ" ની થયલી પધરામણીની યાદગારીમાં.

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 5th Oct.—Bombay, the beautiful, awoke one fine morning to find herself accurst. "*Stricken with the plague*," was the awful verdict pronounced upon her by Dr. Viegas at a meeting of the Standing Committee the other day. And in an instant all was bustle and confusion. People began to die in numbers, and Calcutta and Madras, pointing the finger of scorn at us, shunned us. Was this the boasted First City in India, rejoicing in the possession of a "phenomenally rich" Municipality and a Health Department costing a mint of money every year ?

For days before Dr. Gas (a thousand thanks to him and others for their fearless outspokenness) uttered the fearful words, "A plague *has fallen* upon the people," there had been silent but significant indications that "something was rotten in the State of Denmark;" indications which, if turned to account in time, might perhaps have saved Bombay her reputation, and numbers of her hapless citizens their valuable lives. It has been said that

> " All those plagues which earth and air had brooded
> *First on inferior creatures tried their force,*
> And last they seized on man."

Our plague did the same, and killed the rats that we might take warning, and if possible escape the threatened visitation. But we did not, at least the Health Department did not take warning, and the Bubonic Plague has decimated both rats and men! A stitch in time saves nine—hundred, is evidently not the maxim of the Health Department.

The Bubonic Plague ! Plague enough in all conscience, without its breeding numberless minor plagues :—humbugs, hypocrites and bores ! Weathercocks changing with the passing wind and blowing, now hot now cold, with the same mouth ! Dr. Gas' words had scarcely ceased to vibrate on the air, before there arose a plaguey lot of men,

> " . . . As wit and critics known
> Who hash up nonsense for the town;
> And in the daily columns show
> How small the sum of all they know."

Was it bubonic, bucolic or teutonic ? Was it bred in the country or imported from Hongkong ? Was it a plague or only an infection ? Did it come from the gutter or the grain, with the sugar or the dates ? And while the straw-splitting disputants were thus wrangling over a name, the fell plague was insidiously working its way! For after all, "what's in a name ? that which we call *bubonic*, by any other name would *kill as quick* !" And in spite of the wiseacres, who have been shaking their heads in honest or dishonest doubt, the plague has reaped a glorious harvest !

And one man said : We must be cool and wary ! Because some cowardly hearts fail, we must not follow them in hot haste ! Above all, we must beware of letting other people and other countries into the secret of our troubles ! They would put us into quarantine, and then what would become of the city's trade and commerce ? Of *my* commerce and *my* ships ? Far better the bubonic plague, if plague there be, than the quarantine plague. Rather let *men* sicken and die than *trade*,—trade, the "golden girdle of the globe !"

Rough on rats at first, the plague has become rough on men, and it has been impossible to keep the secresy counsel of the cautious, plague-courting, quarantine-shunning merchant. **156** deaths at the lowest estimate ! The plague's surely no joke, as we mentally remarked, while listening to Mr. Snow's account of the ravages committed from the first moment of the attack up to the date of our sitting. **156** ! Buried or burned, and put out of sight ! And more daily going the same way ! Sad look-out ! But cheer up, gentlemen, said Mr. Leo in his usual tactful manner, don't let your spirits go down ! The Health Department, whatever it may have done or left undone before, has since the outbreak risen to the occasion and has been, unceasingly and by night and day, fumigating and flushing, and disinfecting and deodorising ; so that, you may depend upon it, that it will stamp out the plague or die in the attempt. "That may be," said Dr. Ismail Janmahomed, "and I quite agree that the Health Department has laboured with a will. But it cannot be forgotten that its previous inactivity has caused all this wailing and lamentation and woe !



"PREVENTION WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH BETTER THAN CURE."

And that prevention would have been much better than cure." Mr. Seraph followed in the same strain, pointing out that the *halalcores* were in the habit of lightening their loads by emptying the contents of their baskets into the nearest drain! Whew!!! And that flogging was their only fitting punishment for so fouling the atmosphere!

"Use every man after his desert and which of us would escape flogging?" was doubtless the mental query addressed to himself by Mr. Leo, who scented the danger and implored all parties to eschew recriminations. Again and again did he pat the Health Department on the back, and he derived valuable assitance from Mr. Javerilal and Mr. Dew, the latter threatening us with a halalcores' strike, if we struck them. Personally I am not an advocate of flogging, but the bare fear of a strike should not deter me from teaching the halalcores their duty! No, no, Mr. Dew! And it must not be forgotten that a strike is not so easy now as it was with the Cutchrapatis, for since their day, we have, by a timely legislative enactment, struck at the root of all strikes!

But if Professor Muller is to be believed, the halalcore is not to blame. He, that is to say, the learned



ANOTHER DR. SYNTAX.



"SHOOK AN IMAGINARY FIST."

Professor, has, like another Dr. Syntax, gone through the infected parts on the back of his own "Grizzle," and taken copious notes, "prosing it here, versing it there, and *plaguesquing* it everywhere!" He never saw anything of the dirty business, referred to by Mr. Seraph, and he adds, with irresistible logic, "what *I* have not seen, no other *I* hath."

"Look at these gentlemen," said Mr. Bomaster, "trying to whitewash the Health Department in return for its whitewashing the houses and the graves of the victims. You have heard of the tailors of Tooley Street in this hall before. They are here now!"



WHITEWASHING THE SEPULCHRE.

and he shook an imaginary fist at Mr. Leo and his henchmen.

To sum up. We have voted a lac for the special use of the Health Department, and if we succeed in stamping out the plague, it will be cheap at that price.

Dr. Syntax—I mean, Professor Muller—wanted us to request the Government to lend us the services of Dr. Hankine to trace the plague to its source. But the Government have been before us, said Mr. Snow, and are sending out Professor Haffkine. Very kind of them, I'm sure. But, said Dr. Gas, if he is only Half—kine, let us give him the *other half* (better half, would of course be inappropriate for more reasons than one) in Dr. Surveyor, a local bacteriologist of repute and renown, who,

". . . . . with extensive view,
Surveys *man's Foes and bottles 'em too!*"

We decided, however, to take Professor Haffkine by himself! May he succeed in bottling our foe for all time! "One touch of nature, *and of the plague*, makes the *whole* (world) *kin(e)*-"

(*Hindi Punch*, 12-10-96.)



A SEASONABLE FLUSHING.

While the Health Department has been busy with the different parts of Bombay, Mr. *Punch* has been directing his energies in another direction, washing, cleaning and flushing the human brain, which at times needs these operations just as badly as our gullies.

[Mr. Fazulbhoy Visram has been severely taken to task for his views about the Bubonic Plague now raging in Bombay.]

વખતસર ધોઈધાઈને સાફસુફ કરવાનું કામ.

મુંબઈનું તનદરોસ્તી ખાતું જ્યારે શેહેરના જુદા જુદા ભાગોમાં સાફસુફ કરવા, ધોવાધાવા અને ઝાડવા ઝુડવાનાં કામમાં બહુ રોકાઈ ગયું છે, ત્યારે મી૦ પંચ બીજી તરફ ધોવાધાવાના કામમાં રોકાઈ ગયા છે. ઘણીવાર ગલીઓને ધોવાધાવાની અને સાફસુફ કરવાની જેટલી જરૂર પડે છે, તેટલીજ જરૂર કોઈ કોઈવાર માણસોનાં ભેજાંને સાફ કરવા માટે પણ ઉભી થાય છે, અને તેવાં ભેજાંઓને, સારી પઠે ધોઈ ધાઈ અને ઝારીઝુરીને સાફ કરવાની હમણા મી૦ પંચને તસદી ખેંચવી પડે છે.

[મુંબઈમાં હમણા ચાલતા ઝેરી તાવ વીષે મી૦ ફાઝલભાઈ વીસરામે આપેલાં કઢંગા વીચારો માટે તેમની ઉપર બહુ સખત ટીકા છાપામાં કરવામાં આવી છે.]



PEACE !

OR, EUROPE IN THE YEAR OF GRACE 1896.

હથીયારબંધ સુલેહ દેવી !

અથવા, ૧૮૯૬ નાં વરસમાં યુરેાપની હાલત.

She (sentimentally)—" What poetry there is in fire." He (sadly)—"Yes. A great deal of my pretty poetry has gone there."

" Does your baby walk yet, Mrs. Tarbell ? " " Walk ! Bless you, no. But he can ride all around the nursery on his little bike ! "

He—" I fear the worst." She—" What's happened George ? " " Your father has paid back that 10 dols. he borrowed."

A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.—Bill (reading in newspaper portion of an article on English composition) : "Did you see that, Jim ? Long sentences are quite out of fashion. The short-sentence is now the thing."—Jim (not wholly unfamiliar with prison interiors) : " Quite right, too. No sentence ought to be more than seven days.

FASHIONABLE.—Sir Toby (after ringing the bell furiously) : " John, what is that confounded van waiting at the door for? " John : " If you please, sir, it's the milliner who has sent it to take away two of her ladyship's hats to alter."



THE *BAIRAGEE* IN THE STREETS OF BOMBAY.

How the creatures of the Health Department dance to his music !

[About 20 candies of firewood, 8 maunds each of sulphur and dammer, and 40 gallons of phenyle are being consumed daily by the Health Department for cleaning, flushing and fumigating the different parts of Mandvi to stop the Bubonic Plague.]

મુંબઈના મેાહેાલાઓમાં ભટકતેા વેરાગી.

તનદરેારતી ખાતાંનાં દુકતાં એા તેનાં તંબુરાનાં તાણ આગળ કેવાં નાચવા કુદવા મંડી ગયાં છે, હેં ?

[બ્યુબેાનીક પ્લેગને અટકાવવા મા માંડવીના જુદા જુદા ભાગેામાં તનદરેારસ્તી ખાતાં તરફથી ગલીએા ધેાવાનું અને ધુંઈ વગેરે કરવાનું જે કામ ચાલે છે તે પાછળ દરરેાજ વીસ ખાંડી લાકડાં, ૮ મણ ગંધક, ૮ મણ ડામર અને ૪૦ ગેલન ફીનાઈલ ખપે છે.]



THE PENALTY OF LETHARGY.

Bombay the Beautiful—Well, Old Father, what's the news? How are we getting on with the plague?

Civic Father—First rate, thanks! I've been busy enough these three weeks! Have cast off all lethargy, and am making penance for all past sins of omission and commission by working at full pressure, and doing my best to drive away that Demon Bubo!

B. B.—I wish you had waked up sooner, and not waited to be roused!

Hindi Punch, 11-10-96.

બેદરકાર આળસુ પડી રહેવાની સજા.

મુંબઇ સુંદરી—કેમ બાવા, કેમ છેઓ? તમારી મરકીના શું સમાચાર?

શેહેરી બાવા—જેવા માંગો તેવા! ત્રણ ત્રણ અઠવાડયાં થયાં બધો મારો દુચે દુચો નીકળી ચાલ્યોચ! બધી મારી આળસાઇ, બેદરકારી ને ગફલતીને હાલ તુરત તો ગટરમાં નાખીચ ને ગટરોની સાથે તેનેબી ધોઇ કહાડીચ! હાલ તુરત તો રાત ને દાહાડો સેવક એક કરેચ, ને તેમ કરીને આગલાં બધાં પાપો ને મોહકાનોનો પસ્તાવો કરી તોબાહ તોબાહ બોલેચ! મારાથી બનેચ તેટલું તો પેલા દઇત "બ્યુબો" ને મારી હઠાડવાને કરૂંચ, પછી તો ખોદા જે કરે તે ખરૂં!

મુંબઇ સુંદરી—હું ઇછુંચ કે તમારા કાનના બેહેરબી ફાટી જાય એવા બુમ બરાડા પાડીને તમને બીજાઓએ સજાગરૂ કીધા તે આગમજ તમે પોતેજ જાગરૂત થઇ કામે લાગી ગયા હોત!

હીંદી પંચ, તા० ૧૧-૧૦-૯૬



THE HUMOURS OF THE PLAGUE !

Milkmaid Lakhmi—Send two furras of rice, Neela, and a furra of *bajri* to my place, will you ?

Neela (grain-dealer)—Cash first ! I must be sure of my money before I send you anything ! To-morrow, the plague might claim you, and then I shall lose a customer and my tin too ! A double loss !

મુંબઈની મરકીની રમુજી મોહકાનો.

દુધવાળી લખમી—એ આઈક લો કાય, નીલા ? માજે ઇંકડે દોન ફરે તાંદુર અને એક ફરા બાજરી આજ પાઠવુન દે ! અઠાંજ પાહીજે !

નીલો (અનાજવાળો)—ઓ હો ! પણ મલા તરી અઠાંજ પહેલે પઈસે રોકડ પહીજે ! મી તુલા તાંદુર પાઠવું ત્યાચી આગોદર પઈસે દેવુન જા ! કોનાલા માહીત ઉદીઆં કાય હોયલ તે ! કાલ તુલા મરકીચા રોગબીઝ ઝાલા, તર તુ સરખા માજા ઘરાકચા ઘરાક જાયલ, અનો માજે પઈસે તરી ડુબેલ ! અસી ડબલ ખોટ મલા નાહે પાહીજે ! મલા પહીલે પઈસે દે, મગ તાંદુર પાઠવાયચા વારતા કર !



PURIFICATORY BATH OF "BOMBAY THE BEAUTIFUL."

[Owing to the outbreak of Bubonic Plague, Quarantine has been imposed at Alexandria, Naples, Bussorah, Colombo and other ports against all vessels coming from Bombay.]

સુંદર મુંબઇ સુંદરીને શુધ્ધ પવીત્ર બનાવવા માટેનું સ્નાન.

[મુંબઈમાં ફાટી નીકળેલી ઝેરી તાવની મરકીને લીધે, અલેકઝાંદરીયા, નેપલ્સ, બસોરા, કોલંબો અને બીજા બંદરો ખાતે મુંબઈથી આવતાં બારકસો પર કુવારનટાઈનનો જાપતો નાખવામાં આવ્યો છે.]

AT WHITBY.—Visitor (to ancient mariner, who has been relating his experiences to crowd of admirers): "Then do you mean to tell us that you actually reached the North-Pole ? "—Ancient mariner : "No, sir ; that would be a perversion of the truth. But I seed it a-stickin' up among the ice just as plain as you can this spar, which I plants in the sand. It makes me thirsty to think of that marvellous sight, we being as it were parched wi' cold." [A. M.'s distress promptly relieved by audience.]



HIS ENEMY!

His Mahatmic Majesty—Ho! ho! Will the bottle prove my enemy? And shall I be bottled up?

[Alcohol is said to be a preventive against the present bubonic plague.]

બ્યુબો માહતમાનો શતરૂ.

મહાતમા બ્યુબો-હો! હો! શું આ બાટલો મારો શતરૂ ? શું એ મને ગરપ કરી જશે ? હેં એં ! હેં એં!

[દારૂથી એરી તાવનો અટકાવ કરી શકાય છે એમ જણાવવામાં આવે છે.]



Silla—And we mustn't buy any new materials, Sorab dear?

Sorab—No, it's better not to go to any of the shops! Who knows but there may be the plague bacilli in the very silks themselves! They lurk in the best and most unlikely places, these death-germs! And a silk saree may become the shroud!

[*The shrewd rogue thus saves his purse*!

સીલ્લાની સારીમાં મરકીનાં જંતુ !

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૧૯૩મું.]



SAFETY ORNAMENTS OF THE SEASON FOR "BOMBAY THE BEAUTIFUL."

[Camphor cakes and napthaline and phenyle tablets are beginning to be freely carried about as prophylactics by the wide awake portion of the population of Bombay.]

સુંદર મુંબઈ સુંદરી માટે સલામતી ભરેલો સનગાર.

(હમણુંની મરકીની મોસમમાં સજવાના ઘરેણાં ગાઠાં.).

[મરકીનો રોગ ઉઠતો અટકાવવા માટે બચાવ તરીકે મુંબઈમાં લોકો પોતાના ગજવામાં કપુર અને નેફ્થેલાઈન તથા ફીનાઈલના લખોટા લઈને ફરે છે.]



"BE SWEET ON ME, AND I WILL BE SWEET ON THEE!"

[Some of the friends and admirers of Mr. M. M. Bhownagree, M. P., have been asking the friends of the Congress not to take an inimical stand against the demonstration they are raising up in his honour, as he has proved himself more a friend of the Congress than its enemy.]

" મારી પર મીઠી નજર તું રાખ, અને હું તારી પર મીઠો મધ થઈ જવસ ! "

[મી૦ મંચેરજી મેહેરવાનજી ભાવનગરી મુંબઈ આવે તે વેળા તેમને માન આપવાને તેમના દોસ્તો અને વખાણનારાંઓ જે હીલચાલ કરે છે તે સામે કાનગ્રેસના હીમાયતીઓએ થવું નહીં, એવી તેઓ તરફથી તેમને અરજ કરવામાં આવે છે, કેમકે તેઓ જણાવે છે કે પારલામેંટમાં ચોકસ સવાલોને લગતી તકરાર વેળા મી૦ ભાવનગરીએ કાનગ્રેસના દુશમન કરતાં તેના દોસ્ત તરીકે પોતાને વધા[illegible] પુરવાર કીધા છે.]

A NOBLE WORK.

Mr. Punch.—All honour to you, my dear girls, for your disinterested efforts on behalf of suffering humanity! May your example find thousands of imitators!

[The Bhattia Mitra Mandal, the Dussa Shrimali Mitra Mandal, and the Pooshkarna Hitchintak Mandal have come forward to give free medical aid to the sufferers from the plague, and have utilised the services of several doctors for the purpose.]

એક ખરેજ ઉમદા કામ.

મી૦ પંચ—ધન છે તમને, મારી વંહાલી પુત્રીઓ! મરકીથી પીડાતાં દુખીઓને મદદ કરવની તમારી બીન સ્વારથી મેહેનત માટે ધન છે! તમારા દાખલાની નકલ કરનારા બીજા હજારો નીકળો.



[મરકીથી પીડાતાં લોકોને વઈદક મદદ આપવા અને દવા દારૂ મુફત પુરી પાડવા માટે અતરેના ભાટીયા મીત્ર મંડળ, દસા શ્રીમાળી મીત્ર મંડળ અને પુષકરણા હીતચીંતક મંડળ ઉલટ સાથ બાહેર પડયાં છે, અને તેઓએ તે માટે કેટલાક ડાકટરો સાથ બંદોબસ્ત કરયો છે.]



AN ASSININE ADVICE.

An ox, affected by a dire malady and frightened out of his wits, met an ass, and this is what the ass said: Don't let yourself be alarmed, my dear friend. It's only a passing disease, and if you keep your head cool, as I do, you'll soon be all right! Above all, whatever you feel within you, don't show it, or your master will be sure to put you on starvation allowance, and then the remedy will be worse than the disease!

એક ગદ્ધાઇભરેલી સલાહ.

એક બળદીયાને એક દીવસે બહુ ભયંકર રોગ થયો, જેથી તેની સુધબુધ જતી રહી અને તે ગભરાટમાં પડયો. તેને સામેથી આવતો એક ગધેડો મળયો, જેણે તેને નીચે પરમાણે સલાહ આપી: અરે મારા વાહાલા દોસ્ત, એમ તું ગભરાઈ શું જાય છે. તારે ગભરાવું તો મુદલ જોઈયેજ નહી. એ તો અમસથી મેહેજ માંદગી છે, ને જો જેમ મેં મારૂં ભેજું થંડુ રાખયું છે તેમ તું બી તારૂં માથું થંડું ને ઠેકાણે રાખશે તો તું જલદીથીજ સાહાજો ને તાજો થઈ જશે। એ બધામાં તારે સરવેથી મોટી સંભાળ તો એ લેવાની કે, તું ને તારા પેટમાં ગમે તે થતું હોય પણ તે તારે મુદલજ દેખાડવું નહી, નહી તો તારો શેઠ તુને કંઈ ખાવા પીવા દેશે નહી ને તુને ભુખે મારશે, અને પછી તારા દુખનાં કરતાં તેનો ઉપાય વધારે ખરાબ થઈ પડશે।



DODGING IT!

Pesi—And where are you going to ?

Ratai—To Navsari for a few months ! Anywhere out of reach of the plague !

Pesi—But if it follows you ?

Ratai—Why, then, I'll come back to Bombay, I suppose.

મુંબઇથી નવસારી ને નવસારીથી મુંબઇ !–ધરમના ધકેલા !

પેસી–ને તું કાંહ નાહાસી જવાની છે, રતઇ ?

રતઇ–હું તો થેરા મહીના છોકરાંને લેઇને નવસારી જાઉંચ ! મુંઇ મરકીનાં દાચામાં રેહેવાના કરતાં કેડબી જવું રહેલું ભલું !

પેસી–પણ એમ સમજ કે મરકી તાંહખી આવી તો ?

રતઇ–તો પછી હું સું કરસ ! પાછી હું નવસારીથી મુંબઇ આવસ ! એ તો ધરમ





BOO-HOO-OO!

Boo-hoo-oo ! Plague take it ! It's the Plague after all ! And it's we that have been proved humbugs, not the so-called alarmists !

[The Plague bacillus has been found in the post mortem examination made on the bodies of certain victims. The *Bombay Gazette* and Mr. Fazulbhoy Visram, who have been misleading the public in this matter, will now have to hide their heads.]

બુઉ–હુ–હુ–ઉ–ઉ !

બુઉ–હુ–હુ–ઉ–ઉ !! અરે એનું અત્યાંપાત થાય ! એનું ! એ તો આખરે મરકીજ નીકળી દેખું ! અને કે ઠા અમેજ એ જણા મોટા હંબગ સાબેત થયા ! ને જે લોકોને ગભરાટ કરનારા કેહીને અમે ગાળ દેતા હતા તે લોકો તો અંતે ખરાજ પડયા ! બુ–હુ–ઉ–ઉ–ઉ–ઉ !

[મરકીથી મરણ પામેલાં કેટલાંક દરદીઓની લાશ ચીરીને તપાસતાં તેમાંથી મરકીનાં જંતુઓ મોટી સંખ્યામાં નીકળી આવ્યાં છે. મુંબઇ ગેઝેટ અને મીο ફાઝલભાઇ વીસરામ, જેઓ આ બાબતમાં પ્રજાને ભ



THE COMBAT!

OR, THE DEMON AND THE GODDESS.

[The Plague has up to the present not shown any signs of being checked.]

દઈત્ય અને દેવી વચેનું જબરૂં યુદ્ધ!

આ યુદ્ધનું પરીણામ શું આવશે અને તેથી કેવી કેવી ખરાબી થશે વારૂં ?

[મુંબઈમાં ચાલતી ઝેરી તાવની મરકી અટકવાનાં ચીનહો હજી કસાં દીસ્તાં નથી.]

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINEANT.)

Monday, 12th Oct.—It is always refreshing to find doctors, whether of medicine, law, literature, languages or religion, instead of wrangling, agree with, and help one another. Dr. Bhalchandra, who, as spokesman of the Standing Committee, has earned the right, *ex-officio*, of poking his finger in everybody's pie, trotted out Dr. Sanitation's hobby-horse to-day. A noble importation from Europe, and not quite new to us, for the animal has been with us, off and on, for over a twelvemonth. Only, never before did it look so well, or we like it so much.

"The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd and champ'd the golden bit."

And it must be admitted that Dr. Sanitation, taking the reins from Dr. Bhalchandra, rode it in capital style—"a proud rider on so proud a back"—and showed all its fine points to the best possible advantage. Here, said he, is my electric sea-horse, famed for emitting destructive and purificatory fires of the highest efficacy. I exhibited it last year too, but then it wasn't so surefooted. To-day you have only to launch it with a will, to kill your enemy, whoever he may be and wherever lurking, as dead as a rat in no time, without leaving a single lingering stench behind. And forthwith, to our admiring eyes and pleased ears, the bold rider began to career the beast, and to dance it to the dulcet strains of the *Lancet*; Mr. Leo, Mr. Bomaster and the rest of us crying bravo!

But this language perchance is bewildering to the ordinary reader. Therefore coming down from Dr. Sanitation's Parnassian heights and calling his Pegasus by a less poetic name, I will say that it was his old motion of using electrolysed sea-water for flushing purposes that we discussed to-day. And we allowed it too.



"A PROUD RIDER ON SO PROUD A BACK."

Under ordinary circumstances, lulled into fancied or real security, we might have treated it with ridicule, as we did on a former occasion, but with so many death-germs floating in the air and creating sad havoc everywhere, we hailed it as a much wished—for deliverance. Hermitine or Chlorine, or by whatever other name you may call it, it has not, said Dr. Sanitation, its equal as a potent germicide and deodoriser in the wide world. The civilised nations of the globe have come to recognise its inestimable value, and it is cheap too, although worth its weight in gold! It would be cheap, we thought, at any price if all that is claimed for it were true, and, added Mr. Leo with unwonted generosity, even if it were not wholly true, since other large cities have been experimentalising, let us, as one of them, experimentalise too, regardless of cost, and see if this Hermitine or Chlorine would bring us back our lost reputation. It will, it will, I know it will, enthusiastically shouted Mr. Bomaster, in love with Angeline—I mean, Chlorine—like another "hermit of the dale."

Turn, gentle Hermitine,
'Turn thy cleansing spray
To where yon vile bubonic
Kills by night and day!

Under its influence too, pursued Dr. Sanitation, the foulest rag becomes in a moment as pure and spotless as the untrodden snow. Good, we cried in approval, very good, and we can now wash all our dirty linen at home!

Let the Bubonic Plague "do its spite," we are now well armed, thanks to Hermite, and to Dr. Sanitation. Would

that we could find a similar remedy for the minor plagues that afflict us! Minor only in that they



BRAVO!

do not kill the body, but more mischievous because more lasting, and they destroy one's peace of mind. Our officers are a plague to us when about to retire, as it has now become the practice to ask for more, however much we may have given before! As if the extra was needed to make them go! Our Presidents are a plague, when, puffed up with an overweening sense of their dignity, they go out of their way and only succeed in making themselves ridiculous! The Corporators too are a plague, when they abuse their undoubted influence, forgetting that, so abused, the influence itself must wane, even as the overstrained bow must break!

My readers will remember Mr. Barrow wanting to wheel himself away, and wanting us to grease his wheel for him. Mr. Leo, with 20 others, has done it with a vengeance, making a *black* list of 21 corporators, who have once more shown their utter disregard of public opinion and their desire to be generous with the ratepayers' money! Thus acting against their consciences, I was going to add, but Mr. Leo indignantly stopped a corporator who used the words at the meeting, and lest Jove's thunders should rattle over my head, I forbear. With feelings of unmixed pain, one sees in the list names that, if antecedents go for anything, should never have been there! At the same time, it is satisfactory to find, in the opposing *white* list, 18 good names and true, one or two names too that might have ranged themselves on the opposite side without creating any surprise! So true it is that glaring wrongs often succeed in awaking the most dormant conscience, even as they sometimes lull into sleep the most wakeful!

Mr. Barrow has received his marrow, and a marrow that will make many mouths water! The mouths of underpaid clerks who work much more, and with equal, if not superior, intelligence! But then, as Mr. Leo was careful to ask us to remember, Mr. Barrow is no *ordinary clerk*! No fear of our forgetting this, for what ordinary clerk, starting with 300 a month, rises to 1200, and, in so rising, draws a couple of hundred more than the maximum pay of his post! A gratuity of Rs. 20,000! But then remember, gentlemen, that Mr. Barrow is no *ordinary clerk*! What though he has not risked life and limb in our service, or



"REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN, MR. BARROW IS NO ORDINARY CLERK!"



"Mr. EBRAHIM'S SPEECH REMAINED UNHEEDED."

"crossed the Atlantic," or set the Thames on fire! Though he has done nothing *extraordinary*, remember, gentlemen, once more that he is no *ordinary* clerk! And remember too, gentlemen, that we are not *ordinary* either! *We*, that is to say, *we of the Corporation, can do what we like!* Remember also, gentlemen, that we have no *ordinary* president to rule over us! He goes out of his way to speak on the question and to vote! Under such a powerful combination of extraordinary circumstances—an *extraordinary* clerk, an *extraordinary* Corporation and an *extraordinary* president—can you wonder, Mr. Ebrahim Rahimtula, that your cogent speech, full of unanswerable arguments about exchange and pension rules, was unheeded? Can you wonder, Mr. Bomaster, that your protesting voice was drowned in ridicule, or that you were reproached with so-called senility by parties who might well take the warning home? Can you wonder, Dr. Viegas, that your appeal to the meeting to be just before being generous was lost? Can the 18 honourable men wonder that they were defeated by a narrow majority? A majority of three, or more strictly speaking, only two, for the president, with all his pomposity, counts for nothing! *The Corporation can do what it likes,* and Mr. Barrow has received his marrow! Well may the outside public wonder why the treasury is so ill-guarded! Left to the tender mercies of irresponsible parties who can act as they like! Where are the rate-payers? Where is the Police? [*Hindi Punch,* 18-10-96.]



AN EXTRAORDINARY PRESIDENT.



DROWNED IN A SEA OF RIDICULE.

RAN NO RISKS.—The boy hung back when the visitor spoke to him, and his mother was naturally annoyed. "Won't you go to Mrs. Brown, Willie?" she asked. "No," replied the boy, shortly. "Don't you like me?" asked Mrs. Brown, good-naturedly. "No, I, don't," answered the boy. "Willie!" exclaimed this mother, reproachfully. "Well, I guess I got whipped for not telling the truth yesterday, and I ain't taking no chances to-day," protested the boy.

"I HAVE always maintained," said the host, as he poured out a glass of sherry, "that a certain amount of wine after dinner is good for the inner man." "I quite agree with you," said his guest pleasantly; "it is the uncertain quantity that does the mischief."

WILLIE: "Would you actually demean yourself marrying an ass for his money?" Ethel (ecstatically)): "Oh, Willie, this is so sudden!"

A SHARP SERVANT.—Debt collector: "Is your master at home?"—Servant (curtly): "No, he isn't."—Debt collector (suspiciously): "But I can see his hat hanging up in the hall."—Servant: "Well, what's that got to do with it? One of my dresses is hanging on the line in the back garden but I'm not there."

SHE (after sneezing): "Let me see; what was I saying?" He: "I don't know." And now he wonders why she treats him coldly.

"There is a report that Buzbee has a large floating debt," announced the cashier to the teller. "Yes, sir; an 80,000 dols. steam yacht."

DEAR GIRLS!—Maude (who has never tried any other machine but a sewing one): "I wouldn't be seen on a bicycle."—Mabel (a cyclist): "No, my dear, you wouldn't be for more than two seconds."

ઓઇ ! ઓઇ ! ઓઈ ! આ કેવો મોટો ભોગ !

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૧૭૨મું.]

અલી–અરે તમે આ શાંભળો છે કે, પેમલાના બાપા ! આ શો ગજબ ! ઓલા સરકારના માણુસો તમારૂં આ પોતયું બાળવા માગે છે ! અને હજી તો એને પુરાં પચાસ વરસ પણ તમે પેહેરયું નથી! હાય હાય ! આ કેવો મોટો જુલમ થાય છે ! ઓ તમો સમજો છો કે, મારા પેમલાના બાપા બાઆઆ !

અલો–અરે બાળવા દે, અલીઇઇઇ, તેમને એ પોતયું બાળવા દે ! હજી પોતયું બળેલું ભલું, પણ આ મરકીના કોપમાં તું કે હું, અથવા આપણે બંને સાથે સોનાપુર મહી કરકટીપર બંધાઇને ચાલયા જઇશું ને ત્યાં બળીશું, તે કેમ પાલવશે ! માટે જુલમ થાય કે ન થાય, પણ આલો દે,–એ પોતયું બાળવાને આલી દે, મારા પેમલાની મા !–અરે આ તેં સાંભળયું કે અલીઇઈઇઇ ! અરે પેમલાની મા, તેં સાંભલયું કેઅઅઅ ! સોનાપુર મહી આપણે બળયે, તે કરતાં હજી પોતયું બળેલું ભલુ ઉઉઉઉ ! શું કરયે ! પઈસાનો બહુ ભોગ થાય છે,–પાંચ દસ આનાનું પોતયું બળી જાય છે !–પણ–પણ–સુનાપુર મહી મને બાળવા લઈ જાય તે કરતાં એવો ભોગ આપેલો ભલો હો, મારી અલીઈઇઇ !

ગરીબ બીચારા ડાકટર માખમારનું કુટેલું કરમ !

(જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૧૭૩મું.)

ડાકટર માખમાર–જોની ડીયર, માંડવી પર બધી મરકી ફાટી નીકરીચ, ને તોબી નહીં કોઇ મારી સલાહ લેવા આવતું કે નહી કોઇ મારૂં મત પુછવા આવતું ! બીજા બીજા ડાકટરોનાં બધા પેપરવાળાઓ મત છાપેચ, ને હુ ખુનામાંજ સબરયા કરૂંચ ! મને તો નહી લાગતું કે જાંહ સુધી આપરાં પીઠાંની નજદીકમાં મરકી ફાટી નહી નીકળે તાંહ સુધી કોઈ મારો જરાકબી ભાવ પુછે ! અફસોસ ! કેવું આપરૂં કુટેલું નસીબ હોસે કે, પેપરે પેપર એક અરધીબી ખરચ્યા વગર આવો મફતની જાહેર ખબર મેળવવાનો જારે વખત આયો, ને દેશ પરદેશમાં બધું મારૂં નામ આસકારા કરવાનો લાગ મળયો, તારે બી મારૂં નામ અંધારા ગારમાં ગોતાં ખાયા કરેચ !

મીસીસ માખમાર–પણ તારે તમે અહીં પરી સું કરવા રેહયાચ ! મુંગા મુંગા આજનું આજ માંડવીપર પીઠું લેઇ જાવની ? ચાલોની તાંહ જઈને આપરે દુકાન ઉઘારચે ! જો મરકી આપરા ઘેર આગળ ચાલી ચલાવીને નહી આવતી હોય તો આપરેજ તેને સોધતાં જઈયે તો કેમ ? તમે મુ ગા મુંગા મારૂં માનો ને હમણા ને હમણા જઇને માંડવીનાં એક મોહલામાં એક નાહાલી જેવી જગા ભારે લેઈ લેઓ, ને તાંહ તમારા નામનાં પાંચ દસ પાટીયાં તાબરતોબ લટકાવી દેવારો. પછી જોવો કે લોકો કેવાં પોતાની મેળે તમારી સલાહ લેવા ચાલ્યાં આવેચ તે ! ને બધા પેપરવાળાઓના રીપોર્ટરો કેવા તમારી ખુસામત ને કાલાવાલા કરતા તમારૂં મત પુછવા ને તમારાં ઘરાકોની ખબર અંતર લેવા તમારાં પીઠાંમાં કલાકના કલાક સુધી બેસી રેહેચ તે !

ડા૦ માખ૦–એ તો કંઇ વળવાનું નહી, ડીયર ! બધાં ફોકટનાં ફાંફાં ! મને તો કોઇ કારો કુત્રોબી માંડવી પર ઓરખતો નથી! ને વરી તાંહનાં લોક એવાં કંગાળ ને ગાંડાં છે કે મારી દવા લેઇને મારે હાથે ટાકો ભરી કરે, તે કરતાં મરકીથીજ મરવાનું વધારે પસંદ કરશે, એમ મને તો ધાસ્તી લાગેચ ! એ તો આપરાજ પીઠાં આગળ મરકી ચાલી આવે તો કંઈ આપરૂં વળે, ને કંઈ મારા નામના ઢોલતાસાં વગારવાના મળે; બાકી નહી તો બીજે કેડે કંઈ સુકરવાર થવાનો નથી, ડીયર મારી !

મીસીસ માખ૦–તારે તો સું કરસો, ડીયર,—ખોદાપરજ ભરોસો રાખીને બેસો ! જરા થોભી જાઓ ! વખત છે, કોણુને ખબર, પોતાની મેળે મરકી આપરે બારણે ચાલી ચલાવીને આવે બા ! ને એમ કરતાં નહી આવી તો પછી કરસું સું ! જે આપરાં નસીબ હોય તે ખરાં ! કરમ એવુંજ કુટેલું હોસે, ને આવા ભર કામકાજના વખતમાંબી તમારા મદઈના કરમમાં માખ મારવાની હોસે તો પછી તેમાં કઈ તમારો ને મારો ચારો છે ?

સીલ્લાની સારીમાં મરકીનાં જંતુ !

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૧૮૪મું.]

સીલ્લા–મરેરે મરકીની થતી ! એબી મુવો જુલમજ તો ! નહી કંઇ મુવું લેવાય કે નહી કંઈ ખરીદાય !

સોરાબ–સું કરસે તું, ડીયર ! વખત જોઈને વાત કરવી જોઇયે. હજી વરસને દાહારે તું નવી સારી નહી પેહેરસે તે ચાલસે, પણ મરકીનાં જંતુ ઘેરમાં આવેલાં નહી પરવરસે !

સીલ્લા–પણ તારે સુ આપરે કંઈજ નવી ચીજોની ખરીદી નહીં કરવાની કે ? મુવાં ચીન વેરથી આવેલાં કાપરમાં કાંહ મરકી ભરઇ ગેઇ જે તમે કોઇબી કાપરીયાની દુકાન પર પગબી મુકવા ના કેહોચ, સોરાબ ?

સોરાબ–વાતજ તે છે તો ! બધા કેહેચ કે છેક ચીનથી મુંબઈમાં મરકી ચાલી આવીચ, ને તેથી હું તો કેહુંચ કે આપરે કોઇનીબી દુકાનપર પગ મુકવોજ નહી ! કોણુને ખબર, રેસમી સારીના ટાકાઓમાં મરકીનાં બીયાં ભરાઇ ગીએલાં હોય તો ! કેહેજે હાંગકાંગમાં દરરોજ હજાર હજાર માણુસ તેથી મરી જતાંતાં ! ને છેક હાંગકાંગ વેરથી ચીનઈ કાપર મુંબઈ આવેચ, તારે મને તો ઘણીજ ધાસ્તી લાગેચ બા !

સીલ્લા–મરેરે મુવા ચીનાઓ મરકીના ફેલાવતા ! એ મુવાઓની મોહકાનમાં મને વરસ જેવે દાહારે જુનું સાઠીનું ખોરીયું ઓરવવું પરસે !

સોરાબ–તો તેમાં કંઇ તારો ને મારો ચારો છે, સીલ્લા ડીયર ? કેહેચ કે બધી ઊંચામાં ઊંચી ચીજોમાં ને સ્વપનામાં બી નહી ધારીએ તેવી જગાઓમાં મરકીના બીઆં બધાં ભરઈ સંતાઇ બેસેચ ! ને જો એકાદ સીલીકની સારી બારી તેં લીધી ને તેમાં બેમાં તે ભરઈ બરઇ બેઠેલાં હોય, તો પછી એાજજા ! પછી હું અહીંઆં ને તું બેહેસ્તમાં જો !

સીલ્લા–જા બા, તમે એમ ના બોલો ! તમે એમ છેકજ સું પોચા પચાક વાણીયા જેવા થઈ જાઓચ ! બધું ગામમાં લાખો રૂપયાનું કાપર આવેચ તે સું એમનું એમ પરી રહેવાનું છે કે તમેબી અમસ્થા બીહા કરોચ ને મને બધી બીહીવારી ધુજાવી મારોચ તે ! મુંગા મુંગા ચાલો આપરે જઇને એક સોહોજી જેવી સારી લઈ આવયે, કે હું મારાં વરસને દાહાડે તે પેહેરીને ભપકો કરૂં તો તમેબી જોઇને ખુસી ખુસી થઇ જાઓ !

સોરાબ–પણ તારા બે ઘરીના ભપકાને જોઉં કે તુંને હું મેસની જીવતી જાગતી જોવા માંગું ? એકુ સારી લાઉં ને તેમાં મરકીનાં જંતુઓ ભરાઈ બેઠેલાં હોય તો પછી તારૂં સું થાય તેનો કંઈ વીચાર કીધો ? પછી તું સારી પેહેરતી સો ડોસી થઈ, પણ ગેહાન પર બંધઇને કાપીસખાઉના દખમામાં ચાલી જસે, સમજી ! ને ગેહાન પર ચાદરને બદલે તારી સીલીકની સારીજ મને બંધાવવી પરસે ! વાસ્તે મુંગી મુંગી તું માંડી વાર ! આ એ બધી મરકીની ગરબર સરબર નરમ પરે ને પછી આવતે વરસ આપરે નવી સારીની વાત કરસું !

સીલ્લા-આ તમે મરેરે મુવા મરકીના લાવતાઓ !
[અને એ રીતે મીસાસને ગભરાવી અકરાવીને લઇ ગયા સેારાબે હાલ તુરત પેાતાના ગજવાંને ગભરાટ અકરાટ માંથી બચાવી લીધુ છે !

MR. M. M. BHOWNUGGREE, M. P.

We hasten to record the momentons fact of the arrival in Bombay, on Friday evening last, of Mr. M. M. Bhownuggree, doing duty in Parliament primarily for Bethnal Green, and secondarily and in a passing manner only for India; thus, according to a local authority versed in such matters, trying to keep his seat with a tact and trimming adroitness, which the Grand Old Man of India—the first who opened the portals of the House for India's sons—sadly lacked! From early dawn, the people had begun to assemble, thronging the streets and thoroughfares and bye-lanes and alleys and bunders! But the day wore on and still Mr. Bhownuggree came not! Towards evening, a soft breeze, blowing from the direction of the sea, brought the message that Mr. Second M. P., unlike the first, hated all public, noisy, rowdy street demonstrations. The rabble were therefore told to disperse, and disappeared, sullen and disappointed. All but a select, small band of "friends and admirers," flatterers and beneficiaries, who hailed the "conquering hero" as he landed, with huzzas as loud as their small lungs could make them! Mr. Bhownuggree was all smiles, and so pleased with his reception that he might have cried,

"My *reception's* great, because 'tis so small;"

and a wag might have added,

"Then 'twould be greater still, were't none at all!"

But this was no joking matter, and no such pleasantries were indulged in. Mr. Bhownuggree is too matter-of-fact to be poetical, and "friends and admirers" are no wags. So lands our second M. P. on Bombay's hospitable shore! So will he tour it through India! So will he return to his double duty, uncared for and unnoticed!

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

He Wanted Tune. —Father (who knows more about City matters than musical composers, to daughter at piano): "Don't play any more of that piece, Helen." Helen: "Why, it's composed by Wagner."-Father: "Well, if I knew Mr. Wagner's address I'd just step round and tell him, if he can't compose music with something like a tune in it, he'd better try something else for a living."

The Ruling Passion.—Editor's wife: "Oh, John, baby has swallowed a button!"—Editor: "Well, let's hope it won't hurt the poor little chap, but should it happen to kill him, what a splendid alliterative headline it will make! —'A Baby Bolts a Button and Becomes Breathless'!"—Editor's wife: "Oh, you brute!"

Tit for Tat.—Editor (to comic paragraphist): "Your jokes lack originality."—Comic paragraphist (irritably): "So does your criticism!"

Affection.—"Oh, Maud, I've something to tell you. You know how I've longed to go to Paris, and now I'm going with father. It's so jolly."—"Isn't this rather sudden, Ethel?"—"Yes; but, you see, he's been bitten by a mad dog, and there is no time for him to lose in getting to the Pasteur Hospital."

At a Progressive Meeting.—First old woman: "It's marvellous to me, ladies, how Burke, with all his up-to-date ideas, could have devoted so much time to the compilation of the peerage."—Second old woman: "Yes, but he never got at the proper ages of the ladies!" [Enthusiastic cheers.]

She got it.—She (looking at the moon on a cloudy night): "Algy, dear, do you know what is the difference between my finger and the moon?" Algy: "No, darling, I'm no astronomer." She: "*I* should say you weren't, Algy." Algy: "Well, what is the difference?" She: "The moon has a ring around it, Algy."

Another Way of Putting it.—Mr. Peckett: "I'm afraid Tom will never qualify as a solicitor; he is too lazy to study. Now look at his fellow-clerk, Wilson. As soon as he gets home he commences to read up, and does not stop until he goes to bed."—Mrs. Peckett: "Doesn't it strike you, my dear, that Mr. Wilson must be very stupid to require to study so much?"

In the Editorial Sanctum.—Editor and proprietor: "Well, how are the 'ads'?"—Manager and editor: "As usual at this time of year, deuced bad. We must fill the paper somehow. How would it be to send Gushby to write up the watering places of Russia?"—E and P.: "Preposterous! Look at the expense. Here, I have it! Tell Smilax to write a letter on the joys of polygamy, and then let the public run loose."—M. and E.: (admiringly): "What a man you are, to be sure!"—E. and P. (beaming): "That's why I always appeal to the women."

Doubtful.—Solicitor: "Yes, that matter of the legacy from your uncle is all in order now. Let me see. The amount was £90. My expenses come to £80, so I will draw you a cheque for £10, which will square the matter."—Client: "Here, say, was it my uncle or yours that died?"

Two Sides to a Question.—"Oh, Flora, let us be man and wife. You at least understand me—the only woman who ever did!"—"Oh, yes; I understand *you* well enough, Sir Algernon. But how about your ever being able to understand *me*?"

Social Evolution.—Tramp (to benevolent but inquisitive lady): "Well, you see, mum, it were like this. I were a 'addick smoker by profession: then I got ill, and 'ad to go to the 'orspital; then I sold cats' meat; but some 'ow or other I got into '*ow water*!"

"What a sad expression Mr. Welham has. Ever noticed it?" "Yes. There is a woman at the bottom of it as usual." "You don't say! Who is she?" "His wife. Her cooking has given him the dyspepsia."

God save the Queen!

Ought to be Licensed.—First man: "That Miss Needy has been trying to sell herself to the highest bidder all the season."—Second ditto: "Yes; I think she ought to have an auctioneer's licence!"



THE HINDU LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

Kamlavati—Let us go to the Club. I'll propose you as a member.

Lilavati—No, thanks. Not a pie for either subscription or contribution can I squeeze out of my Pemla's father, to whom money is dearer than life. He has a club of his own too, and one that he uses freely as an effectual silencer of all designs on his purse.

K.—But it rests with you to bring him round. Tell him of the countless social benefits.—

L.—Benefits ! His only idea of benefits is to to place a rupee where it can double itself at compound interest. All other sentimental benefits send him into fits !

હીંદુ બાનુઓની સોશી યલ કલ્બ.

કમળાવતી—ચાલ લીલા, આવે છે કે કલ્બમાં ? ચાલ હું તને મેમ્બર તરીકે પ્રોપોઝ કરીશ.

લીલાવતી—નારે, મને તો ક્ષમા કર ! મારા પેમલાના બાપાને કલ્બનું નામ શાંભળતાંજ ધ્રુજીને તાવ ચઢશે ! કલ્બની "ફી" કે કાંઈબીજાં માટે એક પાઈ પણ એ કાઢી આપે એવા નથી ! એમને તો જીવ કરતાં એ પઈસો વધારે વાહાલો છે !

કમલા—પણ તું એને સમજાવ,—કેહે કે સ્ત્રી જાતીને કલ્બના કેવા કેવા મોટા સંસારી લાભ છે ને—

લીલાવતી—એ બધું પથર પર પાણી ! એક રૂપયો ખીસામાંથી કાઢી આપે, તેના ચક્રવરથી વ્યાજે બે રૂપયા થાય, તેને પેમલાના બાપા સરવેથી મોટો લાભ સમજે છે ! જો એમને બીજી બીજી લાભની વાત સમજાવવા જાઈશ તો જખરો તાઢયોજ ભરાઈ જશે !



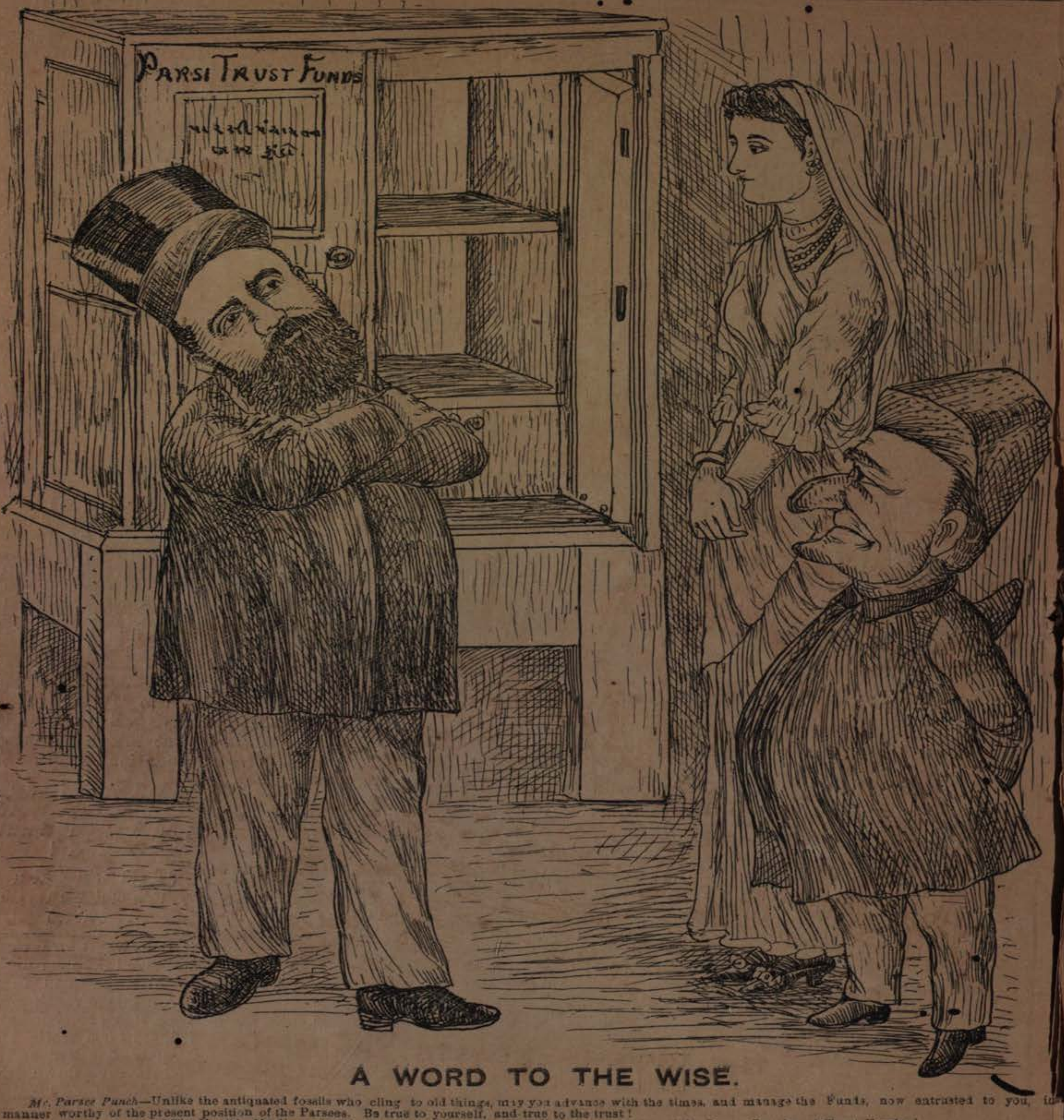
HOLOCAUST !

[The Parsi Girls MarriageBenefit Fund has at last gone into liquidation !]

પાણીમાં બોળો ! બાનુઓ, એ ચીથરાંને પાણીમાં હોમો ને ઉકાલી ને પીઓ !

(પારસી બાનુએનાં લગનના લાભનાં ફંડનો સેવટનો દેખાવ.)

PODTWATTLE was reading aloud the other night to Mrs. P., and came across this French proverb. " A pretty woman is loved for a while, and an ugly one for ever," and laying down the book he beamed across the table to his wife and said : " Ah ! dear, *you* will be loved for ever !" and it was hours before the cause of the sudden coolness dawned upon him.



A WORD TO THE WISE.

Mr. Parsee Punch—Unlike the antiquated fossils who cling to old things, may you advance with the times, and manage the Funds, now entrusted to you, in a manner worthy of the present position of the Parsees. Be true to yourself, and true to the trust!

[The Hon'ble Mr. Nowrojee Nusserwanjee Wadia has been appointed a trustee of the Parsee Punchayat Trust Funds.]

તેજીને ટુકારો.

મી૦ પારસી પંચ—આ, બાવા આદમના વખતના જુના પચ્ય અને કોહાઈ ગયલાં મેજાં ઓની માફક તમોએ જુની ચીજોને વળગી રેહેના ના, પણ વખત પ્રમાણે આગળ વધજો અને પારસીઓના ટ્રસ્ટ ફંડોનો જે કારોબાર તમારા હસ્તકમાં હમણાંજ સોંપવામાં આવ્યો છે તે એવી રીતે ચલાવજો કે પારસીઓની હાલની હાલતને શોભા ભમાડનારો થઈ પડે. ટ્રસ્ટ ફંડના ટ્રસ્ટી તરીકે તમોપર જે "ટ્રસ્ટ" મુકવામાં આવ્યો છે, તેને જેમ સાચા નીવડજો તેમ તમારી ફરજને પણ સાચાજ નીવડવાની કોશેશ કરજો!

[આનરેબલ મી૦ નવરોજી નસરવાનજી વાડયાને પારસી પંચાયતના ટ્રસ્ટ ફંડોના એક ટ્રસ્ટી તરીકે નેમવામાં આવ્યા છે.]



THE KING OF BEASTS TRIUMPHANT!

OR, THE EAST AFRICAN LEOPARD CROUCHING BEFORE THE BRITISH LION.

[The idea of transforming the island of Zanzibar into a Crown Colony has been postponed for the present, and after the recent troubles the island has once more assumed its normal appearance.]

જાનવરોનો રાજા જયવંત!

અથવા, બ્રીટીશ સીંહના પગ આગળ પડેલો પુર્વ આફ્રીકાનો ચીતો.

[જંગબારના ટાપુને બ્રીટીશ સલ્તનત સાથ જોડી દેવાનો વીચાર હાલ તુરત મુલતવી રાખવામાં આવ્યો છે, અને છેલી ગડબડ પછી એ ટાપુમાં હમેશ પ્રમાણેનો શેહઘાટ પાછો આ વ્યો છે.]



MOTHERLY CARE.

(*With apologies.*)

" Don't know whether I'll be able to feed you in this style hereafter ! "

[Most of the Bombay mills have declared handsome dividends for the year or half-year ending June, 1896.]

માતાની સંભાળ.

" કોણને ખબર હવે પછી એવીજ રીતે તમ બીચારાંઓને ખવાડવા પીવાડવાનું મારાથી બનશે કે કેમ ! "

[જુન ૧૮૯૬ ની આખેરીએ પુરાં થતાં આખાં અથવા અરધાં વરસ માટે મુંબઇની ઘણીખરી મીલોએ પોતાના ભાગીદારોને અછી વેહેંચણી આપી છે.]

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 19th October—The Diwali is fast approaching. The pleasantest and busiest portion of the year when the people—especially, the mercantile community—of Bombay are occupied in stock-taking, in paying and receiving congratulatory visits, white-washing and cleaning and lighting up their houses



OUR UGLY CUSTOMERS—A POWERFUL COMBINATION OF TWO DESTROYING DEMONS OF DARKNESS.

and their shops. Closing the account of an active twelvemonth and putting things in order, preparatory to entering upon another!

Business and pleasure hand in hand! The pleasure, however, has unfortunately been dashed with more than the usual tinge of woe. An ugly customer—the *plague*—has been beforehand with us, decimating and destroying, and scaring away where it has spared. Many a household which, under more favourable circumstances, would have been buoyant and gay, has been desolated and laid waste, and where there would have been feasting and merriment, may now only be seen and heard a howling wilderness! A very demon of darkness is among us! Would that our lights frightened him away!

One ugly customer, did I say? Alas! Bombay the beautiful appears to be doomed! As if one destroying fiend were not potent enough for mischief, we have another at our very doors, more terrible still, "famine *with* a sharp and meagre face, death in an undress of skin and bone,

> "Where age and youth, their landmark ta'en away,
> Look all one common sorrow."

The mind fears to conceive, and the pen trembles to narrate, the awful effects of a powerful combination of two such destroying demons of darkness, if allowed unchecked sway!

But let us not forget the value of courage in distress. Let us, as Mr. Roughton remarked at this meeting, try to infuse gaiety into the sorrow-stricken people. Let us make their hearts as light as the festival itself that is drawing nigh. This, however, at one stage of our proceedings, appeared to be impossible, and but for Mr. Dharamsi's sensible compromise, our streets might have remained buried in darkness, as the hearts of the people in sorrow, and the Diwali—the gay and brilliant Diwali—have come and gone unwelcomed and unnoticed. We chose this disturbed and anxious time, of all others, to discuss the question of the liability of the Gas Company for loss of, or damage to property resulting, directly or indirectly, from the illuminations set up under our permits. For years no such question had arisen, the illuminations had passed off without leaving any but the pleasantest consequences behind, and nobody had claimed anything from us because there had been nothing to claim. A citizen, however, having lately threatened to hold us responsible for the untoward consequences, if any, to his property resulting from an illumination next door, we took the matter up, with the result that our solicitors advised us, with each permit granted to the Gas Co., to get them to sign us an indemnity bond. This is not to be treated lightly, said the Company, although it is a *light* matter, and we would rather not light at all than light with such a burden on our back. A mere "bugbear" too, said Mr. Roughton, the "damage being so remote as no court of law would award!" Our solicitors (Oh! Father Abraham, how these *lawyers* love one another!) have taken a strained and far-fetched view of the question. Let us look at it from a more sensible stand-point. Above all, let us desist from adding to the obstacles thrown by the accursed plague in the way of the people's being merry. Yes, said Mr. Dharamsi, let us take counsel's opinion first as to



"A MERE BUG—BEAR."

whether any liability attaches to us or not, before attempting to fasten it on another! And in the meantime, let us all assist the people in welcoming the Diwali—the lovely Diwali, clothed *in robes of light*—with open arms! Let us assist them in setting up blazing illuminations at their doors and in the streets so that

> ". . . Every form of grief and sin
> May see and *feel their fire*,"

and the disease-breeding and death-dealing bacilli lose the "name of action!"

Our Health Officer has sent in his report! How very energetic, methinks I hear my readers cry, and in the midst of so much other active business too!



"LET US TAKE COUNSEL'S OPINION."

[W]e shall now learn that the plague has been fixed [an]d brought to account at last!

Abate your ardour, friends! The report, now [se]nt in, is as old as the hills, that is to say, the ills [tha]t flesh is heir to, and only deals with matters of [an]cient and forgotten history! It is only the report [of t]he first quarter of the present year of grace, in the [beg]inning of the last quarter!

What tardiness is this? How like a snail do we [creep an]d crawl! cried Dr. Ismail Jan Mahomed. [Did we] not, on the 11th day of July 1895, in meeting [assemble]d, solemnly and seriously rule and ordain that [the He]alth reports shall be sent in a month after [they beco]me due? So that they shall be as fresh as [the mat]ters dealt with. And yet this is the third [report he]reafter that is so much behind time! Is this



"HOW LIKE A SNAIL WE CREEP AND CRAWL."

how they honour and follow our ruling? Let us show them that we are mightily dissatisfied and displeased.

But it is all inevitable, replied Mr. Snow. It is one thing to resolve, and quite another to act. After the three months are over, do you know, gentlemen, that it takes another three months to collect and collate, con and cogitate? And do you know that the report does not come straight to us, but has to travel through the endless, perhaps tortuous, windings of the Standing Committee before it can be heard in the hall?

Before it can be heard in the hall, faintly echoed Dr. Viegas!

We thought it was but a step from the Standing Committee to the Corporation! But why can't the report come straight to us? Yes, said Dr. Bhalchandra, let us have it at first hand, and let us ask the H. O. to use celerity in the future, and to make "*one more effort*" to follow our resolution, which, he will do us the favour to remember, is not traced in sand or Snow!

Upon this, Dr. Ismail Jan Mahomed withdrew his motion which amounted to a vote of censure, for we all agreed that it would be unwise to censure any of our officers, high or low. It would so stand in our way when the inevitable time came to consider the question of pension and gratuity! It would stand in the way of the flow of our generosity! We therefore resorted to coaxing. I am not sure that we did not go down on our knees, but as mildly as we could do it, we said: *Try again*, won't you, Mr. Health Officer, and with your loyal devotion, gladden our hearts!

"'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again!"

We are patience itself, and while you are trying, however long you are at it, we'll "wait and hope!"

(*Hindi Punch*, 25-10-96.)

THE CUT DIRECT.—(Scene—railway station)—Intolerable old bore (approaching with open hands): "Ah! Smith, my dear fellow! Charmed to have met you! What's going on——"—Smith (man of business): "*I am.* Ta-ta!"

KEEPING SAFE.—"How do you like our new parlourmaid, Jack?"—"A 1!"—"I thought so. I've just given her notice."



THE DIVIDED BURDEN; OR, FAMINE RELIEF. THE INDIAN GOVER MENT AND INDIAN PHILANTHROPY.

["Government must undertake relief of people as a whole......but still here as in every country, private benevolence has a arm which can reach further than the official one, and I rejoice to think that if need be it will be outstretched on this occasio *H. E. the Viceroy on the Threatened Famine in India.*]

વેંહેંચી નાખેલો ભાર;

અથવા, દુકાળમાં ગરીબોને મદદ, હીંદી સરકાર અને હીંદી પરમાર્થ.

[સરકાર આખી પ્રજાનું સંકટ ટાળવાના ઉપાય લેવાને બંધાયલી છે......પણ એમ છતાં દરેક દેશની માફક આ દેશમાં પણ સખી તબેહ ખાનગી મહસ્સીનો હાથ એટલો લ સરકારના હાથ કરતાં પણ વધારે લાંબે સુધી તે પોહોંચી શકે, અને આ વીચારથી મને ખુશાલિપણે છે કે જરૂર પડતાં હમણાંના પ્રસંગે પણ તે લંબાવવામાં આવશે.]



THE PIPE OF PEACE.

Peace.—Let *me* light your *hooka*, Mian Turki, else these burning flames might blister your jaws!

[The report current at Athens of the butchery of twenty-five Christians and the burning alive of a priest in Crete, has been confirmed. The ghastly tragedy took place at the Monastery of Anapolis.—*Telegram*.]

સુલેહની ગુરગુરી.

સુલેહ દેવી—મીઆં તુરકી, તમારો હુકો મને સળગાવવા દેઓ, નહી તો આએ સળગેલી આગથી તમારૂં ડાચું બધું દાઝી જશે ને ફોલ્લા ઉઠી આવશે!

[ક્રીટમાં પચીસ ખ્રીસ્તીઓને રેંહેંસી નાખવાની તથા એક ખ્રીસ્તી ધરમગુરૂને જીવતો બાળી મેલવાની અફવા ખરી માલમ પડી છે. કમકમાટ ઉપજાવનારો આ દુખદાયક બનાવ આનાપોલીસના મથમાં બનયો હતો.]



THE WOES OF OUR ANGLICISED SHENDIARAO.

Mr. and Mrs. Shendiarao had a tiff before going out for an airing. Mr. S. wanted to take airs as usual, and to thoroughly *Europeanise* his outward self. Mrs. S. wouldn't hear of it. What would the people say if they saw her in such company? And she herself said so much that Mr. S. had to make a compromise. With this curious half-and-half result! A sight to see! The tight-fitting pants had to give place to the free and easy *potias*, and the Brahmin shoes sent the English boots on a bootless errand!

"જાંગલાચા સોકરા" થઈ ગયલા ગરીબ બીચારો અમારા શેંડીયારાવ નાં સંકટો.

બાહાર ફરવા જવા અગાઉ મી૦ અને મીસીસ શેંડીયારાવ વચ્ચે જરી ટપાટપી ચાલી. મી૦ શેંડીયા ધારા મુજબ હવા ખાવા જવા માંગતા હતા, અને સાગે લાગી પોતાની અક્કડ દેખાડવા માટે પોતાનો બાહારનો કપડાંનો ભપકો સપકો યુરોપયનનોજ કરીને ફક્કડ થવા ઈચ્છતા હતા. પણ મીસીસ શેંડીયાને એ વાત સાંભળતાંજ ધધરીને તાપ ચહડી આવી. જો એવા "જાંગલા ચા સોકરા" સાગે તેવણ ચાલે તો પછી લોકો એ "બાયકો સાથી કાય સમજતીલ અને કાય કાય બોલતીલ?" અને તેવણ પોતે મી૦ શેંડીયાને એટલું બધું બોલીને ઉભાં રહ્યાં કે ગરીબ બીચારા રાવ સાહેબને આખરે બાયકોનું મન મનાવવા સમજુતી કરવી પડી અને તેનું આ વીચીત્ર અધકચરું પરીણામ જોઈ લેઓ! કેવા મી૦ શેંડીયા ફક્કડ દેખાય છે, હેં? અરધા "જાંગલાચા પોર" અને અરધા "બરાહમણચા પુત્ર!" વાહરે વાહ! વાઈટ તતરંગ પાટલુનને બદલે તેવણને પોત્યું પેહરવું પડયું, અને વેલાતી બુટને હવા ખાવા મોકલીને પુણાના બરાહમણી જોડા ઈસ્તાકી ગ પર તેવણે ચોલવી લીધા! મી૦ શે ચાનું આ ચીત્ર કેવું શોભે છે, હં!



THE "X" RAYS.

Wife of twenty summers—Now I understand all about the Rontgen Rays; but why do you wish to photograph me by that process?

Husband (on the wrong side of fifty)—In order to see, dear, whether there is a warm corner in your heart for me!

રોન્ટજનની રોશનીનાં કીરણોથી પાડવમાં આવતી નવી જાતની સબીઓ.

ધણીયાંણી—(વીસ વરસની ઉમરનાં) હું રોન્ટજનની રોશનીની રીતે ફોટો પાડવાની વાત હું બરાબર સ પણ તમે એ નવી રીતે મારો ફો શાને કાંય પડાવવા માંગતા હોસે

ધણી—(સાહાઠ વરસની માં ભરાઈ ચુકેલા)—કારણ કે હું માંગું છ કે તારા "હારટ" (દીલ) ઈ ખુને ખાંચરેબી મારે વાસ્તે પ્યાર ભરાયલો છે કે નહં, કે કે રાંપઈસાને વાસ્તેજ તું મને પરણ બીચ ને ધાંખરે કોહારે ધણી જાત તારા દીલમાં વીંટ જોયા કરેચ!



THE HAND OF CHARITY;

OR, BOMBAY TO THE RESCUE!

[A fund has been started in Bombay, on the appeal of Mr. Cumine, the Collector of Khandeish, to give relief to the poor who have suffered by the recent floods in the Khandeish district. According to Mr. Cumine, hundreds of houses have been washed away, much grain and property destroyed, and crops buried many feet in silt.]

સખી દસ્ત ; અથવા, નાચારની મદદે મુંબઈ સુંદરી!

[ખાનદેશ જીલ્લામાં આવેલી છેલ્લી રેલથી સંકટમાં આવી પડેલાં લોકોને આશરો આપવાને, ત્યાંના કલેકટરની અરજ ઉપરથી મુંબઈમાં એક ફંડ ઉભું કરવામાં આવ્યું છે. મીઃ કુમીનના જણાવ્યા પ્રમાણે સેંકડો ઘરો ધોવાઈ ગયાં છે, ઘણા અનાજ તથા માલ મીલકતનો નાશ થયો છે, અને પાક કેટલાક ફુટ ઊંડા કીચલ હેઠળ દટાઈ ગયા છે.]

THE TATTERED UMBRELLA.



Chorus of the Quarto—We can't march to Calcutta under this grateful shade, we can't, we can't, we can't!

[The case for a memorial to the Supreme Government to perpetuate in law the Baj Rojgar Trust Funds having been torn to shreds, it is thought [illegible] Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy and others not to memorialize.]

ફાટી તુટી ગયલી છત્રી.

ચારની ચોકડી–(ભેગા આવજો) આ આ છત્રીનાં છાપરાં તળે આપણાથી કંઈ કલકતે પોહોંચી વળાશે નહી હો! માટે હવે તે [illegible] તુંજ માંડી વાળ્યે તો ઠીક!

[બાજરોજગારનાં ત્રસ્ટ ફંડ કાયદા મારફતે કાયમ કરાવવાની બાબતનાં પીછ્રેપીછ્રાં વેરી નાખવામાં આવ્યાથી, તે વીશે અરજી કરવાનો વીચાર માંડી વાળવામાંજ [illegible] સર જમશેદજી જીજીભાઈ અને બીજા સાહેબો સમજવા લાગયા છે.]